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This Weeks Run...

Run No:	Hares:	Place:	Date:
1189	Taipa GM	Coloane	16 - 17 th
1190	Lost in Space	Macau	Jan 2010

The Warm-Up

It's not really clear, I'm afraid, for whom I might have come out of retirement in order to guest scribe this edition of the Trash. The pair of runs set in the Macau SAR this past weekend was mounted by a consortium of Hash chapters—Taipa, Wanchai, and Little Sai Wan—which, after generating impressive fun, promptly disbanded. But every Hash event, however fleeting, deserves, of course, to be recorded. I'll share with you, my unknown readers, as much as I can recall.

The warm-up started, it's right to say, on sunny Saturday afternoon in the luxury flat of Lost in Space, executive pilot to the stars. There, in high-end Taipa, [Bite 'n Suck](#), our intrepid GM, accompanied by redoubtable Ms. [TVM](#) ("The Virgin Mary"), Ms [G-String](#), Mr [Priscilla](#), and your correspondent, [Dr Doom](#), lunched on cheese and baguettes and drank boutique beers. We then amused ourselves by taunting the pet turtles and the eight-year old carp, while surveying from the verandah the steamy hinterland of Zuhai. And then, after helping ourselves to an armload of [Lost in Space's](#) most cherished DVDs, we left him to check in at the Pousada de Coloane. I was taken aback. For there in our lightly discounted rooms of heavy Lusitanian decor, we discovered spas and flat screens that were bigger than the beds.

The Runs

The Hashmen of the Taipa Hash are small in their numbers, but expansive in spirit (and girth, of course). And they set a demanding run amid unfamiliar terrain, there on the southernmost reaches of the Macau SAR. I can name no trails, peaks, or other milestones. To me, it was as if I were in quite another country. But the vistas were spectacular, the South China Sea on one side, endless motor pools of construction vehicles on the other. Ninety minutes later, we gathered in the twilight on the waterfront to dine on delicate Cantonese fare, large cuts of red meat, a carton of claret, and rough cigarettes. I find nothing like this fusion in Kowloon Tong.

But it was the next day's run that I wanted to tell you about, [Lost in Space's](#) signature heritage tour. But I won't, actually, for there's a section in the local promotional literature entitled "Strolling through 'the historical centre of Macau'" that really tells it all, from the A-Ma Temple through the seminaries and churches of sinful Macau, the Protestant Cemetery where the good do indeed die young, the empty-backed ruins of St. Paul's, and finally to the city's own statue square, featuring the likeness of Vasco da Gama. If one did the lot, it took close on 3.5 hours. But courtesy of [Lost in Space](#), who knows the town (and its peak employers) intimately, it amounted to the best introduction to old Portuguese Macao. Strange, then, that he staged an On On at a Thai eatery that served whiskey and soda.

Down downs

[Lost in Space](#): fell down the stair while haring, spilling his flour, hence leaving the lightest of sprinkles for markings.

[Virgin Mary](#): for twice losing her pocket money.

[G-String](#) and [Doom](#) (in absentia): for sleeping in and missing most of the circle

[Drivers](#) (for the previous night's trip to the pub, I expect): for having no driver's licenses.

[Lost in Space](#): for posturing as the Chatroom Paedophile of the MH3.

[Habersdasher](#): for possessing no jumper, despite the cold

[Backburner](#): Yet another baby-owner (must be something in the water, volunteers BnS).

[Doom](#) (still in absentia): for refusing to take the first ferry, having learned frugality from the latest civil service pay cut.

[TVM](#): for being so good at upside down reading and failing to claim her lost property (not her change, but a jacket, white, of course).

[Father & son](#): for donning U.S. headgear together.



Doom (still in absentia): on a Macau study tour, perhaps?

G-String and Doom: finally appearing, then explaining that they stopped in at St. Lawrence's for confession.

Circle closed.

Dr Doom,
Scribe (Ret.)