

This Weeks Run...

Run No:	Hares:	Place:	Date:
1137 Valentine's-Reality Bites Day Run	Mr. P.K. Bare Wabbit and Mr. Dick-the-Shit	Sitting out area near Peak-Tram Terminus HK Park to Ballbuster bay!	February 15, wannabe 14 2008

The Warm-up...

I don't know how you felt about it, but I thought last week's scribing was reasonably good. Mr. [Bravefart's](#) style is, shall we say, at arm's length. Though he shies from interviewing, he gathers remarkable material through no more than a steady gaze and some imaginative speculation. Of course, how reliable any of this might be we can never know. So, I do worry that he may be taking the same approach to his banking. It is a fair question, then, whether the ledger of [Bravefart's](#) local bank offers any more accurate an account than his Trash.

Speaking of finance, you would have noticed that [Dr. Doom](#) was on the back page of the first section of last Sunday's *South China Morning Post*. And he was duly portrayed as "still gloomy, but buying gold and some shares." Strange, I couldn't recall the *SCMP* having rung me up recently. But I as I read on, I realized that it wasn't *our Doom* speaking, but instead that equally bleak commentator, Marc Faber, who, in appropriating more than my demeanour, has taken my name. Best to retaliate, then, by our refusing his advice. So, do this: stay cheerful and buy nothing.

As he was co-hare and hence, celebrity-for-a-Sunday, I sidled up to Mr. [Dick-the-Shit](#). But he is far-sighted, you see, so didn't notice when I'd drawn in too close and hence, drew out of his range. But in surprising him, I hoped for a truthful answer. "Tell me honestly, [Dick](#), I know that co-hares never share the labor evenly. Who really put in the work on this week's reccie?" [Dick](#) didn't hesitate: "[PK](#) did it all." But this wasn't honesty. This was a disavowal of responsibility. I knew then that it would be a bugger of a run.

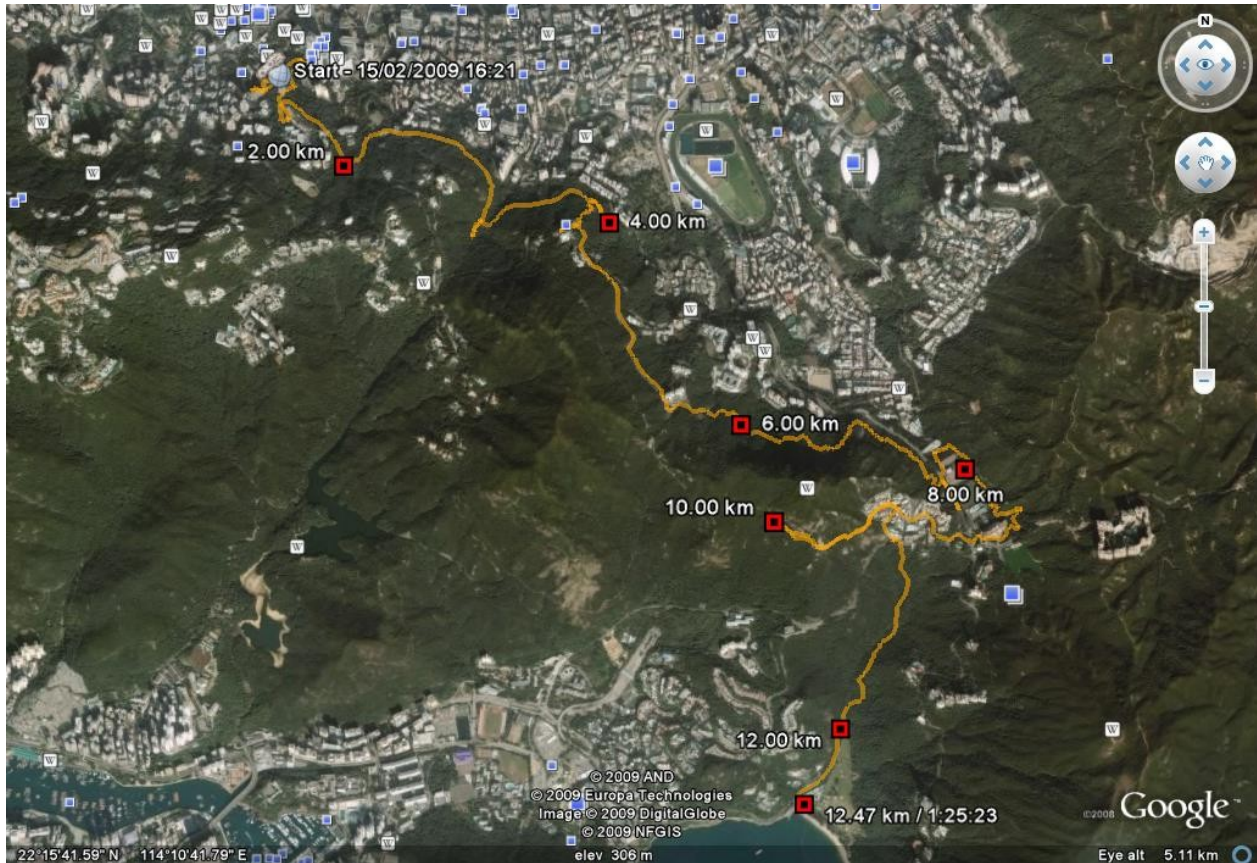
But how did I know that [Dick](#) was farsighted? In his surprise, [Dick](#) had let slip, "I can't do anything without my glasses on anymore." Well, then, I was obliged to ask, "How do you put your glasses on?" [Dick](#) grimaced, threatening to clam up. But here, you see, the successful interviewer knows how to extract that final morsel. And so, pressing on, I asked next, "If you can't see anything without your glasses, can see everything with them? Can you see through clothes?" Fortunately, though [Dick](#) is farsighted, he has little short-term memory. I cannot think of any other reason that after the run, he would agree to resume the interview.

