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This Weeks Run...

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| Run No: 1201 | Hares: CPH, Black Widow, Trolley Dolly | Place: Opposite Hong Kong Stadium | Date: 28 th March |
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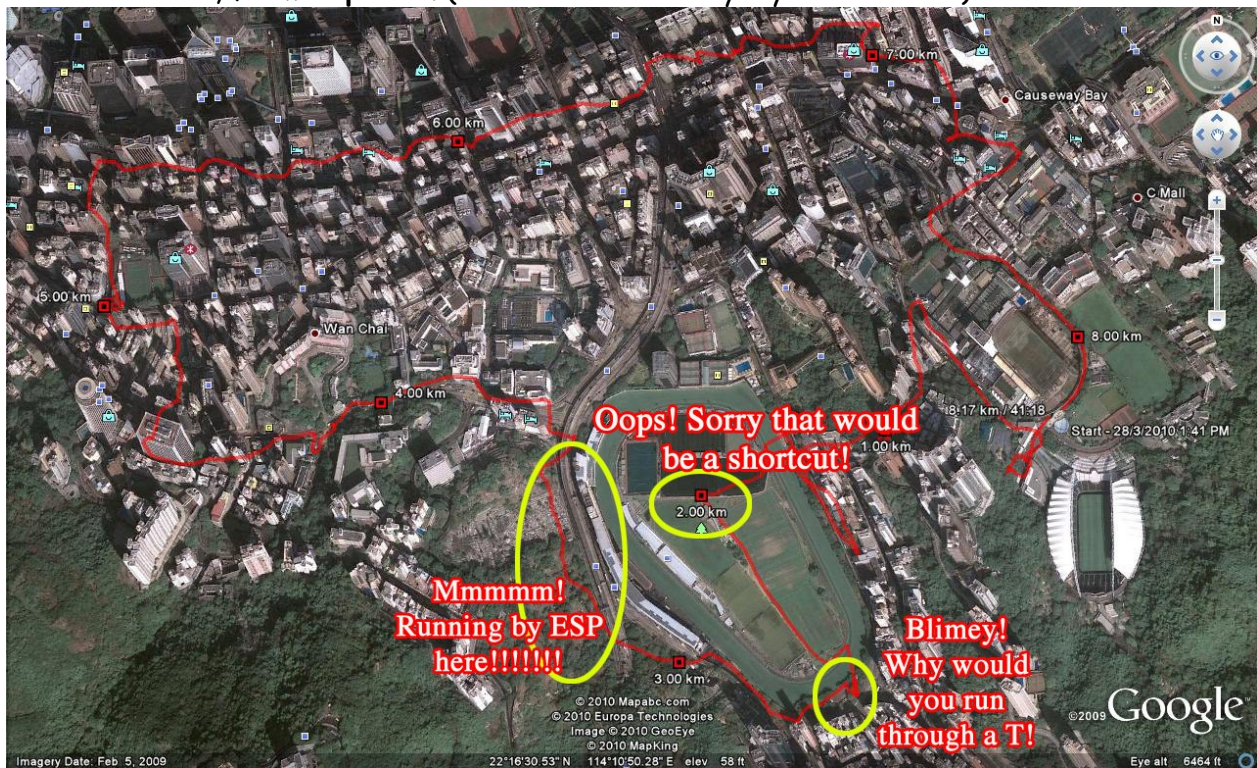
Warm Up

The pack was inflated this week by visitors from Chicago, Navy, Marines and returnees conveniently passing through Hong Kong just in time for the 7's. We welcomed back **Shut the Fcuk Up** (senior Scottish version), **Six times a Night** and had a chance to meet the recent additions to their family, which we are assured won't be getting any larger.

Members of the pack rich (or lucky) enough to have stadium tickets, joined us only briefly. **Haggis Humper & Rawhide** were spotted getting into the South Stand party spirit with elegant (??!!) matching Heineken hats.

Run

Here's the GPS, from **Hopeless**. (error corrections by u you know who!)



After leaving the park, a large proportion of FRB's disappeared past Olympic House and into the shiggy trails behind the stadium, only to find no trail.

"I don't know what they're doing up there" observed **CPH**, shaking his head.

The true trail headed back towards Causeway Bay, then over Broadwood Road to Happy Valley. At this point, **Lesbian Buttslap & Bottledancer**, no doubt exhausted from their "extensive midweek training regime" decided to short cut quickly back to the comfort of A. I soldiered on at walking pace. Once into Happy Valley, good Scot **CPH** took us past a few low quality fitba' games in the racecourse interior. A good counterbalance to the colonial elitism of the 7's.

Rambos departed for a quick extra loop and rejoined the wimps just beyond the racecourse as we headed along Queen's Road East. At this point, **Marafat** & I were locked in a truly thrilling wimpy "race", so exciting that it had to shown in slow motion.

We cut through to Johnson Road and with this being a **Black Widow** devised run, I could already feel the strong gravitational pull of the Old China Hand drawing us into its orbit. Sure enough, after passing Southorn stadium (more low grade fitba') we headed right along Lockhart Road to the OCH where Black Widow was there to welcome us with a tray of butterscotch schnapps.

"It really sets you up for the day" the hare advised.

