

Oh yes, today was the Chrimbo run with said jumpers, Santa suits and anything people felt like. Even Shitzoo's dog had a festive outfit specially for the occasion.

After much mutual admiration it was time for the circle:

- Taliban Tommy [oh yes, not 'Grocer' today] was indicted for wearing an 'English KKK' hat rather than a Christmas one, the effect of which was only slightly relieved by the red plaits falling away at either side.
- Two people made their down-downs on runs: Matalan for 50 and A. N. Other for 500 [sorry, can't remember].
- Pierced Nipple celebrated her 22nd birthday, well the rest of us did while she drank.
- Hares issued the battle orders, not much really, Mini that way, Main the other way.

And off we all went. Confused.com had nothing on the first couple of hundred metres of the main. We milled around the roundabouts, tried 'bonnet-jumping' as a new Olympic sport as we dodged cars and ended up taking off towards the airport.

Alas, flight was not to be. After a short while it wasn't 'On on' up the right hand pavement. 'On back,' was yelled and all the FRBs had a recall to take a left. Down this narrow alley with no overtaking, there was a style so that it was 'slowly slowly' until we cleared. Banger, replete in glittering tights, lipstick, wig etc., was fully indulging his feminine side, so much so that, instead of his usual front-running he hung back with the girlies to check his make-up and pull up his stockings. It is only a rumour [but a very well founded one] that another male hasher saw the outfit from the rear and admired his arse. Matalan had a fetching Santa outfit that looked fine until it mysteriously undid itself. TP, any thoughts?

We were on the usual track, behind the Angel pub into the small woods there. Arrived at a 'one blob' check: would it be left, back to the road, right for a longer pixie-loop through the woods, or straight on through the estate? Checkers checked, skirt-hangers hung, eventually we went straight.

We had to cross the main road to get to the heath and we did: cross over, right, up a bit, left, and we were on the heath. K9 was 'managing' – he was doing the School Crossing patrol bit at the road and leaving the front runners to get as lost as they could. Fortune intervened: 'Are you?' [or was it, 'Aaargh, you!!!'] met a response: t' other hare, Lady Shitzoo, called us to the right path. She looked oh so disappointed when she realised that she had called on the FRBs from the Main rather than laggards from the Mini.

We ran and shortly started to mingle with the Mini; here, the options are endless and second guessing the hare can be costly in terms of distance. This way? A few followed the leader down the track beside the school, popular as it adds some distance. Most followed.

'Bar!' yelled Ram, the leader, and they turned back. Sex Slave missed the call and bumped into DM; we all know that Tall Paul is deaf; he bumped into her back so there was Sex Slave gently squished between the two blokes. Did she enjoy being the jam in the sandwich? Hers to tell. Mouse and PN were taking the day off, walking the Mini; at this point they were nearly dragged back to run the Main.

The main were well and truly intermingled with the mini; runners were trying to overtake the walkers on impossibly narrow paths. Briefly the front runners went off ahead, leaving the trailing runners stuck behind the walkers. This would not last: K9's haring skill is to keep the pack as one.

Next option/ one blobber was across the footie field or the direct route along the path. Again Ram led, followed by DM. Wrong again; they had to make their way back. The checks had washed away. At each meeting of paths a brand new flour check appeared – perhaps it wasn't K9, but local fairies or the well-known pixies that inhabit the heath. Anyways, most were one-blobbers and this reformed the pack and kept them together. We took the usual options under the high-tension cables, left here, right there, lost here, an odd arrow to redirect. At the field, Ram & TP didn't even try for dust, just set off on the familiar route straight across. The actual route was left along a track then right across the field on hard earth with short grass, not the long, wet stuff that the others had to wade through.

Almost home at this point, we started to relax. We came out at the Ham Lane and crossed; the Bluebird was diagonally ahead and left. There was a suspicious blob lurking by a telegraph pole just to the right of High Mead Farm entrance. Sex Slave, Chippendale and a few took the main farm entrance, unsure about right of way and Chippers very keen not to be bitten by a hound. The route was obvious, we all knew that, except, of course, for our hare. No, guys, it was 'On-right,' with blobs to mislead us. Where the hell was K9 taking us? Quick left off the road and down to the lakes: runners invariably take the middle track, the bank between the two lakes as we did today. This was K9's final joke: made us go right, almost all the way around the small lake, not the 50m direct route to the left. Ha ha; if you can't take a joke you shouldn't have joined. Back to Ham Lane and to Bluebird.

Distance: hare recorded c.5.5m with others doing north of 6; lovely day, congrats to hares for keeping the rain off until we finished; a super run.

And so back for the Christmas nosh. At brekkies, Blue Sox had told DM that he was Father Christmas this year, with elves Sniff 'n' Scratch and Wurzel keeping him in line as prezzies were dished out. Many happy hashers left after a good morning's fun: mega-thanks to

those who brought in some fantastic food and for the presents. See y' all next week at Avon Causeway.