Earlier, I had tried to interview Mr. [Lost-in-Space](#), especially as he was, after an interminable wait, seen again in the company of the delectable Ms. [Winnebago](#). But after two years of disclosing too much (about taxes and shampoo, never about Ms. [Winnie](#) or his profession), he had obviously wised up. "Are you scribing this week, [Doom](#)?" "Why, yes", I replied, with bated breath and pen in mid-air. "Then, I'll talk to you next week", said [LIS](#). You know, Mr. [Bravefart](#) may be right. It may be best to

tread quietly and cast a steady gaze.

Finally, I would like to record that much of the warm-up was given over, quite rightly, to our signing a card for Ms. [Samdim](#). Nori remains in hospital, her temperature refusing to settle. We wish her speedy recovery and her return to the Hash. But to ensure that she heals fully, she is evidently to return first to Indonesia. I fear that the stash will be neglected.

The Run...



The run was so long that it is difficult to recall any single event. I do remember the start which, if halting, was enjoyable, what with photo shoots in the park and wedding chapel. I also recall the bearded Aussie pilot lamenting round the tennis courts that the pricklers, the red ants, and the rodent holes reminded him rather too much of the continent from which he hails. And, oh yes, there was that race with Ms. [Inky Onus](#) down a flight of concrete stairs, mercifully brief, because she remains quite unbeatable. Meanwhile, I'm told that Ms. [Hickey Slut](#) and Mr. [Bondi Barbi](#), down with various ailments, were able to enjoy the run for an even longer time than they usually do. In any event, my congratulations to [PK](#) and [Dick](#), or whichever of them invested so much in such intricate haring.

The Circle...

Big P's circle:

The hares: for haring, naturally.

Indy and Doom: for racing.

Returnees, visitors, and Indians: for returning, visiting, and sub-continenting.

Hopeless' circle:

The hares: for haring when, for a Valentine's Day run, harettes should have hared.

Master Wanker: for failing to wear a small vest, which was promptly remedied.

Virgin Mary: for not appreciating her Hash name, though she appeared still to beer amah well enough.

Haggis: for wearing yet another gay T shirt.

Dr. Evil (thick)'s circle:

Though sacked as scribe, **Evil** has evidently been reborn as a vicar, qualifying him to conduct the mock wedding ceremony of Ms. **Lesbian Butt Slap** and Mr **Bravefart**. The event was compelling, what with Filipina bridesmaids, Scottish ushers, and a British best man. But most importantly, Mr. **Lost in Space** served as altar boy, something that the reverence in his demeanour strongly suggested he had done many times before. I did have one reservation, though. I felt that the wedding gift, the *Dirty Talk Book*, might be best put away until the second year, when bliss grows in need of a recharge.

Finally, however satisfying his officiating, **Evil** remained mindful of the sports prediction he is obliged to make when on hand. It is this: "By the end of the year, the Windies may have a decent cricket pitch." Once again, I fear, our **Evil** will be proven wrong.

