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[This Weeks Triple-bill...](#)

Run No:	Hares:	Place:	Date:
1177 1178 1179	Only Cums Twice, Haggis, Hopeless, YMCA, CPH, Bendover, G-String	Shekou (1177 & 1178) Kennedy Town (1179)	14 & 15 NOV 2009

1177

11:30 am boat from Shun Tak to Shekou. A handful of hashers but missing quite a few from the sign-up sheet. *Shit-Lipstick* and *Leg-Over* take up seats in first class thinking they will indulge on free beer for the crossing and are presented with hot tea. I find out, half-way across that as a group we could have made the crossing at 50HKD per person instead of 110HKD. *Hopeless* meets the boat and we check in to the hotel, have a lunch and meet at the Snake-Pit for registration.

A good crowd fills up two large coaches and off we go to the All-Win Industrial Park for the start. Female hashers foolishly ask for directions to the toilet and are pointed to various bushes on the adjacent hill. Briefing includes two-splits and Shekou rules that are slightly different than ours. Off we go.

Slightly up the first hill, hashers appear to have cornered two hapless ducks who couldn't figure out which way to turn to avoid the onslaught of hashers. So they spent a few minutes in absolute panic as we went passed.

After the duck farm, it was up a hill filled with lychee trees and then onto the dry bit of a small reservoir behind a dam.

Then onto a road which was filled by concrete trucks. This brought us to a nice check where the entire group came together because the on-on went through a closed gate. At this point some hashers who intended to take the **short** found out they were on the **long** because they were blindly following Southside **S** markings thinking they were markings for the short trail.

After some negotiations by *Sexual Healing* we were allowed through the gate, which pretty much took us back to the road we were on anyway. Then down a steep retaining wall where various hashers including *Marafat* came away with scrapes and cuts after sliding brought us back into farm country. We ran around the perimeter of some small nicely kept vegetable farms that took us to B at a fishpond.

Culture shock then set in for *Yummy Mummy* who received many confused look when she asked where the showers were located.

The circle included a large block of ice to sit on while consuming DDs and with the recent cold weather made for frigid bums. I initially sat on the ice for being both a Macau hasher and a Wanchai hasher. Curiously *F3M* decided to sit with the virgins on the ice when she saw that the virgins included four handsome Argentinean rugby players. While doing her Samantha of *Sex and the City* impersonation she stumbled when it came to giving her name which she said was *Filthy Fuck!* I took it to be a Freudian slip but Hopeless

seemed sure it was due to her being over 40. Other notable DDs included *Haggis* who was presented with a huge mug so that he wouldn't have to steal one from the bar, which is his habit. *Golden Balls* was put on the ice for a long time and then renamed *Blue Balls*. *YMCA* for dummy spitting on the location of a banner. *KGB* for asking hashers if they could loan her a running bra. And *Anal Invitation* and *Smallbone* had to work on teamwork as they were given the so-called *Sleeve of Justice*.

Dinner was on site outside where it was very cold. But the food was good and plentiful. Bus ride to The Snake Pit where our very inebriated *GM* was enjoying drinks brought to her by *Camel*.

1178

The idea of the hangover hash is that it is a nice simple run keeping in mind that everyone is hung over from the previous evenings festivities. And according to *Haggis* a Wanchai hash is supposed to be set for -well- people wanting some but not too much exertion. With that in mind we were given a briefing that included instructions to ignore the armed guards discharging their weapons in our direction (slight exaggeration)

And off we were sent.

After a couple of kms the hash became more Free China than Wanchai, steps going seemingly forever up. I thought I was okay, but noooo. After falling just a bit behind a *Peroxide*

Blonde approaching a pavilion, I took the wrong path down. Just wanting to go a bit further to see if maybe there was trail, I ran into an angry looking *KGB*. Demanding to know if I saw certain hashers. Having conceded that I hadn't we both had to make our way up all the stairs we just came down and we found the true trail. So on down past the guards on true trail on a stairs not open to the public. About half way down the mountain we ran into *YMCA* being led by the nose by a guard who had had enough of hashers for the day. Now we all had to go all the way back up the hill while receiving re-education by the guard to not **break rules** while visiting China! So then it was back down the original way I started down (the long way down) and finally with *YMCA* on into the Snakepit DFL.

With the rest of the pack at dinner, on in finally for me with everyone wondering the usual "got lost again"! Well not exactly, but...

Dinner is Benihana stlye Japanese.

GM starts the circle with the wrong number as usual. DDs to the hares for the longest Hangover Hash ever and failure to properly bribe the guards. *Toilet Spray* for not drinking with us last night. Both *Haggis* and *Hopeless* for dummy-spitting. *Twilight* and *Cunter Ass Thompson* for wondering if they get credit for a Wanchai run. *Haggis* gives a DD to *Free Willy* as he pawned the rather large mug and gave the ticket to *Free Willy*. *BBC* and *Only Cums Twice* for carrying the *GMs* bag.

Hopeless for whinging about carrying the *GMs* bag. *Camel* in abstentia for buying the *GM* drinks at the bar. But did he really buy them? RA *Hopeless* for crap weather. *Haggis* gave the *GM* boiled eggs. *F3M* for hash fashion in her usual green getup with matching shoes. And Thank-You DDs to *Only Cums Twice*, *YMCA*, *BBC*, *KGB* and *Peroxide Blonde* for being such fabulous hosts!

Quickly to the ferry for our now 50RMB ride except for *Toilet Spray* who arrived too late to get in on the group ticket. Also poor *Toilet Spray* noted that this Shekou immigration is the only one she's seen where being Chinese has no advantage and she has to queue just like the rest of us.

