

FRIDAY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



CUMMITTEE 2021

GM:	Big Bang	0449 001 145	On Sec:	D Liva Rants	0423 729 704
Hash Cash:	Phantom	0419 995 947	R.A:	Megawatt	0405 045 564
Trailmistress:	Suka	0419 262 922	Hash Horn:	Beau	0408 601 691
Hash Splash:	Hogshit	0411 125 248	Piss Pourer:	Troppo	
Haberdash:	D Cell	0431 000 761	Hash Flash:	Radar	0419953827
Web Wanker:	Blowfly	0439 215 505	Web Address:	www.fridayhash.com	

Run: 1559

Date: 14th May 2021

Hare: Cookie

Venue: Gosnells

It was a biting wind that blew 35 hashers to Cookies back yard; gathering the circle to give directions proved a bit daunting as shivering lycra covered runners and semi rugged up walkers waited with cold anticipation firstly for the GM to arrive, then another wait for the Hare to appear, we took our ear muffs off and braved the howling wind to listen to our chalky directions. Off we set as one wholesome group, albeit GM had us worried, three times he told us to be careful out there, is there something about Gosnells that we should have been aware of?

It wasn't long before the runners raced off to terrorise the locals, Beau feeling really down, with the local trains being so much hornier than he was. The speedier walkers had the hare leading the way, however, Sir Fumbles, who was doing a stirling job trying to keep the slower walkers on trail, (anybody would have thought he was a railway signaller the way he was swinging his torch this way and that trying to use torch language to communicate with the rear walkers), eventually lost sight of the speed impaired group, I guess he needs to brush up on torch language. On Sec was not up to her normal pace and soon fell behind the leaders, but again Sir Gallant Fumbles frequently checked that she was OK. After a loooong straight stretch along the railway line Sir Fumbles spotted some flickering lights in the distance and heroically waited for the lost tribe, to show them the way. Thus leaving On Sec on her own, to sheepishly walk past arguing patrons of a restaurant and eventually losing trail and heading off up into the hills, maybe it was the lure of the wineries up that way which tempted On Sec to take a very wrong turn; had anyone missed her? At any minute she knew someone would come looking for her, but alas as she arrived some moments after the last runners, nobody had even noticed her absence☹. The slow walkers and On Sec however, were not the only members of the lost tribe, circle was well under way when Bell Boy appeared with torn

clothing and blood gushing from wounds and a severe limp, actually that's not really true he looked totally unperturbed by his solo journey around Gosnells.

Sybil was called into the circle to give a slightly different view of the racing off the front runners that On Sec has mentioned earlier, I much prefer her words of how the front runners just pissed off and left everyone behind, it was a very hard and long run but good. As Shadow stepped up to give a walkers report, there were shouts from the sideline about her not having done the whole run, well they were wrong, Shadow was part of the flickering light in the distance that Sir Fumbles rescued from the jaws of darkness. She reported that the walk was lovely and nice and all those flowery words.

The cold wind had not deterred some LTNS joining us, Hawkeye, Small Goods, Nice Tits, Wisecrack, Spackles, Miznomer and Dead Squid. BellBoy joined them for a down down as it was at this point that he decided to come back from his walk/run and join us.

Shifty was called to stand next to GM to wear the jabberjaws, the first of several through the night. Then we called in our lively visitors from Pattaya, Mental Disorder, Menstrual Disorder and wee Mini Disorder.

And then in stepped RA to lead the confessions and charges of the evening, resulting in writer's cramp for poor On Sec. First in to confess was Miznomer, I don't know what happened in Adelaide but some abstinence had her getting really excited when Animule took off his clothes, Beau then confessed to being hornless, which was probably good due to the competition on the run. RA had come across a commotion and asked Hogshit to confess to having not seen the light, he had given it to Slugger who joined him for a down down. Troppo seems to make a habit of blaming Phantom for his misfortunes, this time it was for kicking the bucket, Troppo was still looking good for someone that had kicked the bucket! Sardar confessed to getting very confused on the loooong run and leading the pack astray.

Meladjusted stepped up to the pulpit, he had left Radar at home feeling poorly, whoever he is? On Sec spotted our visitor Mental Disorder leaning.

Now we thought Miznomer was deprived of excitement after her reaction to Animule, but as Meladjusted charged our visitor Menstrual Disorder for not wearing hash gear, much to the pleasure of our non-female hashers she took off her jumper and promptly had the charge reversed. The men waited with bated breath for that hash shirt to rise up further with the jumper.....aaah the simple pleasures of life in our senior years.

Mental Disorder then charged Menstrual Disorder for poor navigation skills on the way to Hash, she had him knocking on doors in Gosnells St East asking for Hash, I would have thought that was a normal request up that way! On Sec then was very confused as to whether she should charge Sir Fumbles or give him and accolade or give herself an accolade as she rescued Sir Fumbles by pulling him off in the face of danger, On Sec was charged with sex on the run, Cookie tried a double charge on On Sec, for not having left Sir Fumbles in the middle of the road with the oncoming traffic. But as Sir Fumbles was trying to lead the walkers from the lost tribe, it was more an accolade for him. And yes the charges just kept cumming, Meladjusted charged Hawkeye initially for no hash gear, but this was then given to his Mother the Habberdash, who surely has something in her cupboards for Hawkeye to wear, he'd look lovely in her red high heels I'm sure!. Mental Disorder finished off the charges with one on RA who hails from the same Colombia that is holding their very first National Hash, RA, like a lot of us, was unaware of what is happening over the prohibited seas. Then it was time to call Spackles in who celebrated a reverse 16th birthday last week.

Two zero heroes tonight, Crusher with 510 and Megawatt with 420.

Trailmistress was the only one with General Business, please can we have volunteer hares for June 4th and 11th, these spots are empty and will soon be upon us.

GM gave a special accolade to standin Trailmistress.

Some great jokes tonight, bringing even more mirth to the circle, Cookie, GM, Mental Disorder and Troppo.

Oh dear GPS has real competition now as it is very hard to get Beau to part with those dummy shorts, even with Wisecrack getting nominated for mistaking a spike on a plant for a caterpillar and trying to crush it...ouch. Beau had sat in a high chair on the run just to ensure he got nominated again, which he did unanimously.

Replicar was called in to tell us where to go.....next week, and got to also lead us in the Friday song, and yummy dishes and dessert was enjoyed by all, thanks Cookie

Next week's run

Run 1560 21st May Replicar, Woodchester Reserve, cnr Hillsborough Drive and Woodchester Street, Nollamara

Receding Hareline

Run 1561 28th May Hopping Mad, Stand 20, Roger MacKay Drive Burswood

***Please notify Trailmistress, Suka ASAP with the details of your run, either email weturtons@gmail.com or telephone: 0419262922**

Quote of the day- "A happy fart never comes from a miserable ass"-Martin Luther

On On

D Liva Rants (On Sec)

The Committee decided unanimously that as COVID is still present in the community, that members are requested to bring their own cutlery and plates to Friday Hash from now on. For those who forget or are visitors and do not have plates or cutlery, a **small number** of suitable plates and cutlery will be held by Splash for these circumstances.