

Legs were out, chests were up, and lips were red and glistening. T2H3 Hash #610, the annual charity Red Dress Run, was underway with hot food, cold drinks and a warm welcome at Jackys in TEDA.

Hardworking hares were Spermbank and Tweety Pie... or was it Spermbank and the elusive Benjamin? They were out to impress, with a majestic three beer stops. A dedicated driver relieved participants of their heavy bags, transporting them in style, and leaving energy reserves for drinking. Hardly necessary, though, when the first beer stop was a mere fifteen-minute walk away. It would have been ten minutes, had the group not become immediately lost due to a drastic shortage of intersection markings.

At the beer stop, the hare was seen whispering in the GMs ear, giving directions. He had so little faith in his trail markings that the group was also instructed on where to spot the sometimes tiny, sometimes oversized onward "h" marks. Following the meandering trail, both thirsts and bladders grew to bursting. One desperate British harriet who disappeared into a carefully chosen pee stop bush was heard to remark "fancy seeing you here!" It appears that was a popular pee stop bush. One pee stop for three beer stops? That maths really does not work well, as further demonstrated by the desperate sprint to the pee stop rather than the beer supplies.

The scenery was almost as stunning as the scarlet-frocked participants. Skirts fluttering, shapely legs framed by lacy red garter (and that was just the men), it was a sight never to be forgotten, even squelching through muddy trails. No matter how hard they try to forget, the locals relaxing with day tents, kites and picnics in the peaceful parklands can never un-see it.

Some important lessons were learned on the trail. The first was that when wearing a dress, bacon fat is absorbed by the fabric, rather than dripping between the legs onto the floor. Dresses are not as easy as expected, are they? Never mind, just turn the dress around and you can't see the incriminating stain any longer! The next lesson was that there are actually people in the world who are more diminutive than our dearest Tweety Pie - or Tweety in her highly practical high heeled sneakers, anyway. The final, and arguably most important, lesson is that the froth only overflows if you squeeze. For more information on that one, Blanket Bummer will be happy to impart his wisdom.

The circle was led by our esteemed GM, who ensured that at least one of the hares consumed an adequate beer reward/punishment. Despite the group's best efforts, sneaky pseudo-hare Tweety Pie later admitted a disappointing lack of inebriation, equating to dismal failure on the group's part. The blue-haired girls were obviously the stars of the day, looking so now, so chic, so sexy... no one dared say otherwise. Our wonderful Songbird performed admirably and loudly, even without the songsheets from which to work, as we mere mortals mumbled along somewhat in tune. Virgins were warmly welcomed before being duly insulted and given down downs.

The merry group then enjoyed a delicious and hearty meal, soaking up some of the alcohol, before moving on to Jacky's 2 for a great band, a bit of hip swinging and a lot more drinking. There, we were joined by the latest arriving harriet, Never Ready, continuing to live up to her name. She was welcomed with a large down down and was thus ruined for the rest of the night. The strongest of the group continued on to Soho, and here ends this scribes knowledge of

T2H3 Hash #610, the annual charity Red Dress Run.

The final note and greatest satisfaction of the day is that this years red dress charity run raised 2,065RMB, which was gratefully received by YY's Mum and helps them out with medical bills and costs of medications.