A very relaxing ride back to Central had *Smallbone* noting with satisfaction that it had been a four-day *Motormouth* free weekend. Cheers to that!

1179

For those too tight or disorganised to make the trip to Shekou, there was a Hong Kong based hash from Kennedy Town.

"Mystery" here *CPH* didn't seem optimistic of a large turnout, arriving at quarter to four with a mere dozen beers under his arm.

"That'll be enough for me then," announced *Irish Spew* before working his way round the assembled male hashers, trying

unsubtly to ascertain if their absence from Shekou was a result of marital veto or not.

As the pack assembled, I caught up with *Gorgonzola* who had decided not to run. I wondered if she might be keeping herself out of harm's way on account of her upcoming wedding, but more prosaically it turned out she was just tired after a very long run on the "Babes" Hash the previous day.

Which made me wonder, did they arrange it specially so that *Haggis* would be in China and unable to sabotage?

Dribble, while not being mocked by *Spew* for his uncanny resemblance to Jimmy Saville, let slip that Tw*tswalk will soon be ambulatory again.

Details on Wanchai Group email - Sat 21st Nov - meet at the Peak at 2 pm for a walk to Aberdeen

G-String one of our triumvirate of hares (along with virgin hare *Bendover* & the aforementioned *CPH*) warned of a wimp-rambo *SLIT* and I made a mental note to check *Emma Royde* would not fall down it, as the rest of the pack are generally too portly to be worried about such a hazard.

Apparently, according to more seasoned hashers, there's actually not that many trail setting options in the Kennedy Town locale, however the route was livened up early with a couple of checks followed by a bit of clambering around on one

of those concrete land-slip-management-thingie-bobs that seem to be getting put up everywhere.

Priscilla took the early opportunity to induct *Virgin Sarah* into the dark arts of FRB-ism, pointing out that it doesn't do to get too excited about breaking a check. "Don't call it until you've run at least 100 yards!"

A few familiar trails (cemetery, followed by xylophone (??) path and a minor hash crash for *Thorsten*) followed before we reached the split and for the rambos a long shiggy climb.

We reached some WW2 gun emplacements before descending rather more quickly than we'd gone up. With *Hopeless* safely out dummy spit distance, *Coco* & *Spew* indulged in a further demonstration of FRB dark arts, namely "the ambiguously placed wood at the check". Cue heated debate with *Emma Royde* on his return as to how an arrow metamorphosed into a T and back to an arrow again, just long enough for *ER* to be fooled.

We finished with a Kennedy Town speciality, namely the vertiginous descent of several under steep narrow maintenance steps back to sea level. At least the hares has the imagination and courtesy to send us down and not up!

A sharp right at the foot of the stairs a couple of minutes on the flat for a sprint home to the Forbes Street Temporary

Playground, where I expect we will return next year to find it proudly renamed as the Forbes Street Established Playground.

Hot showers with impressive water pressure followed, the drawback being the requirement to share with the local homeless.

All told, a fine runs from our three hares, complete with some *G-string* artwork made for a satisfied pack ready to start the circle.

Beancounter got proceeding underway with down downs for the hares, *Old Sock* for getting to the start via GPS, iPhone techno wizardry, *Hash Bike* for winning the sedan chair race and *Gorgonzola* on account of her upcoming marriage.

We continued with returnees (*Fanny Sniffer* who did the same run in the opposite direction last time he was on WH3) and virgins (*Sarah* - here on the recommendation of former WH3 harriette, *Little Pair*.)

Having thus exercised his AGM-ing duties, *Beancounter* opened the floor...

Priscilla calls *Sarah* for getting over excited about check breaking.

CPH calls *Dribblette* for complaining about the hash flash camera, *Old Sock* for complaining about the showers (rich

coming from someone who generally washes using a "wee bag and hose") and *Dr Doom* for getting lost on the way to the hash.

Motormouth on in to give a down down to *CPH*, and I quote: "You know, sometimes I get a DVD out and watch and, you know, if its one of those fcuking films with a lot of fcuking in it, I just go and take it down the road to *CPH* because I know he'll like it..."

A truly shocking mental image unfolds of M'mouth, clad in a dirty mac, sidling into CPH's place of work with a few pirated copies of "Anal Action III: Big Boy will Dominate You" and other hard core "classics" which CPH furtively secrets far from his employers prying eyes before shoo-ing Mouth back into the street...

My disturbing daydream is brought to a close with *CPH* informing the circle: "I fcuking told you, I don't fcuking swear."

It seems *Mouth* is referring to the Scottish love and affinity for the gratuitous profanity we use in the way more refined cultures might use punctuation; not our need for a regular fix of blue movies...

With that cleared up, *Emma Royde* calls *G-string* into the circle to complement her on her drawing on trail.

Bravefart calls *Beancounter* supposedly being in charge, but not knowing who any of the committee are or what they do. *BF* continues by remarking on *CPH's* pessimism in only providing twelve beers at the start of the run...

As an old friend once said of comedian-turned-novelist Ben Elton "Topical, but about as funny as a punch in the puss"

Motormouth and *Hash Bike* are wearing matching t-shirts, asking us to "make dreams come true". "Who," asks *Emma Royde*, "would you rather have make your dreams come true?"

Priscilla calls *Thorsten* to make mention of his interesting occupation, which is in fact boring (tunnels).

Final DD's from *CPH* to numerous non-runners (*M'Mouth, Pink Poofter, Hash Bike, Bottledancer, Gorgonzola*) and his co-hare *Bendover* providing a running commentary on all aspects of trail preparation.

In the absence of the hare raiser and next week's hare the final down down is a bit vague. Turn up somewhere next Sunday for a run set by *Pussywhipped & Dominatrix*, maybe, hopefully, who knows...

On On to Wanchai