



HASHIT

Run No: 1686

Hare: Hooka

Where: Pugsley Ave, Estella

When: 24 December 2007

Christmas and New Year Edition

Greetings and salutations hashers!

On Christmas eve a decent pack of hashers rocked up to see what Hooka could dish out just before Chrissy. The runners had a lovely trail around Estella but the walkers opted to follow Grasshopper straight up the hill to the bucket where we sampled an ale whilst enjoying the wonderful vista of Wagga Wagga waiting for the others to catch up and join in.

Back home we discovered that the politically correct police had tried to steal Christmas and there was nothing we could talk about.

"Merry Christmas" was out of the question as it encourages alcoholism (like we need encouragement) and "Ho ho ho" was no go, in case it offended some Yankee females of questionable virtue.

We did manage to have a circle though with visiting Hairy Twotter being nominated for attending a Hash do the night before, and turning off not one but two alarms in his sleep, thus missing his

cheap flight, and having to pay a fortune for a latter one to Wagga Wagga. The assistant GM was reluctant to award DHOTW to Hairy however, fearing if the trophy went to Sydney we would never get it back. I was more interested to hear what HT would say if the airport security found it and asked him to please explain. So the award instead went to Library for holding hands with the Librarian whilst on trail.

Speaking of the asst GM, it was only after the circle, and thus safe from nomination, that Denco admitted to his recent bout of outstanding behaviour. Not only did he recently win and lose a turkey all in one day, he actually regained it the next as a kindly barman had found it propped up on a bar stool at the Black Swan and popped it in the fridge for him. Rumour has it that Denco was actually heard talking to the bird for some time at the bar of the Muddy Duck and called it his best mate.

Anyway, I'd like to wish everyone a very Happy New Year. Hopefully the PC police have not ruined that one for us also. I hope you all had a good Chrissy, and if you felt as fat, bloated, pimply and in need of Betty Ford as I did, then I know it was a good one.

Best wishes everyone and see you in 2008.

Cammo

On On

Up Cumming Runs/Events

Run Number	Date	Hare	Where??
1687	31/12/07	Nowra	57 Beckwith Street
1688	7/1/08	Dunno Yet	Your Guess
1689	14/1/08	Pink Bits	55 Hardy Avenue
1690	21/1/08	Dunno Yet	William Farrer Hotel
1691	28/1/08	Library	37 Pugsley Avenue

- Interhash - Perth 21st - 23rd March, 2008

Hash Trash

Ancient Chinese Torture

A young man was lost wandering in a forest, when he came upon a small house. He knocked on the door and was greeted by an ancient Chinese man with a long, grey beard. "I'm lost," said the man. "Can you put me up for the night?"

"Certainly," the Chinese man said, "but on one condition. If you so much as lay a finger on my daughter, I will inflict upon you the three worst Chinese tortures known to man."

"Ok," said the man, thinking that the daughter must be pretty old as well, and entered the house.

Before dinner, the daughter came down the stairs. She was young, beautiful, and had a fantastic figure. She was obviously attracted to the young man since she couldn't keep her eyes off him during the meal. Remembering the old man's warning, he ignored her and went up to bed alone. But during the night, he could bear it no longer, and sneaked into her room for a night of passion. He was careful to keep

everything quiet so the old man wouldn't hear. Near dawn he crept back to his room, exhausted, but happy.

He woke to feel a pressure on his chest. Opening his eyes he saw a large rock on his chest with a note on it that read, "Chinese Torture 1: Large rock on chest." "Well, that's pretty crappy," he thought. "If that's the best the old man can do then I don't have much to worry about." He picked the boulder up, walked over to the window and threw the boulder out. As he did so he noticed another note on it that read: "Chinese Torture 2: Rock tied to left testicle." In a panic he glanced down and saw the rope that was already getting close to the end. Figuring that a few broken bones was better than castration, he jumped out of the window after the boulder. As he plummeted downward he saw a large sign on the ground that read, "Chinese Torture 3: Right testicle tied to bedpost."

Happy New Year!

