



THE WANCHAI TRASH
Hong Kong

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[This Weeks Run...](#)

Run No: 1144	Hares: Sra. Clit, El Chocco, and Mr. Blow Torch	Place: Peng Chau	Date: April 5, 2008
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[The Warm-up...](#)

Really, people are so button-downed and up-tight in Victoria that once off the slow boat to Peng Chau Town, they just can't help themselves. Promptly upon landing, they break out in fits of hand-holding. I saw them, Mr. [Hopeless](#) clasping Ms. [Felch Monster](#), there beneath the pavilion as if the fellow had just returned safely from a Southside tour. And they weren't the only ones. Across the island young couples, old vendors, [El Chocco](#) and Sra. [Tight Clit](#), Sra. [Tight Clit](#) and Mr. [Motormouth](#), Mr. [CPH](#) and Mrs. [Oinky Humorless](#)—arm in arm as if pressed close together by the very smallness of Peng Chau. Did you notice this too? Or did I imagine it, still in the grip of an early morning's reverie at Amazonia's, there where I spied Ms. [Any Dick Will Do](#), Ms. [Rawhide](#), and indeed, Ms. [Stroke Me Harder](#)? I really must get out less.

But what's not romantic about Peng Chau Town, of course, is its public buildings, great flat-faced hulks, markets and sports centers, looming over hastily reclaimed waterfront. Prince Charles once complained of the 1970s structures that so blighted inner London. I wonder whether it was Mr. [Braer Rabbit](#) who designed those too.

But while some design public edifices, others sew dog jackets. Did you see [El Chocco](#) in his smart little sheath? Ms. [Strap-on](#) made that for him. You see, once back in country Australia, [Strap-on](#) will have plenty of time for needlepoint, but seems keen even now to get a head start. Problem is, once the excitable and long-bodied [Chocco](#) begins to sway, his cape, though tight round the neck, goes askew at the hips. [Strap-on](#) has an answer, though, a crupper attachment looped under the dog's tail. By Christ, that'll take the smirk off the young pup's face.

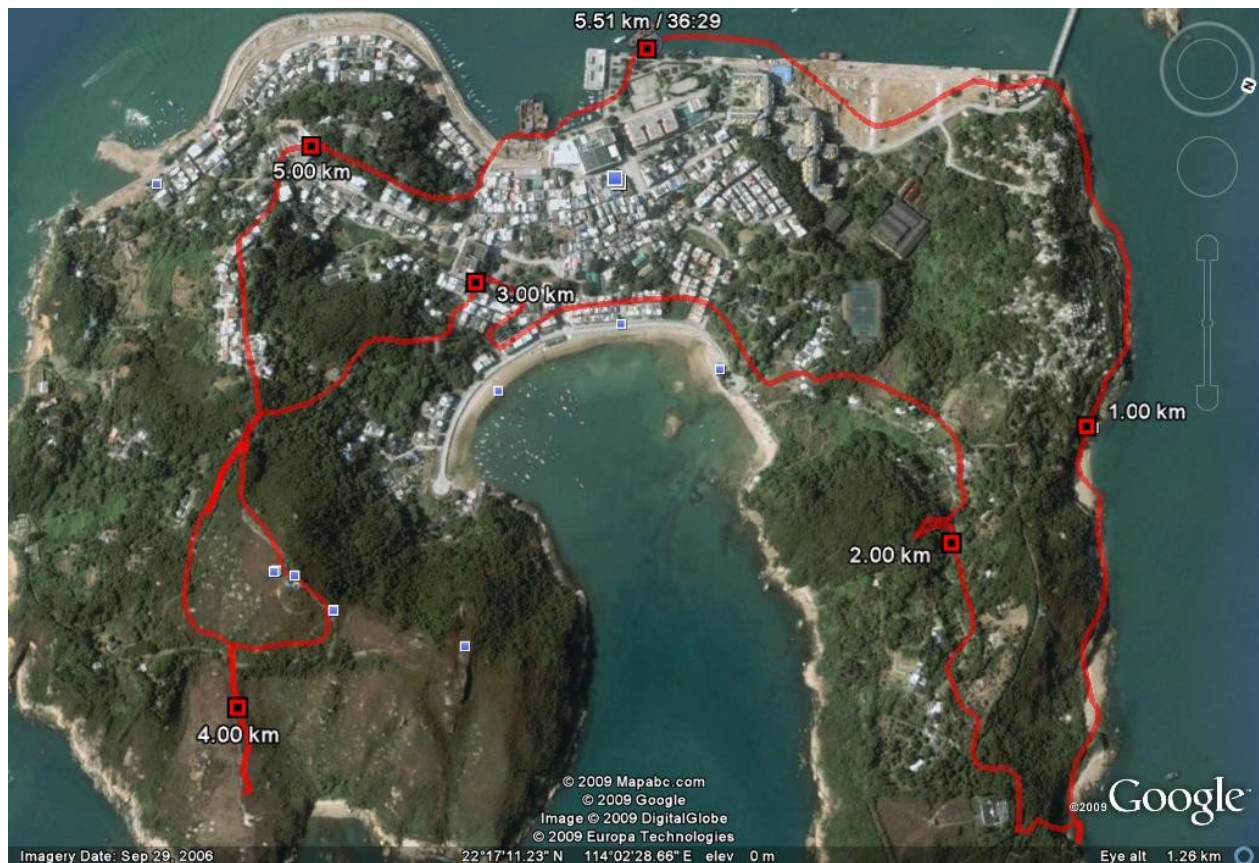
I couldn't help but notice the irony. Mr. [Bonecrusher](#), who dreams of retirement on a lush tropical isle, sitting there absorbed in a book entitled *Sandstorm in Oman*. I'll say one thing for him, though: with a firm grip on his tome, he's not asking anyone to hold his hand.

