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## This Weeks Run... Philippine Independence Day Run

<b>Run No:</b> 1156	<b>Hares:</b> Old Sock	<b>Place:</b> Ma On Shan	<b>Date:</b> 21 <sup>st</sup> June 2009
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## Some Sad News

As many of you may have already seen on hash email, Nuhri (aka SAMDIM) sadly passed away last Monday in Indonesia. The GM began the circle with a fitting tribute to a keen hasher who was a great friend to many of us and will be sorely missed by WH3.

There will be a memorial run for Nuhri on October 4<sup>th</sup> hared by Bondi Barbie & CPH in the New Territories. More details will follow nearer the time.

## This week's run - the warm up

"Looks like only the fit people are here," observed Community Chest.

Or the slightly weak minded perhaps. The RA had managed to divert the Typhoon up to Taiwan, but saddled us with 37 centigrade (that's a zillion Fahrenheit for all you Americans) and 98% humidity. Hopeless seemed to be making the loudest complaints, maybe trying to divert attention from the fact *the weather is his fault*.

The hare had set A in the agreeably manicured Ma On Shan Park, a welcome change from previous weeks where we've endured life squatting below footbridges and other insalubrious haunts.

## The run

After a briefing on the markings ("I don't know the difference between T's & CB's") Old Sock let the cat out of the bag...

"The GPS says its 16k..."

To gasps and curses Sock tried to clarify that this was the combined distance of all the trails, including the super-wimps. I sought solace in the knowledge that Columbus used Sock's GPS when he went looking for India and even today after several upgrades it can still only pick up signals from North Korean satellites. However, while the "official" distance was doubt there could little doubt that the hare looked shattered and uncharacteristically dishevelled from his earlier exertions.

We headed out of the park, taking the opportunity to run through a lawn sprinkler for an early shower and had a couple of kilometres of flat tarmac before hitting the first open check. I was jogging along with newcomer Paul, who let slip he'd been up at seven a.m. to "play tennis" with his girlfriend. That's his story, maybe they were just making a racquet.

On On from the check took us past a rather incongruously placed open air barber "shop" and into the bush. Here Paul & I feel foul of a very long check back which brought the pack back together. After a little confusion that we might just be heading back down the same trail we came up, BOF hit genuine trail off to our left. A couple more checks, then the first W/R split.

A gruelling 3 km of shiggy followed, interspersed with rope climbs, a waterfall and ample open checks. CPH, Irish Spew & Paul blazed off ahead, while the rest of us toiled behind.

We finally reached a lookout offering views across Tolo Harbour to Plover Cove. The main feature was unfortunately Lake Silver, which is neither silver, nor a lake.

Let me digress for a little rant. Lake Silver is one of the many identikit developments that Sino Land throw up to ruin the Hong Kong countryside. If you believe the advertising hype they've created a classical paradise where Andrea Bocelli plays on a continuous loop and residents luxuriate by roman baths being served pomegranate juice and fed grapes by Angelina Jolie look-a-likes in togas.

The truth is infinitely more prosaic and disappointing, it's a collection of tower blocks and if you read between the lines in The Standard, the properties only exist

so the Hong Kong middle class can flip them.

The trail came out of the woods and wimps and rambos rejoined for a concrete section. We run under a main road and at some point in this general area missed the super wimp split. By this point Hopeless, Smallbone, Absolut W\*nker & I were barely managing to move quicker than walking pace.

F3M had to resort to motivational techniques learnt from the Sharpe movies, just to get one foot in front of the other.

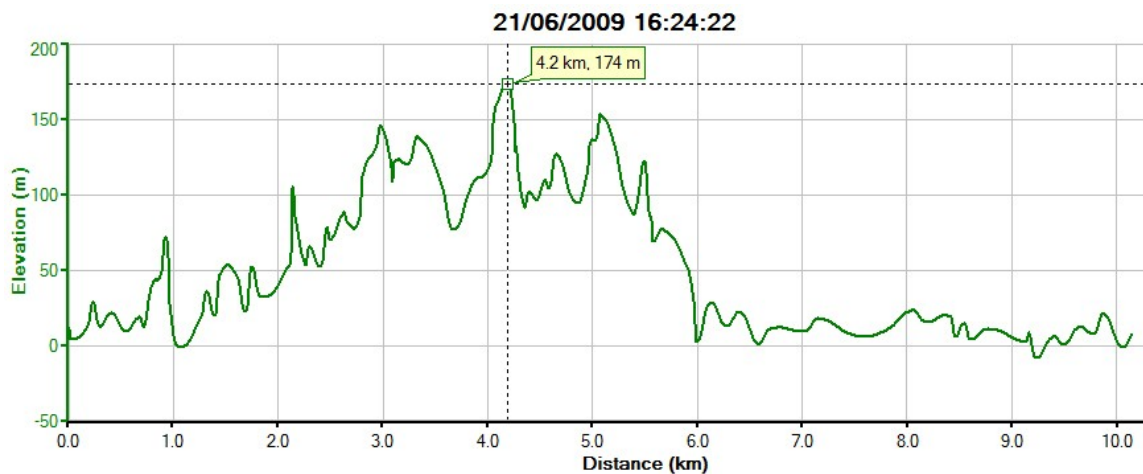
We crossed a rather smelly beach section (I assume this is the bit where Hopeless's GPS goes temporarily below sea level) before a stretch of road, shiggy and an other beach.