Thus unsuitably fuelled, we continued along Lockhart road. My leisurely pace allowing time to browse in the variety of interesting bathroom emporia that inhabit the netherworld that's past Wanchai proper (i.e. the seedy bit with cheap beer and other "attractions") and Causeway Bay. Having had my fill of tiles and plumbing, I concluded that next time I'll probably be taking the MTR...

From Causeway Bay it was a short distance back up the out trail to the stadium.

Circle

This is a line you're maybe more used to hearing from Lost in Space, but the **GM** was so keen to get proceedings going that the pack had already circled up when I got back...

I assume we started with the **GM's** circle calling the hares etc and making a fuss over the Navy visitors.

Any we pick up the action with **AGM Beancounter** in the circle calling in **Hopeless** and a **Rawhide** look-a-like for their capitivating battle to become Farmville champions of Wanchai Hash.

[Editors note - **Hopeless** is away for two weeks - no more Farmville DD's - hooray, back to sex, drunkenness and stuff...]

The **AGM** then called in a navy guy so we could observe the compass tattooed on his left arm.

...and with that Beancounter returned to his privileged position on the wall with a view of the 7's big screen and was not heard from again...

Bite n Suck called **Only Comes Twice** (Shekou hash **GM**) to give a few down downs...

First in an other of the navy guys. Not 100% sure what for, might have been the cycle shorts sartorial disaster.

Then **Mt Edna & Anal Invitation** for their new shoes. **AI** drank from his, after his beer had a tasty straining through a well used sock. That said, as we were running the gauntlet of potential Paps Blue Ribbon down downs, this style of serving might have constituted an improvement. Fear of PBR ("Milwaukee's finest") may be one of the reasons the US was able to sustain prohibition for 13 years in the 20's and 30's.

GM's circle again to welcome visitors **Elephant Ass & Rude Boy** and virgin **Dormica** (whose name everyone struggles to pronounce). Slightly overwhelmed by the unfolding circle fiasco, it was maybe a bit too early for the **RA** to consider stepping in with something easier to remember, such as "Anal Beardmuncher".

[Note to **Caligula** - no naming took place, just scribe having a bit of fun, don't update the stats]

In any case, it was now the **RA's** circle. **Hopeless** begins by calling the **three hares** in for a "sh*t run with 3 km of Lockhart Road for no reason" and littering on trail, for which **Trolley Dolly** has to drink his down down from an almost empty flour bag...

Again, the addition of rice flour might add that missing something to PBR, like perhaps taste...

F3M called in for forgetting the run was an early start and blaming **Bwear Wabbit** for distributing misinformation.

Caligula called in for being "the new **Bobbledick**". Sitting invisibly at the back of the circle having neither run nor drunk, he refuses to pay hash cash...

GM confiscated his down down and took command of the circle once again!

Boat Race was set up between 7's losers (effectively USA & Australia as we had no representation from the likes of Argentina, Tonga, France or even China!) and the winners (a Welsh & English dominated contingent).

The losers restore some pride with a narrow victory.

Little Sai W*inker called in as GM of the Beijing hash to give some down downs. At this point he didn't have any, not even any unoriginal character assassinations of **Anal Invitation**.

F3M called in for ruining the GM's hash shirt after she's offered to wash it.

[Indignant scribe's note - not just any hash shirt, the hash shirt from the absolutely amazing 8-8-8 Olympic torch relay hash, of which I happened to be the hare!!!!]

Time for down downs from the floor and open season on newly wed **Anal Invitation**, up all night before his nuptials with **Legal Beaver** and now not wearing his wedding ring on the hash. Mind you I read in the notes of a lesser hash (probably bullsh*t it that case) that its Cartier, in which case I don't blame him for leaving it in the house, there's going to be far more agro if you scratch that than some cheap b'stard band from somewhere lower down the value chain, like King Fook...

Motormouth called in **F3M** for being stood up by the New Zealand legends rugby team on her junk trip.

RA calls in the compass tattooed navy visitor to rename him "**Nasal Spew**". After being doused with PBR, the GM (getting a bit carried away) dived into the circle to cry "you've got to drink it off the ground".

The right response in this scenario is something along the lines of "fcuk off, who do you think I am, Anal Invitation???" not to attempt to sup the dregs from the concrete. But then again, maybe that's how they drink PBR in Wisconsin to liven it up...

Next week's run will be hared **Woody Fcuker** (it's a rhetorical question, not a description of his nocturnal prowess), **Kum Ming Soon** & a **mystery co-hare** from Silverstrand beach.

The denouement

A group of hash cheap b'stards (surprisingly featuring neither **Bobbledick** or **Caligula**) repaired to the big screen to watch the end of the 7's. Cue much screaming and silly running around when Hong Kong triumphed in the Shield - the bit of the tournament where



all the diddy teams get to play against each other after they've been unable to get past veritable titans of the sport, like Scotland...

...who had by this point already been eliminated by Wales in the Bowl - the other tournament for diddy teams who aren't good enough to get past the likes of England...

...who were soon also sent packing (to the delight of **CPH** and chagrin of **Monkey Sh*t**) by eventual winners Samoa.

It was all too much for **Bondi Barbie**, who literally fell off his chair in excitement and indeed for this scribe. Next thing I knew I'd been transported back to Wanchai and was being fed some pork bone soup concoction in Cinta J by my good wife...

On On to next week's run...