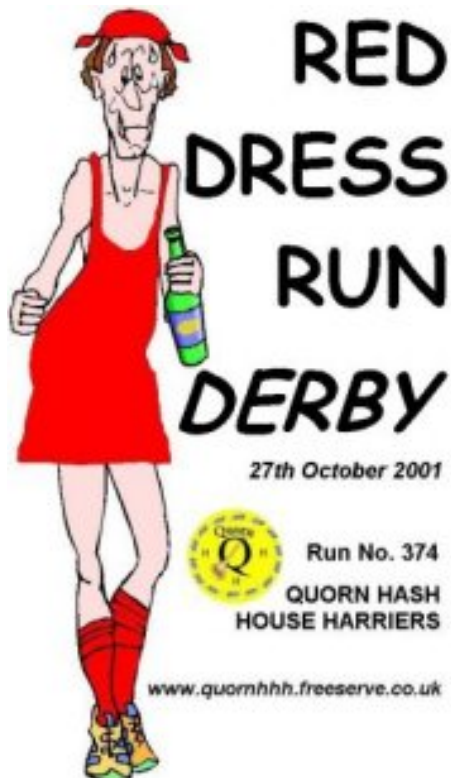


The now traditional annual QHHH red dress run was held for the 4th time and this year returned to the city of Derby. The event has always coincided with *Malteaser's* birthday and this time round she managed to last the full course obviously remembering from last year the effects of a G & T down-down in every pub. The nice thing about running in Derby is you are unlikely to meet anyone that knows you, not that anyone would recognise me in a wig and red dress. The RA did his job and it was a fine dry evening. We commenced at The Abbey, Darley Abbey – a firework display was even laid on. Time to adjust our red attire whilst the crowd of red dressers assembled including a number from the Mickleover Hash.



Instead, we all strode up the road to the Whitehouse Club. There was an initial moment of panic amongst the front runners including *Blow!* as the bouncers refused them entry. Can you imagine why a couple of guys dressed in red dresses would be turned away from a rock club frequented by bikers? *Malteaser* sorted the bouncers (what did she offer them?) and we became most welcomed guests in the club. After a quick circle led by stand-in RA *Chicki*, we then proceeded to liven up the dance floor led by *Clepto* and *Skids*. What is it about red dresses that make other women want to snog you? We all became victims of this phenomenon, most notably *Barritone*, as we exited the club some time early next morning.

A chocolate cake and a round of happy birthday finished us all off at *Malteaser's* house. Thanks for an enjoyable evening Malti!



First stop – The Abbey

The run took us to the Broadway, Flower Pot, Dolphin and Strutts with an additional unscheduled stop in Noah's Ark. Those with long dresses found they could only take shorter strides whilst those with stockings found they are difficult to keep up.

It is difficult to explain to people what a red dress run is and why we do it. I'll let the pictures speak for themselves! You soon discover that if you want to get noticed and strike up interesting conversations in a pub, wear a red dress! The final pub Strutts was a bit of a disappointment. No "time" was called and we suddenly found ourselves without beer to do the final circle. Shame for Strutts because they lost out on selling a lot of extra beer. That pub goes down on record as having narrow minded, customer unfriendly staff.



Making an entrance to the Dolphin