



THE WANCHAI TRASH  
Hong Kong

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[This Weeks Run...](#)

Run No:	Hares:	Place:	Date:
1133	Mr. Lost in Space	Diamond Hill	January 18, 2009

[The Warm-up...](#)

I did think that if I stayed away from the Hash in Hong Kong long enough, bad habits might vanish. But they are, I've learned, lifelong. And so, back in the SAR on Saturday, on to the pub til six next morning, then after twenty winks, no more, a slog to the MTR, then to the run site. Great to be back, of course. But my day was to be marred by what I can only think to have been acute alcohol poisoning, leaving me even less good-natured than usual. But there was to be one uplifting moment. Though others hadn't much changed, I was quite struck by how demure [Lesbian Butt Slap](#) had grown in my absence, evidently refined by her new Scottish alliances. But then, sociologically, Scotland and the Philippines are much the same, each essentially run by fourteen landowning clans. And as they are respectively disciplined too by Calvinism and Catholicism, I cannot for a moment imagine that in her new guise, Ms Lesbian will be mounting a hen's party, nor Bravefart the stag do that others urge so irresponsibly upon him. My congratulations to them both for their restraint.

[The Run...](#)

It started off well enough, sort of a stroll through the nunnery (or what the visitor, Mr [Dances-with-Dogs](#), curmudgeonly volunteered had once been a quarry). Indeed, the Hashers seemed quite smitten as they wound in silence between subtle golden pagodas, over understated orange bridges, and past exposed electric wiring in the water features. But even now, I fell back with Mssrs [Dick the Shit](#) and [Shithouse](#) in order to catch my breath. And naturally, we lost sight of the pack and so were well off trail even before we'd begun to run.

Emerging from this sacred place and into a bleak housing estate, we at last caught sight of the pack on a hillock, fast making its way over the top. [Dick](#), [Shithouse](#), and myself, joined at this point by Mr. [PK](#), prepared to scale a low fence and join them, but were turned back by a particularly vigilant security guard. [Dick](#) moved along about thirty meters and tried once more, only to be stopped again

by the guard, grinning and waving his officious clipboard. As it happens, [Dick](#) responds to authority, and so retreated with the rest of us to circumnavigate the base of the hill in hopes of soon catching up. But despite our efforts, we were only to pick up yet a another straggler, Mr. [Caligula](#), evidently also a respecter of law.

As the run ran on interminably, we came at last upon the others. But Mr. [Bondi Barbi](#) began to taunt me: "I see, [Doom](#), that you've not been running for awhile." And it was true, it has been some weeks. I have also, like James Packer, Lawrence Ho's partner in Melco, taken to cigars again, having found them so reasonably priced in duty free airports from Inchon to Brisbane. And it must be admitted, time and tobacco do take their toll.

For want of sufficient grades, Mr. [Bondi](#) next vented his bile upon the run itself, critiquing it as "meandering." Taken aback, I asked him how the anesthesia business was going, sure that he must be prospering, what with his profession varying inversely with the declining fortunes of bankers and investors. But it seems not. You see, the captains of finance have been so hard hit they opt now to treat their ulcers and strokes without the gasses and elixirs that [Bondi](#) administers. This really is an equal opportunity crisis. It didn't much help [Bondi's](#) mood either that we lost our footing in the mounds of crematory dust, while tripping over the odd un-combusted knee joint.

But at last, upon returning home and coming finally into view of the others, I felt that it had been a serviceable run. We had outwitted a security guard, navigated human remains, explored the extensive ruins of squatments, and come upon a live performance of Chinese opera, staying all the while on reasonably level ground. My congratulations to the hare, Mr. [Lost in Space](#), a most affable chap, I find, at least when not in the sights of Inland Revenue.



### The Circle...

I'll just pass on one pre-circle vignette. While lolling (*lepas* in Malay) in front of the toilet block, a blind fellow tapped his way gingerly past Bondi, Mr. CPH and myself. Their behaviors were gracious as ever. "You missed the check back", offered CPH. Just follow the "braile trail", advised Bondi.

Down-downs:

Mr. Hopeless's circle:

**Bondi:** for wearing a red Astro Boy wig.

**Bonecrusher:** for wearing a marked-down shirt.

**Caligula, Dick the Shit, PK, Dances with Dogs:** allegedly for shortcutting, though in fact, avoiding the clip board.

**Dr. Doom:** for boasting of alcohol poisoning.

**Wet Nurse:** for failing to wear wet nurse attire.

**Osuka:** for failing to wear fetish wear, evidently now expected at every circle.

Mr. Haggis's circle:

**Lost-in-Space:** for taking, then failing to make use of, Osuka's cherry.

**Dances with Dogs:** for having founded the Wanchai Hash some three decades ago.

**Strap-On and PK:** for tripping up Haggis

**Inky Anus and CPH:** for quarrelling in OCH at 3.00 in the morning, yet failing to come to blows.

**Visitors:** for hailing from New Zealand and Scotland.

**Bravefart:** for having already grown so henpecked that it is doubtful that he'll ever make it to Angeles City

**Bondi:** for having sold two Caligula T-shirts

**Bonerusher:** for failing to polish his horn.

Returnees: for having returned

Taxi: for dressing all in gold

Mr Hopeless's circle:

Caligula: for being so anal a Hasher that while poring over run stats, he was last to pay Hash Cash

Strap-On: for leaving soon and soon giving away her Hash gear.

FFFM and Strap On: for having had a near lesbian experience.

Down-from the floor from FFFM: Hopeless for displaying gay inseam measurement abilities.

Awardfrom Caligula: to Mei for having completed over many years a triumphant 10 runs

Note: The proceedings were punctuated by several enjoyable, but socially regressive ditties from [Dances with Dogs](#).

### The On-on:

The hare of the dog sometimes turns out to be the very same straw that finishes the camel. And as I drank more, though not much, on my way to the nearby *dai pai dong*, my condition worsened. And when finally confronted with over-pink meat parts in a tight bowl at dinner, glistening and quivering with fat, I really did have to withdraw. My apologies to those at my table who had to forego my rapier wit, then cover my contribution to the kitty, all the while worrying about my well-being and whereabouts. I do hope they will join me next week in toasting my good health.

Finally, let me thank Ms. [Indy Anus](#), Mr. [Captain Pubic Hair](#), Ms. [Strap-On](#), and Ms. [Hickey Slut](#), called from retirement, and any others who took responsibility for the notes during my enforced absence. You have all learned much.

[Doom](#)

[Prodigal Scribe](#)



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