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This Weeks Run...

<b>Run No:</b> 1174	<b>Hares:</b> G-String, Bottledancer, Get Me Free	<b>Place:</b> Parkview	<b>Date:</b> 25 <sup>th</sup> October 2009
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The Warm Up

Warm up is usually a bit of a misnomer on the hash, so the fact our newcomer **Mike** was indulging in some pre-run stretching would have been notable enough, however as I travelled up to Wong Nei Chung Gap on bus #6, I spied **Pussywhipped** taking warm up to new levels, running to the hash from home.

On any normal Sunday, this would be remarkable, however **F3M** & **CPH** trumped even this athleticism by spending the morning running up and down Lantau & Sunset Peaks.

I made more leisurely progress up to Parkview, noting Ladies Hash marking interspersed with apple green & purple WH3 directions.

Our numbers were depleted as a result of the Southside tour, a long weekend of "rum, sodomy and the lash" in Indonesia.

A Correction

As a result of deafness and drunkenness, I have spent the last two write ups referring to our newcomer **Torsten** as "Carsten". Oops. The point of the hash is, however, anonymity, therefore he may not be known as Torsten much longer...

The run

Wimps and rambos were sent in different directions immediately and the Rambo route headed directly up Jardine's Lookout, before hitting a CB. We were sent back for a shiggy traverse, ending with us having to jump a catchwater to a 4-way check (which strangely included an option to go back the way we came).

Some checking kept the front runners from getting to far ahead, before we ran into more LH4 markings. Hashers are given to bouts of collective stupidity when faced with this sort of problem, so after checking in all directions, I found myself with **CPH**, **Bondi**, **Bware Wabbit** & **Doom** staring at some flour on a tree trunk trying to decide its age.

"**G-string** and **Bottledancer** were out recce-ing all weekend, I don't know how this could have happened," sighed **Doom**.

On **CPH's** suggestion, we blamed **Doom** for the shambles and finally headed back up trail to find we'd missed a checkback and headed back uphill on a further shiggy path.

We reached the Jardine South catchwater and headed east with the trail turning into a short, rocky scramble with fine views back down to Wanchai & Causeway Bay. Back on the catchwater we reached another check, which brought back fond memories for **Bondi & Bware Wabbit**.

"We got lost here on run #1000"

"Yes, we have 140 queuing to get through that shiggy"

No shiggy for us today though, as the trail took us up steps back towards the top of Jardine's Lookout again, offering great views back over the Tai Tam reservoirs to Red Hill. Some short cutters chose to ignore the CB near the summit and **Shitlipstick** was spied taking the direct route back to A.

For those of us taking the correct route (left through more shiggy), the towers of Parkview were already visible, but not seeming to get any closer.

Up to this point I had shared the hare raiser's scepticism that virgin trail could be found in the Parkview area. However as the trail progressed, it became narrower and more overgrown. I will leave it to more experienced members of the pack to make the definitive call on the virginity of the trail or otherwise, however it clearly hadn't been used recently.

Of course there is the open question of who actually came back on the right trail, as I met **Doom, Torsten & Mike** coming back out of the shiggy in the "wrong" direction. After persuading them to turn round again, we bush whacked through to a catchwater above Tai Tam Reservoir road and from there back to A.

**Bondi** however lead a rival group on "genuine virgin trail" back to the Jardine's Lookout ridge line and back to A that way.

Irrespective of the details of the last kilometre or so of On Home, an excellent Rambo trail.

Consensus was that the wimps trail was a bit long, with late comers straggling in after upwards of 2 hours.

No GPS available at this point, keep an eye out, I may be able to add later.

### The Circle

The **GM** calls the three hares (**G-string**, **Bottledancer** & **Get Me Free**), who are welcomed with a song from **Dances with Dogs**, detailing a Filipina's love of shrimp paste, old eggs, rice, karaoke and wedding rings.

**G-string** remains in the circle so that **Shaves Daily** can dummy spit at her for the length of the wimps run.

**G-string** is still unable to escape as the **GM** points out interesting new high heeled shoes, before calling in **Bware Wabbit** who had (falsely) promised dancing in the circle.

Visitors: **Mike & Pubic Monk** (actually a returnee from 13 years or so ago - should be fun for Caligula finding him in the stats)

Down down for all those who've been running earlier in the day. **F3M** (who won a medal) and **CPH** (who was an hour quicker and didn't).

Latecomers **Bondi & Spit or Swallow** were both faced with the moral dilemma of having no water provided by the hares, but a privately provided bottle visible in a hash bag. Bondi leaves it, SoS succumbs to temptation.

**SoS**, **Inflate-a-date**, **Dr Doom** & **Pussywhipped** are called in to explain their absence from the Southside tour.

**Dances with Dogs** called in for cursing the hares more than the **GM** usually does.

**SoS** & **Dances with Dogs** have been comparing notes on their wives. SoS has had to move from Lamma, to Sai Kung and now to Denial Bay to meet demands to continually trade up. Meanwhile DwD points out, "My wife didn't have electricity at home until she was 15, now she's pissed off if she doesn't get to fly business class".

**Dr Doom** gets a down down for losing his cognitive skills. Various murmurs round the circle of "what are cognitive skills?"

**G-string** called back in as the **GM** reckons she won't be able to stand up for much longer in her high heels. She is joined by **Bottledancer** and **Shaves Daily** who've been distributing stolen Marriott biscuits.

This seems like a very Scottish thing to do, so all Scots are called in: **CPH, Thermal Dick & Bravefart**, plus **Dances with Dogs** to sing a song about Scots, their love of football and questionable dress sense.

Stand-in RA **Shitlipstick** is blamed for it getting dark too early.

After **F3M** points out that **Torsten** got very dirty on the Rambo trail, Torsten suggests that maybe F3M could take his shirt home to wash. Well, maybe, but it would likely be Hopeless who ends up doing the laundry. Down down for both.

After an inconclusive debate on potential names for Torsten and a further song (about Stalingrad) from Dances with Dogs, **Bondi** is called in for offering up the truly awful name "Helmut".

From the floor...

**Shitlipstick** calls the **GM** for not organising any committee members to share circle duties.

**F3M** calls **CPH** for throwing old people off the MTR in Tung Chung "Have you lot run 20 km?"

**Dances with Wolves** (actually **Dogs**) for taking his family on a cultural tour of Angeles City girlie bars.

**GM** back in...

**Toilet Water** (aka Toilet Spray??) doesn't like her name. She is reminded that people who don't like their names get a worse one. Witness **Filthy Festering Felch Monster** and **All Nippon Asshole Buttfucked at the Disco**.

**F3M** (from the floor) calls **Get Me Free** in for making use of secret shower and Jacuzzi facilities.

**CPH** (from the floor) calls **Shitlipstick** for short cutting.

**GM** calls all ex- and potential Wanchai Pacific contenders: **CPH, Brain Damage, Bondi, Sshitlipstick, Bware Wabbit & Bravefart** (former participants); **Mike, Torsten, Inflate-a-date, Dr Doom & Spit or Swallow** (put forward as potential candidates).

Next week's run is a Halloween special from Wanchai Park, set by **Indy & Priscilla**.