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This Weeks Run...

Run No: 1185	Hares: Smallbone & Wet Nurse	Place: TST Clocktower to Harbour Road Garden Wanchai	Date: 20 th Dec 2009
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The Warm Up

Having not taken heed of the GM's announcement (in un-missable font size 36) that the run would begin an hour early at 3 pm, Lesbian Buttslap & I ambled over to the clocktower around 3:15 to find chaos already taken hold.

At some point in time between the scheduled run start and my own tardy arrival, Smallbone had begun the onerous task of organising the pack into 10 almost equally sized teams, which simultaneously giving the run briefing. A recipe for disaster...

"Now, how many of you in team six..."

"There are no markings on this trail, if there are, Old Sock put them there and that's a good reason not to follow them..."

"...remember you need \$3 or an Octopus card, or you likely won't make it to the end of the run..."

Half the pack exits stage right and left to procure Octopus cards and hard currency from handbags, hold-alls and backpacks

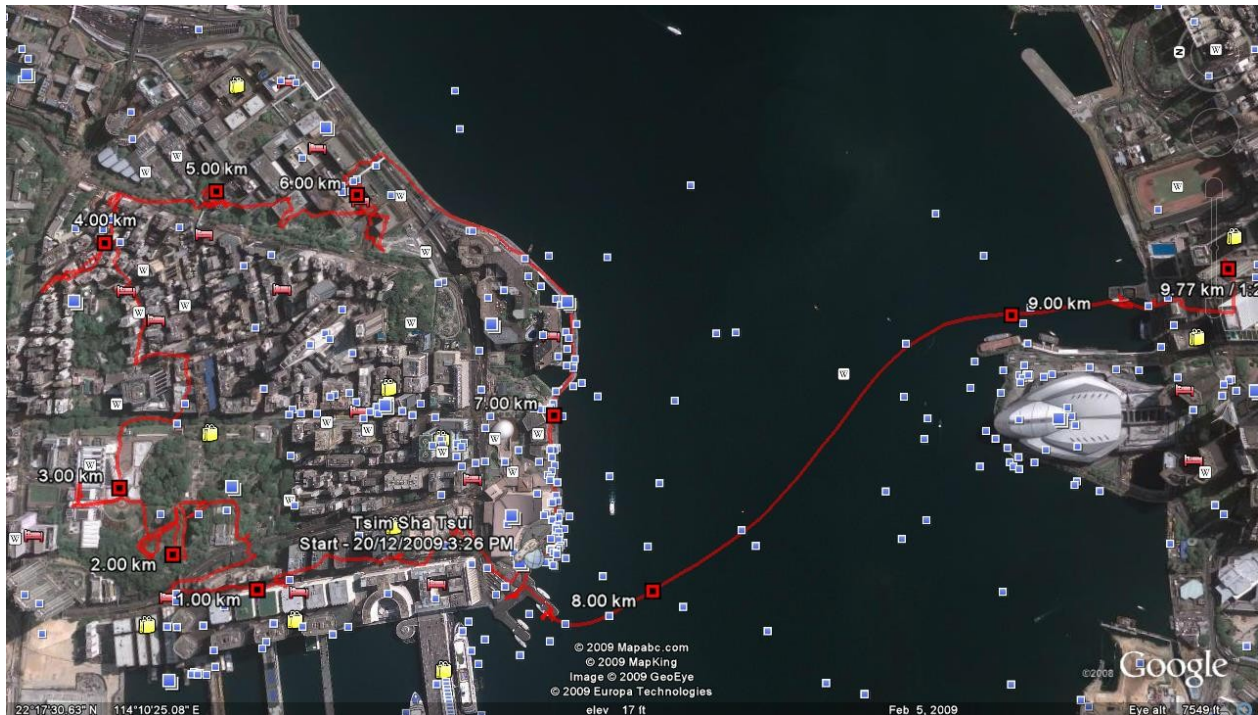
"... you didn't need to fetch them straight away!!!!"

With most (actually two thirds) of the teams furnished with a pair of question sheets to guide them round the trail, we lugged our bags over the taxi queue and made our way off.

The Run

The hares have kindly circulated the question sheet, which makes this section a lot easier to write up.

Here is the GPS, courtesy of Hopeless.



I was teamed up with Toilet Spray, Indy & Sh*tlipstick in team #3, catchily abbreviated to: MNIMFSMMGS.

We made an early tactical error of assuming only one team member would need to go up to the former Time Ball, as there was "surely only one way up or down". Instead, the next we saw of Indy was halfway down Canton Road, disappearing into the distance with her trademark scuttle.

Local knowledge from Kowloon Hasher Shitlipstick enabled us to skip question three, but we lost momentum by attempting a short cut into Kowloon Park from Canton Road playground and getting lost. Back on trail after the park aviary, we were back in touch with the rest of the pack, most busy ignoring the hares' instruction to stick to together and dashing around in search of sculptures. All the running back and forth and pointing to the sky was reminiscent of a silent movie.