Having by this point sweat twice my body weight, my balls were not just bust, they were completely atomised! Thoughts turned to previous Old Sock adventures as we wondered how much longer the trail could go on.

After finally hitting the super wimps rejoin, Absolut got a second wind and managed to drag us into something approaching a run for the last kilometre along the waterfront and back to point A.

Ten and a bit kilometres for rambos, 97 minutes for CPH, 109 for Hopeless. Hickey Slut arrived somewhat later to enquire, "So did I miss the circle?"

Here's the GPS map and elevation, courtesy of Hopeless.



## The Circle

Previous Sock runs have been so brutal that the circle has resembled the final scenes of Hamlet or Reservoir Dogs. It seems an Old Sock can learn new tricks though and the combination of a manageable wimps trail and some very nice showers meant the circle was livelier than I'd expected.

We began by all raising a drink to **SAMDIM's** memory, after a short tribute from the **GM**.

The **GM** then initiated a rather drawn out debate on the bash location. The pack finally settled on "just going back to Wanchai, unless anyone was going to be really disappointed".

**Irish Spew** observed that the maitre d' at the Thai place organised by Sock might not be too pleased we were standing them up at no notice.

After an opening DD for the hare, we moved on to welcoming a new runner, **Keith**, who was introduced to the hash in December (!) by **Black Widow & Bonecrusher**. Ma On Shan is quite a trek from the Old China Hand though, so he was unaccompanied.

We had an other new runner, whose name I didn't catch, so he'll be known as "Free **China Bloke**" (sorry) and I promise to use his actual name if he ever comes back to the hash.

*You might think this is bad scribing form, but the first ever mention of Bravehart in a hash trash refers only to "four new blokes who seemed forgettable as they hadn't had any sex recently".*

**Absolut W\*nker** was welcomed back as returnee and took charge of the circle.

As **Old Sock** organised a barber on trail, there was down down for everyone who had a haircut this week: **Hopeless, BOF & Thin Dr Evil**.

DD for **Bobbedick** for trying to grow a druid moustache but ending up looking like Basil Fawlty.

**Bobbedick** claimed to be trying for a 118 118 look but this was lost on everyone apart from **Shitlipstick** who received a DD for his troubles.

Further DD's for **F3M** (resorting to inner monologue to get round the rambos) & Paul (pulling a muscle).

**Shitlipstick** received a down down for a spot of on trail voyeurism. Apparently spotted taking an interest in a local couple at the waterfall "bath stop".

**GM** took back the reins of the circle to award the "asshole pants".

These were given to **Sock** (for too many reasons to chronicle) and proceeded to model them in a new "front bottom" style.

Down Down for **Smallbone, Bravehart & Keith** as stand ins for the absent **Wet Nurse, Lesbian Buttslap & Black Widow**.

Newcomer **Paul** has been taking medical advise from **Shitlips**. The latter recommended the best cure for a pulled muscle is for "one of the girls to rub it".

**Imelda** after drinking a DD for being a very able muscle rubber, stayed in the circle for having a baking down down, shared with **G-string**. Their banana cakes were so popular there was none left to give to **Doom & Shitlips** for a blind taste test.

DD to **Irish Spew** for introducing a little culture to the hash by reading a book. "They haven't reached Australia yet," he quipped.

**Bite n Suck** beat **CPH** back to A, thanks to a combination of the super wimps trail and CPH's 40km bike ride warm up.

**Bravehart & Bobbledick** combined to form a Haggis Humper look-a-like and receive a DD for there being no stash or beer condoms for sale today.

DD to Mr **Choco** for peeing on CPH's bike.

DD to all the French (**Little Pair**, who works for a French bank), Italians (**Absolut W\*nker**, who "looks foreign") and Brits (too many to mention) for all losing rugby games over the weekend.

Americans, for being so cr\*p at rugby that no-one wanted to play them at the weekend, not even Italy.

**Smallbone's** circle

DD to **Bobbledick** (real name Robert Whitehead) for being refused membership of

Club Whitehead.

**F3M** for not taking yes for an answer when SB was breaking a check.

**GM's** circle again

Introduces newcomer from Shanghai, **Bravebarf** and suggests she meets **Bravefart & Irish Spew**.

**Tiny Tepee**, for being overheard saying "if we'd been through a graveyard this week, I'd have stopped for a lie down".

Last down down to the hare and one for **Spew** for all his heckling.

**Bwear Wabbit** on in to announce next week's run, but not before **Pussywhipped** has returned his shoes.

BW has had to wear his old shoes, not that anyone can tell the difference. Anyway, PW & BW had a drink from the shoes, only for most of the beer to leak out via various holes in the soles.

After all that, next week's run will be set by Hash Bike in Aberdeen.

On On to Wanchai!