The Run...

I don't know why I do it. Mr. [Smallbone](#) and Mr. [Camel](#) run for the high ground, quite off trail, and still blinded by drink, I blindly follow. Up the high road, through the cemetery, return from the check back at the island's top end, then along the entire route from whence I'd come. And though in this way running half again as far as the others, I am denounced by a competitive Mr. [Haggis Humper](#) as a short cutter.

But I'm not really complaining, for this was, all in all, just as Sra. [Tight Clit](#) had promised, a most scenic run. It's true, Peng Chau does have its charms. And as my contract winds down, I am again in search these days of some obscure outer island where I might elude immigration, drink Kingsway beer, and hold hands. Thanks to Sra. [Tight Clit](#) and Mr. [Blow Torch](#), the tireless democrat, for having acquainted me with Peng Chau.

The Map



The Circle...

Hopeless' circle:

Mr. **CPH**: summoned in for slow-boating.

Strap-on: for winning her event in the over-50 running category, yet still in no need of a dog jacket.

Bonecrusher: for some inaudible offence

Bite 'n Suck: for having locked herself in the toilet for the night (though unlike in Shekou, she'd this time thought ahead and held on to her credit card).

Shekou Boys II.

Braer Rabbit: for having lost .10 and persuading everyone round him to look for it.

Smallbone's circle:

Bean Counter: for having assumed the chairmanship of the Bahrain Trade Development Council, a two-year, Hong Kong-based appointment—no small achievement in these times. Congratulations to him.

Strap-on: for being a "sad case" of something, if I heard rightly.

Motormouth: brought in as a **Burle Ives** lookalike, if I saw correctly.

Dribble's awards:

Camel: for not having gotten an award of some kind.

[Incidentally, I must report here that Run 1144 was **Doom's** 69th with WH3, which went unnoticed, fortunately, by the award-giving **Dribble** and the stats-keeping Mr. **Caligula**.]

Hopeless', Smallbone's, and Haggis's circle:

Kai Tak rules prohibit any formal entry of down-downs here. Let it just be recorded that the humor was infectious.

R.A.'s circle:

Bonecrusher: for wearing Dr. Seuss shorts (though actually those were early-1970s California long shorts. But do you know what "naked shorting" is? This is a particularly egregious form of short-selling wherein the speculator doesn't even trouble himself to borrow the equities before shorting them.).

The On-on:

I am obliged now to record that while the dinner group at the On-on was quite select, the handholding soon ceased. Here, then, is a short transcript of some particularly earnest conversation that was overheard at the table:

MM: "This f***ing Chinese soup. The f***ing Germans would love this f***ing soup.

TC: "That's right. This is a f***ing Black Forest soup."

MM: "The cow is the biggest polluter on the planet!!. Why did you order cow?"

TC: "We haven't ordered anything from the cow, so shut up."

MM: "Don't tell me to shut up."

TC: "Don't forward my SMS, you c**t.

MM: "F*** off.

TC: "Don't tell me to "f*** off. [And then, turning to Doom] "You have a lot of wrinkles on your forehead."

Ho hum. Doubtless it has to do with the long years of scribing. Has the committee found a successor?

Doom

Scribe Emeritus

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