

This Weeks Run...

Run No:	Hares:	Place:	Date:
1142	Indy Anus & Priscilla	Stanley to South Bay	March 22, 2008

The Warm-up...

This week's trash comes from the 94th understudy, junior emergency "aargh who's scribing this week" scribe. I should not be doing the write up this week. This is not a reference to Bite N Suck having to resort to bribery (free beer in Spicy Fingers all night on Friday??), but the fact that I shouldn't have been on the run in the first place.

Sunday morning featured a radical spring-clean of the F*rt-Slap household (this is going somewhere I promise). Hours of manual labour and heavy lifting for a demanding task mistress took their toll. I began to feel a touch of discomfort at the foot of my spine. I dismissed it as the onset of middle age. Soon, I reflected, I lose what little fashion sense I ever had and I'll have kids I don't understand. Wonderful, I can't wait. I unwisely ignored the pain and got ready to leave for the hash.

Was L-sbian B-tt Slap coming? "No, I'm going to sleep for a while and come to circle afterwards".

Why?

"I've already burned enough calories nagging you!"

Ah, if only I'd taken a similar approach. Anyway, I headed off to Stanley and chanced upon Hickey Sl-t, Dr Evil, Vittel & Pablo waiting for the bus. Just as well, as they seemed confused as to the run location. I sought to clarify the situation.

"Do you remember the last ANZAC day run on Little Sai Wan? The fiasco? Starting at the same place."

Blank looks. Now there could be several reasons for this. As an experienced and slightly fussy hasher, Hickey may have seen so many fiascos in her time that they've all merged into one by now. I dismissed this thought. The run in question made Smallbone's July 4th sabotaged wash-out at Mui Wo look positively incident-free. Either HS had arranged emergency hypnosis to blank her memory, or she'd been fortunate enough to miss it.

Arriving at Stanley, we found plenty hashers, but no hares. Parallels with the ANZAC run of doom. 6:45 for 7 pm start at 7:30 SHARP I seem to remember. Anyway, this wasn't deterring F3M from the serious business of hash cash collection. This met with some objections. Master

W+nker demanded proof that there would actually be a run. Blue Jeans wanted to know why pre-paying was essential.

"Well" says F3M "I'll have you on my list, so if you don't come back, we'll know to look for you"

"But if you've got my money already, you don't need to look for me".

I wished F3M luck should she need to search for the hasher known as "Bite n Swallow".

At some point well past 4 o'clock, we were graced with the presence of one very dishevelled hare. There would be "some" wimp/rambo splits, there were no B's to be distributed, but if you thought you might get lost or tired, Indy was kind enough to scrawl her mobile number on the pavement. Various hashers then queued up to have F3M write it out for them more neatly on various body parts.

The Run

So eventually we were off. Over the beach then along the road to a checkback that took us through the Correctional Museum and down steep concrete steps to a second more rocky beach which we clambered round. This was all looking very familiar, like the LSW run of doom. The trail then took us off the beach to an open check.

From this elevated position, Bare Wabbit and I were able to watch Bof have a spectacular hash crash on a flat piece of concrete. F3M was very attentive and as we continued on into the next shiggy section started explaining how Ray Mears would use the local flora to improvise bandage. Bof didn't seem to follow, apparently he hasn't heard of Ray Mears. I suspect he's more of a Bear Grylls man, far less cuddly.

The trail then took us out of Stanley prison (an other throw back to the LSW ANZAC disaster) and onto the first split. Feeling a further spot of spinal inconvenience I opted for wimps, cutting back through a village area to come out at Stanley market and then along the seafront past such hostelries as the Picked Pelican. Rambos did a shiggy loop further up the peninsula before rejoining the wimp trail.