Doom

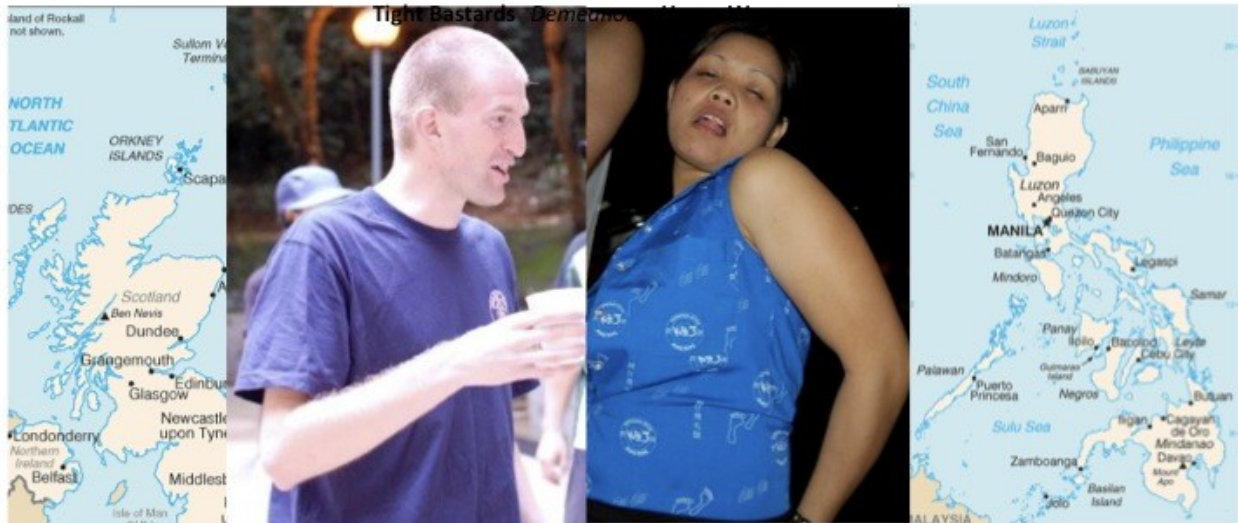
Senior Scribe

Pending Review & psychoanalysis!

WH3 HASH WEDDING: BRAVE FART & LESBIAN BUTT SLAP

15 February 2009, Doctor Evil

Brave Fart	Europe	<i>Location</i>	Asia	Lesbian Butt Slap
	UK Constituent Country	<i>Status</i>	UN Country	
	Edinburgh	<i>Capital City</i>	Manila	
	5,136,500	<i>Population</i>	67,898,000	
	1 Pound Sterling	<i>Currency</i>	Philippine Peso	
	Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen	<i>Main Cities</i>	Quezon City, Davao, Cebu	
	English, Scots, Scots Gaelic	<i>Languages</i>	Filipino (Tagalog), English, Spanish	
	Protestant, Roman Catholic	<i>Religions</i>	Roman Catholic, Muslim	
	Rape, Pillage	<i>Activities</i>	Music, Sex	



Hong Kong Park



15 February 2009

Yes, I'll Marry You - pledge from the BRIDESMAIDS

Yes, I'll marry you, my dear,
And here's the reason why;
So I can push you out of bed
When the baby starts to cry,
And if we hear a knocking
And it's creepy and it's late,
I hand you the torch you see,
And you investigate.

Yes I'll marry you, my dear,
You may not apprehend it,

But when the tumble-drier goes
It's you that has to mend it,
You have to face the neighbour
Should our labrador attack him,
And if a drunkard fondles me
It's you that has to whack him.

Yes, I'll marry you,
You're virile and you're lean,
My house is like a pigsty
You can help to keep it clean.
That sexy little dinner
Which you served by candlelight,
As I do chipolatas,
You can cook it every night!

It's you who has to work the drill
and put up curtain track,
And when I've got PMT it's you who gets the flak,
I do see great advantages,
But none of them for you,
And so before you see the light,
I do, I do, I do!

Pam Ayres

Words of Wisdom from Chief Bridesmaid & Groomsmen

When you meet someone who can cook and do housework--don't hesitate a minute--marry him.

Men always want to be a woman's first love.

Women have a more subtle instinct: What they like is to be a man's last romance. Oscar Wilde

All marriages are happy. It's living together afterwards that is difficult.

He early on let her know who is the boss. He looked her right in the eye and clearly said, "You're the boss."

The 2 two things that make a great marriage - a good sense of humour, and selective hearing.

Hash Wedding Vows - Brave Fart & Lesbian Butt Slap

Groom

1. I promise to put the top on the toothpaste, my dirty washing in the laundry basket and not

- to clean my Hash shoes on the kitchen table. Oh, and to love you always.
2. I pledge to do my share of the dusting, the hovering, the cooking, the washing up, making the bed, cleaning the bathroom, the ironing, mowing the lawn, walking the dog, washing the car, decorating the house and -- if I am still physically able at the end of the day -- to love you
 3. I vow to understand you when I don't; to admit that I am in the wrong when I mistakenly think I am in the right; and to bring you flowers at least once a week as I am bound to have done something that I should apologise for.
 4. I, Brave Fart, choose you, Lesbian Butt Slap, to be my wife. In front of our fellow Wanchai hashers gathered here, I promise to love and cherish you throughout the good times and bad times. I promise to try to remember to put down the toilet seat and to replace the toilet roll when it finishes. I promise to remember this day with love and roses. I will love you always.

Bride

1. I promise to learn to cook something other than baked beans on toast, not to hog the bathroom, nor all the hot water, and never to ask 'Does my bum look big in this' and expect an honest answer.
2. I promise to care for you in sickness and in health, unless it is self-inflicted and two o' clock in the morning: not to nudge you too hard when you are snoring; to let you in after a night with the lads; and to care for your prize collection of beer mats.
3. I promise not to phone my mum more than seven times a week, to buy only one pair of shoes a month and to accept all your bad habits as being what makes you as loveable as you are
4. I, Lesbian Butt Slap, choose you, Brave Fart, to be my Hash husband. In front of our hash friends, I promise to love and cherish you through every check that may come into our path. I promise to learn how to run through a check and how to refill the down-down beer when it runs out. I will comfort you when Scotland frequently lose at sport and drink beer with you if ever they win something. I will love you always

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