

## Pussy Galore!

Wow, not sure where—or how—to begin. Well, best just to dive in—so to speak!

I love the pussy run. Ostensibly the one time each year when the women of the hash take charge and the men must frock up attired in the designated theme of the evening. This year, it was superheroines, so we saw quite a few Wonder Women; Xena and Gabrielle; Iron Woman; Wolverine (WTF?!?!); Super Granny;-- and some strange hybrids who will no doubt cause nightmares for a few weeks.

It's always interesting to see who goes all out, and who just tentatively dips a toe in the water. And, of course, those who suddenly have another engagement and don't bother to show up at all. Whatever. It was a great evening, and possibly our last chance to farewell Queen Latrine en masse. There is nothing like a dame!

The run, of course, was bloody fabulous (disclaimer: I was the co-hare, so perhaps I have a vested interest). In truth, QL was mighty fond of her two-ways and three-ways, including a two-way after a check but, hey—there are no rules in hash! And it all seemed to work out in the end, anyway. Everybody made it to the drink stop, and thence back to the on home.

Some observations:

Who knew that Hidden Flagon had such a tight ass and gorgeous legs? He's been hiding them in baggy, daggy running gear all these years...no wonder Robin's men were so merry.

Gerbils—reallyl scary how good he looks in a dress and tights; except for the occasional crotch grab and adjustment (as well as 5 o'clock shadow), he would make a great ladyboy.

Big Boy – fetching as always, and Softie so charming and cute with her cat mask. Best whiskers, by far!

Anklebiter, as Princess Leia, was my secret favourite (help me, Obi-wan, you're my only hope!).

We had a returner: Box—who seemed totally non-plussed. Did he know it was the Pussy Run when he chose this evening to make his return? He seemed easily able to maintain a straight face and if his profile had been any lower, I'd have checked for a pulse. Well, we'll see if he chooses to show up again!

Virgin: Just Madeline, who gamely tied a spangled cape about her shoulders and joined in with the fun. Will we see her again?

Present: Furballs, Dickhead, Infallible, Buns, Rambo, Weatherman, Scarlet, Grease Nipple, Gerbils, Richard Gere, Sir Lance A Slut, McTaf, Crunchy, Betty Boop, InCider, Big Boy, Soft Centre, Centrefold, Meat, Easy, Crying Dick, Date Diver, Drunken Tiger, Hidden Flaggon, Queen Latrine, 'Assshopper, Poo Shooter, Anklebiter, Crash and Burn, Sex Change, Squatter, Horse, Babbling, Gobbles, CountHerFeet, Premature Ejaculation (who arrived late because he'd been 'down the coast'...tosser!)

Champers drink stop courtesy of Poo Shooter, and Pate at the circle provided by Furballs...many thanks! Great banquet at the Phnom Penh restaurant, organised by QL...fabulous!

Well, if you missed it, your loss. A great evening, and thanks to all who contributed. See you next time!