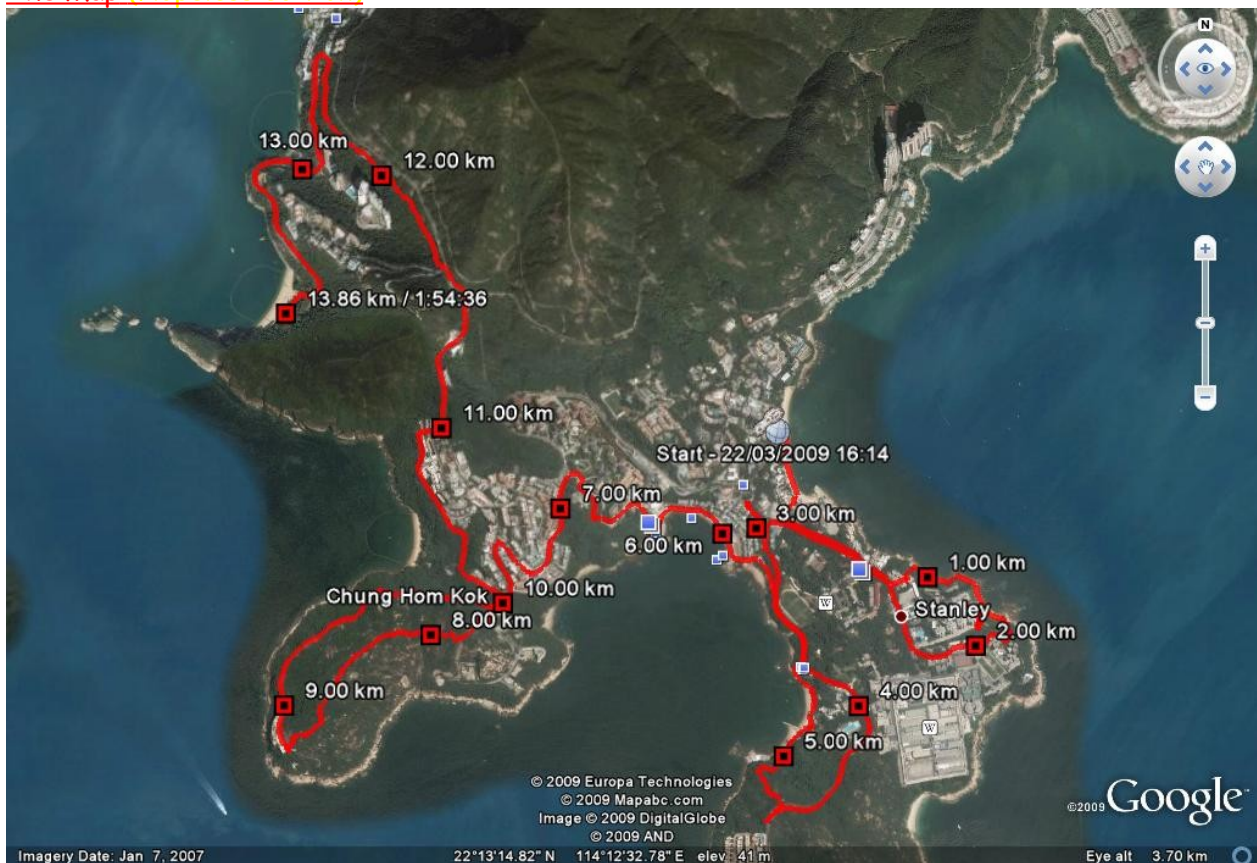
A road section followed before a second split taking the rambos on a circuit of Chung Hom Kok and pointing the wimps towards Repulse Bay. A gentle descent down the often used cobbled path and then right to Repulse Bay? No, left. Peculiar, hopefully a check back. Unfortunately not. The on home took us round the seemingly unending South Bay road, past a scored out trail down to the infamous "gay beach" to finally finish in about 75 minutes for this wimp, now feeling decidedly sore.

Some rambos took significantly longer, leaving the lazy and unenergetic plenty time for pre-circle beers & chat. Smallbone bemoaned yet another needless piece of construction work. The government are constructing a nature park nearby, but only after they've made sure all the

real nature is safely under a layer of concrete. "That was shiggy you could rely on" he sighed "it is a great loss to hashing". Meanwhile, Beancounter was introducing our newcomers Rowena & Imelda to the finer points of wimp hashing "Its important to remember that you don't need to follow trail all the time".

The standard cohort FRB's continued to struggle in over the next hour or more, many at the point of collapse. tales were told of rambo splits to nowhere, multiple on home trails, inability to exit the prison grounds, etc etc. I congratulated Priscilla for inserting the second wimps split.

The Map (Hopeless edition)



The Circle

With night encroaching we finally got the circle going:

Smallbone welcomes the pack and calls the hares.

BnS - for bribing Bravef-rt to scribe

Hopeless - for being too tired to have a tantrum about the run

BoF - at age 72, went for a gentle 52k run on Lantau yesterday

Inflate-a-date - for being unwell

Wet Nurse - for not providing Inflate-o's promised drugs

Haggis & Rawhide - silly slippers

Hopeless - no longer able slag off RS2H3 as he's now on autopay. Someone else will have to

take up the challenge of rubbishing the pillow-biters.
All Southsiders in for a down-down to revel in their gayness

Newly recruited RS2H3 *rse bandit Hopeless' circle

Irish Spew on in - the Irish have won something for the first time in 61 years

Irish Spews corrects - not the first time to win something, the first time to win everything!

<The circle was interrupted while Mr Spew entertained the pack with a traditional Irish victory dance. It was obviously self-choreographed and given the lack of co-ordination I venture he may be a bit out of practice>

Bare wabbit, BoF & Bobbled-ck - enjoying lunch at the yacht club, but who paid?

F3M - strict discipline - no pay out from hash cash for marshmallows

Bobbled-ck - having a minor injury/war wound

Haggis' Circle

F3M - stand in hash cash - struggling with mental arithmetic and hash names

Smallbone & Community Chest - comparison of Free China injuries

Hopeless and Master W-nker - spent longer running trail than hares spent setting it

Priscilla - doesn't know where the gay beach is

Bravef-rt - does

Hopeless back in

Priscilla - for having a malfunctioning GPS - claims run was 4k shorter than it really was

Smallbone

The hares - for marking down to the gay beach by mistake and scoring it out

Shaves Daily - gets very red on long runs

Anyone who got to B in a taxi - Yummy Mummy, May, Hares, helpers

Visitors - Quick Drawers and Dippy

Dippy (75), Bof (72) & Dribble (71) - for being old

Dippy for being oldest

Dribble awards time

Sh-tless - 69 runs

Indy for live haring

Smallbone's circle

Returness - Emma Royde & Sh-tless

Emma Royde - for having a fetching hand-painted T-shirt

Hash Gear miscreants - too many to record

Not showering - Community Chest, Bof, Caligula, Sh-tless

Next week's run - Rugby 7's, 2 pm - hare is CPH

Open floor



Master W calls Bof, who, at 72, is too young to settle down and get married
BnS calls Michelle, visitor from Philippines - Bare Wabbit obviously extending his network globally
F3M calls Quick Drawers, who can't distinguish between Hopeless and Caligula
The circle ends with a long down down from Motormouth about Bobbled-ck and anti-septic

It was around this point in proceedings that my back pain went from annoying to excruciating. I have been immobile ever since.

On On to the South Bay burger bar, minus Bravef-rt the hash's youngest geriatric.