

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 1299 – THE PENULTIMATE RUN OF “THE YEAR OF THE HOG”

The 23 souls who met in a breezy Prince Regent Park in Heathridge knew that, given the area's hilly terrain, the run would be a hard one with a headwind ramping up the degree of difficulty by ten percent. It was also noted that the area's streets have aquatic/nautical names, so the run report is as follows:

At 19:00 hours, *Captain Hogshit* requested the *First Officer* to brief the ship's company about the course and weather conditions. Instructions given and received, the anchor was raised and the *Hogship* set sail. Navigating the stiff easterly was difficult at times and the huge crests, rips, swells and troughs caused the crew to split asunder, regroup, then split again. When a buoy indicating a shorter route back to port was sighted (along with the *First Officer* performing semaphore), some took off in a dinghy. The rest ploughed on in their wake... up, down and around they went, searching for channel markers as they muttered mutinous threats. When they eventually returned to the calmer waters of home, the reunited crew learnt that their voyage had covered 3.660907 nautical miles (6.78kms) in a time of 41 minutes. After downing a few cooling ales, they agreed that, upon reflection, their adventure hadn't been so bad. In fact, it had gone rather swimmingly!

THE CIRCLE

Before anyone could suggest a score, *Chief Engineer Hard One* jumped in with a 10 to include the food. *Captain Hogshit* considered a few options before settling for a 9.75.

With no visitors, no birthdays, no dummy shorts and no jabberers tonight, the atmosphere almost fell flat until the GM called for LTNS and a sheep with a wrinkled ball shunted his way into the circle whilst playing “Light My Fire” on his mouth organ.

With things back on an even keel, it was announced that *D Cell* and *Megawatt* had clocked up 50 and 199 runs respectively – yaaay!!!. After the crowd merrily sang “Get a Life”, it was revealed that our old, RSI afflicted horn, which had enjoyed a very long and happy life, was now bugged. It was given a rousing send off and will be replaced by a newer model.

The stand-ins covering for those with “better offers” were identified and rewarded as follows:

Brave Tart (Hash Cash), *Crusher* (Hash Splash), *Phantom* (Hash Horn and Scribe) and *Rock Bottom* (union rep)

Charges laid:

The GM on *Replicar* and *Shadow* for yakking so much that it was difficult to determine which voice emanated from whose mouth. Both ventriloquists copped a down-down.

The GM on *Hard One* for her dyslexic farrows.

Replicar on *Megawatt* for allowing *Sybil* to venture out sans her flasher.

RTT on *Replicar* for lowering his standards by accepting dregs from a passerby. Rep's defence of “at least it was a drink” fell on deaf ears.

Little Prick on *High Beam* for addressing *Suka* as “Cecelia”. A little later, *Little Prick* copped some payback when she was caught calling *High Beam* “Jo”.

High Beam on *Replicar* cos his nuts were too salty. A second opinion was requested, evidence was sought and stale nuts from last week were produced. Poor *Rep* didn't stand a chance cos both were his.

JOKES & GENERAL BUSINESS

Shadow's attempt about a Kiwi and a sheep with *Replicar* as her prop failed and she was promptly found guilty of pathetic joke telling. No one else was game, so the GM moved on to GB. Just one item – the AGM.

The theme is “**It's a Small World**”. Wear a costume from any country you love, have visited or wish you had visited. The location is listed below.

DASH'S RECEDING HAIR LINE:

RUN NO	DATE	HARE/S	LOCATION
1300	27 November	Hogshit	Nollamara Tennis Club, cnr of Kindra Way and Lemana Road, Nollamara
1301	4 December	Dead Squid	TBA
1302	11 December	Wise Crack & Spackle	TBA
1303	18 December	Mouth Organ & Ballwrinkle	TBA

Post circle, we tucked into hot roast beef rolls with sherry-spiked gravy and salad. It was so *dee-licious* that *Hard One* was granted her wish for a 10.

On on,
Phantom