Art history section completed, the run went for the more low-brow section taking in Knutsford Terrace, a ladies toilet that only existed in the fifth dimension and a baldness treatment centre.

A trip down the Avenue of Stars past Bruce Lee (where kung fu skills were required to beat of an attempt from Haggis Humper to steal our question sheet) and the Olympic flame before a trip over to Wanchai on the Star ferry.

After loudly accusing Haggis, Caligula, Beancounter & the GM of cheating for tactically splitting their team, we settled down for the short journey to attempt the bonus question, naming Santa's reindeer.

Being low-tech hashers of little brain, we were unable to resort to google search via Blackberry or Smart-phone and were unable to advance beyond Rudolf, Donner, Blitzen, Prancer & Dancer.

A call from Indy to Lost at Sea availed us of their three missing friends Cupid, Vixen and Dasher, but for good measure we were advised that Santa had recently introduced 5 new politically correct reindeer, namely Fireball (!!!!), Clarice (?!!??), Olive (~!##**??!), Pablo (yeah right) and Leroy (WTF!)

Beancounter was quick out of the traps on the Wanchai side, hurtling down the gang plank, but unable to find the speed endurance over the flyover to the Harbour Shopping centre, team Beauty & the Beasts were edged out by team MNIMFSMMGS. Not of course that coming first matters on the hash.

The Circle

The **GM** opens the circle with down downs for the **hares** and their multiple misdemeanours

- No markings
- Saying their phone number was on the question sheet when it wasn't
- Not having cups
- Only giving **ET** one page of clues

Down down to **Beancounter** for strategic running and devising a wimps split.

Beancounter's circle

- Visitors: W*nking with Wolves, Deep Throat, Crusader, three un-named Saudi hasher
- Virgins: xxxx

Apologies hashers, I know we did have a new runner on Sunday and I should be noting down their particulars for you to digest at your subsequent leisure. I believe my failings are a result of my wife hard coding me to ignore other women, but that may just be a further mistake on my part.

My notes read "Virgins -> ..."

Turning the page I find the rather unhelpful note. "CPH, no hair (observant!)"

Oops. Lets see if things improve.

Next down down (well, that I've recorded at least) goes to **Catch of the Day & Wet Nurse** for having a very fun time doing nipple comparisons

GM's circle

Saudi visitors called into the circle to exchange gifts. Not a particularly fair swap methinks as our visitors leave with:

- The Grey run #1100 polo shirt (the dullest hash stash ever conceived)
- The Gaylord Gladiator Caligula shirt (these have to stop circulating and making the news sometime!)
- A yellow Santa Hash polo/rugby shirt from several years back, perhaps the only time in its existence the garment will be the most desirable element in a selection of couture.

Blowtorch called in for an other stash related down down, for having a Christmassy hat that allowed him to put his head up Santa's wife's skirt.

Hopeless is allowing **F3M** to borrow his GPS as he'll not be hashing for two weeks.

Hopeless' Circle

Caligula called for spotting hash cash **F3M** had paid today.

Smallbone forgetting his military training with a chaotic briefing.

Beancounter & Shitlips approach Knutsford Terrace together, one takes the stairs, one takes the lift. Can you guess which?

Old Sock puts down a 3-way check in Kowloon Park

W*cking with Wolves for not doing a lesser hash on Thursday

Crusader did do Thursday hash and is now "out of the closet"

Catch of the Day can down down of special Japanese beer

GM's circle

Marafat is "hornier than a bag of antlers"

Bendover and Legover wear matching Christmas outfits, but then put on (non-matching) jackets to keep warm

CPH non-runner, off being competitive in the Sai Kung mountain marathon. 2nd in his age group and 5th overall. Congratulations!

F3M, Crusader, Old Sock also in the half marathon

Gorgonzola unable to leave for Bahrain due to visa being granted for the wrong gender.

Lesbian BS, Rawhide, Wanchai Gap non-runners

F3M hash coffers are bulging

Big P anti-social returnee, not taking out head phones
Black Widow, Tight Clit, Mr Choco team name "Three Old Dogs"
Smallbone providing a smoking area for **Black Widow and Indy**.

Smallbone's circle to present the prizes.

We are warned that all the prizes are "shit Smallbone and Wet Nurse don't want"

Teams 6, 10, 7 & 4 (aka The Killers, The 10 Commandos, Buttslap of the Day & Stick Your Holly into Ivy) are called in, only to find that having done no better than ok, they win nothing.

Teams Hong Shang Christmas Team and Extra Testicle and the Christmas Ball called in for being screwed by the hares and ending up with only half the questions each. They nevertheless managed to meet up and complete the run together.

A very rare piece of hash ingenuity there

Scourges Stooges, perhaps thinking that with most teams having been announced, they might just win something, have their hopes dashed.

Beauty & the Beasts bring up third place having been confused by the Houston Centre hair renewal emporium.

Team MNIMFSMMGS are second, pipped by team I missed the Boat over the controversial reindeer question.

Next Week's run:

Parkview, hared by Bware Wabbit & Self-Raising Flower.