

Friday Hash House Harriers – Run Rag

COMMITTEE 2014/2015

GM:	Hogshit	0411 125 248
On Sec:	Mountain Hawk	0457 987 005
Hash Cash:	Double D	0400 041 119
R.A:	Suka	0419 262 922
Trail Master:	Dash	0400 771 776
Hash Horn:	Shrek	0439 917 991
Hash Splash:	Cookie	0419 937 819
Piss Pourer:	Sir Fumbles	0415 551 650
Haberdash:	Slugger	0412 109 247
Hash Flash:	High Beam	0421 696 211
Web Wanker:	Mel Adjusted	0407 360 053

Web Address: www.fridayhash.com

Run: 1286
Hare: Slugger



Date: 21 August 2015
Venue: 56 Glenorchy Crescent Hamersley

THE RUN

It was one of those winter evenings when hearth and home held great appeal. Only mad dogs and hashers venture out into the cold and damp in search of amusement. Anyway, we did it, but only 22 of us, in spite of the fact that we were gathering at Slugger's house, where we were assured of shelter and refreshment.

It was very comforting to hear **Hogshit** tell us that a run had been set but the farrows had probably disappeared by now. With the prospect of a blinding blizzard looming large the stout-hearted Friday hashers set off in an interesting array of attire. The likes of **Sybil**, who don't mind the cold but hate wet hair, showed off her bare legs and running shorts but covered her upper bits in a red kagool. **Mel Adjusted**, at the other extreme, covered his legs with Skins and went bare-headed into the night. **Troppo** wore an assemblage of hash winter apparel, including head cover and **Tightarse**, alone in wearing a brightly decorated white jacket, was the only one visible in the darkness. Just goes to show that we should all be wearing white at night to avoid being knocked over by traffic or speeding cyclists.

Hogshit ran around fixing up the trail so that we all stayed together until **Rambling** declared that she was 'going home' and a group of walkers followed her. It was only when we had reached the point of no return that she admitted that she only knew the way back until she got lost. Anyway, we found our way on a circuitous route around Warwick Shopping Centre and through the dark streets with the radio tower as a beacon. The dreaded blizzard never eventuated so we all arrived home warm, slightly damp and happy, except for **Mountain Hawk** who, walking back, spied a house with lots of vehicles outside and lots of noise coming from the rear. "This'll do," thought she. On opening the front door she thought "I don't recognize the interior of this house." That's because it was three doors away from **Slugger's** and **Mountain Hawk** only avoided being nicked for breaking and entering by the call of "Wrong house!" from a passing Friday hasher. She had avoided a run-in with The Old Bill but knew she was in serious trouble from fellow hashers.

THE CIRCLE

GM Hogshit decided that the run was worth 9.5, though that seemed a conservative assessment in view of the remarks of 'Good', 'Excellent', *Plenty of shiggy*'. Perhaps his personal involvement with the hare caused him to display a bit of modesty.

LTNS **Doggy Doo, Whoreda**

VISITORS **None**

CHARGES

Troppo was appointed Stand-in **RA**

Mountain Hawk charged **Rambling** with leading us astray but the charge was reversed and resulted in all the fools who had chosen to follow **Rambling** getting the down-down

Troppo displayed great enjoyment in application of the fly swat

Shadow charged **Blow Fly** for using **GPS** and still getting lost

Troppo decided to punish **Blow Fly** with the Fly Swat whereupon **Blow Fly** performed a depiction of a dying fly worthy of an Oscar

High Beam charged **Sybil** and **Meladjusted** for eschewing our company and holding up the circle until the footie finished

Radar charged **Cookie** with using a non-hash name - "Shane" – that charge was reversed because **Cookie** insisted the word she had used was 'Shame'

Radar somehow succeeded in having three down-downs all at once

Meladjusted charged **RTT** with eating yukkie bikkies

Wenchy sprang to the defence of 'gentelman' **RTT**

Tightarse announced that **Dead Squid** is coming back because he's run out of money

DUMMIES

GPS expressed disappointed that **Mountain Hawk's** attempt to crash the party three doors down was worth giving the dummies a miss for this week. There was no argument but, fortunately, the present holder was not at the run. **Mountain Hawk's** relief was short-lived, though, because she was considered so deserving of the shorts that we were told to imagine her in them until they could be retrieved and she would wear them on the run next week. So, here I sit, in my imaginary dummy shorts.

JOKERS

Cookie – a 60-year-old and a mammogram

Whoreda – an old drover and a clean shave

GENERAL BUSINESS

Myalup 5 & 6 September \$100pp, lunch & dinner on Sat, breakfast on Sunday - 3 8-bed cottages, no pets – Saturday dinner to be a moveable feast amongst cottages – **Wenchy's** for starters, **High Beam's** for desserts and **Mountain Hawk's** for mains - occupants of each cottage to have a discussion re logistics once names and payment are confirmed - see **Cookie** – pay Hash Cash by cash in envelope marked "Myalup" & Hash Name or by D/D to FH3 at Westpac BSB 036000, a/c No 615552 with sender as Myalup/ Hash Name
Myalup is 90 minutes' drive from Perth – bring your own pillows, linen, sleeping bags, towels

Restaurant Run 16 October – Summit Nepalese Restaurant, South Perth – \$10 for regular runners, \$25 for others.

