



Run Number 417

19th December 2019

The Little Owl, Bache (Gluhwein Run)

The Pack: Cleo and Overdrive (Hares), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, 10secs, ET, BS, VR, OTT, Hansel, SMS, Grasshopper, Brookside, Eccles, Compo, Carthief

As the pack gathered in the pub, one of their number (viz Howard) was summarily ejected for having a flagrant dog (as it were...) and thereby putting the punters off their food. In an effort to marginalise the rest of us too, we were offered our own room, but this was rejected as being too cold. Our assurances that we were not going to be lowering the tone for too long in any case seemed to reassure the staff and they left us alone as we finished our drinks. As we emerged into the night air, we found that Howard had apparently taken umbrage¹ and gone home. The hares were keen to get the team photo done and be on our way, but at this point OTT and Hansel realised that they were still in civvies and disappeared to their car to change. At least we had been spared the usual sight of Hansel cavorting round the pub displaying his underwear...

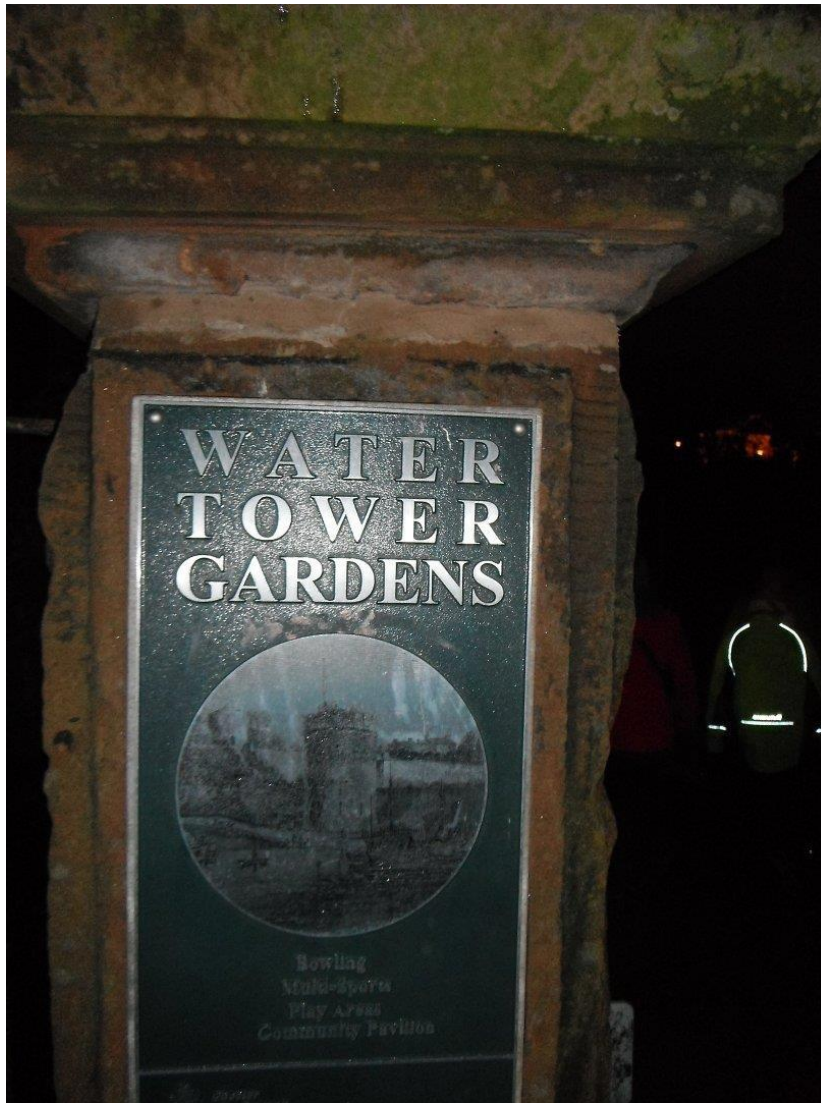
¹ No this is not the name of his dog



Meanwhile ET was taking the photo, and was heard to assert that “size wasn’t everything” when he was taken to task for the unimpressive dimensions of his camera. “We’ll be the judge of that” was the natural response.

The trail soon led us onto the canal, then the disused railway, then back onto the canal, and finally to the bank of the Dee

We then came up from the river and back over the canal, where the trail was found passing the Water Tower...



and into the gardens where we found...





The playground consisted of various commando-style challenges which were not completely straightforward...







...though everything was going fine until VR decided to have a go.



She started with commendable enthusiasm...



...and things initially were going pretty well...



...but then a certain feeling of unease became discernible...



...which soon became a look of outright panic as of someone desperately fighting off unseen assailants. Rescue was required but apparently she somewhat uncharitably described her rescuer as “wobbly” -- which is perhaps preferable to the opposite at any rate.



Shortly after this most of the pack saw the “GS” sign – except for Snoozanne, Mad Hatter and 10 secs who were looking out for the wrong electric car and started following the post-gluhwein trail until called back.



Back at chez Cleo and Overdrive here was a huge vat full of a heady brew of wine, rum and various spices and fruits; plus a plate of stollen and liebekuchen. Apparently at some point Hansel tossed his car keys into a bowl (old habits die hard, it would appear) and forgot about them. Luckily they were retrieved by Overdrive and brought along to the On Inn.





Having done ample justice to the gluhwein, we were back on our way. The onward trail as earlier pioneered by Snoozanne, Mad Hatter and 10 secs very quickly led to...



...and back to the Little Owl.



Soon we were eating snacks with a festive theme (eg luxury Christmas sausage rolls...) and more varieties of falafel than one could shake a stick at...

The circle was convened, and down-downs were awarded to:

Howard and his dog (in absentia)



ET: for his optimistic assertion that size isn't everything.



The Hares: for the run and for the gluhwein



Hansel and OTT: The “Changelings”

VR: for relying on her “wobbly” rescuer



Snoozanne, Mad Hatter and 10 secs: The Overshooters



BS: she said the gluhwein had made her feel a bit “shiggly”



Hansel: The “Swinger”; and again for wilfully peddling false news about the location of a check.



ET: During the run he had brightly enquired of Compo how the information about future hashes found its way onto the website. The subsequent explosion was audible several miles away.



Brookside and Grasshopper: Grasshopper having described her daughter's gap-year plans, Brookside said approvingly that he was glad to hear she was spreading her legs in Europe. He later claimed he meant "wings"



Compo: Returnee

We retired into the pub which was now glad of our custom, the crush having subsided. The alcoholic mellowness induced several hashers to sign up to hare future runs.