



Run: 1486 06/04/08

Venue: Devil's Punchbowl

Hare: Fruit and Nut

Weather: Brass monkeys but sunny (eventually)

After the world awoke to a winter wonderland in the morning, Hashers' thoughts turned to wondering if the Hare had allowed for the white stuff and arranged for coloured flour....

A 5 minute blizzard just before the On caused apprehension in hatted and gloved hounds (not Fruit n Chum , he just had his brandy barrel round his neck - we wished) .A distinctly confusing briefing from the Hare showed him demonstrating some pink fluid markings, and it could only be hoped that the remaining snow patches over the venue had been well marked.

Reduced numbers , can't think why - headed On past some impressive snowmen.

Downdowns came early on - straight *down* to the bottom of the Punchbowl *down* a long stretch of steps. (That old hash rule about never losing altitude ? Forget it.) Flour seemed in distinctly short supply, with virtually none at all visible between checks. The trail was guessed at as being up again and then around the rim under the A3, then back down to the bottom again. Lack of flour saw hounds scattered about the bowl, with our canine member trying to make friends with some unimpressed horses. A loop had the FRBs disappearing into the yonder, to arrive puffing at a regroup which then took us all through some spectacular mid-shin-deep shiggy and over a wood and wire obstacle masquerading as a stile , by the Youth Hostel. Still not much flour - what there was, it seemed, was being laid by the Hare as he went - but the occasional faint wisp of pink in the snow had to suffice as a trail. And this is where the altitude rule made sense- we then had a long steep breathless slog up, and up, and.....up. The top of the rim mercifully leveled out and it was an easy On In (or Inn On as the sign said - dyslexia rules KO??) from there.

In the shameful absence of GMs and RAs, Horn stood in to award DDs -kindly having ensured that the beer from his car boot wasn't too icy:

The Hare for Wot Trail? (His excuse was that the melting snow , since he started to set, melted all his marks. 4/10 for that one, Fruit and Nut)

Velcro for criticising someone for being an SCB (hello Pot, meet Kettle)

Mountain Rescue for SCBing when he is allegedly in training for the London Marathon

Sex Slave for crucifying himself, a week too late, on a kissing gate

Spy with No Name for finding a £20 note in a puddle (!) - drinks on him, then

Cuddles (100) and Scribette (500) centurion goblets awarded (you don't **get** a mug for running that many, you **are** a mug for running at all)

ON ON Scribette

A Bidet's Bitch ™