

You've heard the expression "**It was a train wreck**". Well, this week's run was a **car crash**. Our esteemed On Sec and Ballwrinkle, our Wine Bearer had a tyre failure on the freeway and didn't make it to the run. But, that was only the beginning. As we neared the end of the run we remarked on the siren and flashing lights of an ambulance. It stopped near **Cookie's** house. Three cars had been severely damaged. The first sign that we were involved was the sight of **D Liva Rants**, holding her head in her hands as she gazed in disbelief at one of the wrecked vehicles. It turns out, it was hers. We dribbled into the house with lots of comings and goings, questions, suggestions, assumptions, and the usual trickle of information from those who attended the scene. Who owned the other two cars? Bit by bit we discovered that a second car belonged to **Sprinkler**. The third belonged to the hapless youth who had run into the parked cars, at some speed, it would appear. Eventually the police arrived, and the lad was breathalysed and last seen sitting in the ambulance. No injuries, thankfully.

We were beginning to assemble at the house when a strident, highly agitated, female voice suddenly was heard above the cacophony. Without hesitation, champagne flute aloft, **Yo** rushed out and flung her full 50kg into the melee. She outshouted and outwitted the complainant, who was cautioned by the police to go home and keep her distance. In the midst of this affray, **Franger** minced out in his dummy shorts and vest. With Yo and Franger, both in peculiar Hash apparel, the police must have thought we were having a clown convention.

Rumour has it that the offending woman was the mother of the 'hapless youth'. She maintained that we were all parked illegally and therefore it was all our fault. Those of us who have sons will know that they stuff up on a regular basis and need support. However, running a car into stationary vehicles is usually regarded as the fault of the driver.

Sprinkler and **Morphine**, in particular were quite energised by events, with Morphine declaring that he'd been wondering for some time how best to dispose of that vehicle and was happy to say 'Goodbye' to it.

D Liva Rants, on the other hand, was pale and wan. Having completed all the paperwork and seen her lovely new vehicle taken away on a tow truck, she wondered what would transpire in the following few days. Perhaps all will be revealed next week when conjecture is replaced by fact.

Cookie, with her usual aplomb, delivered a pan of steaming mulled wine to calm our senses. After the circle there was a selection of spicy seafood or chicken dishes with cheesecake or crumble for dessert. Happy Birthday, Cookie.

Runners Report

Poor old **GM** made several valiant efforts to bring the circle to some sort of order but was thwarted by Yo, who was so pumped up by her victory that she couldn't keep quiet. GM gave her a down down before he started, but to no effect.

Phantom spoke for the runners. She clocked the run at 4.19k – short, sharp, sweet, with big farrows. Just right - 9.5/10, with the expectation that the food would raise the score to 13/10.

Walkers Report

Hard Case said the trail was good but a bit short for him. 9/10

Visitors and LTNS

Cow Pat, Lofty, Yo, Phantom, D Liva Rants

Virgin – Taro; Visitor- Robyn (who kept a low profile throughout), friend of **White Pointer**

Charges

RA had a list of charges for people who had gone missing so will remain nameless

Fumbles was in for a drink stop with no drinks, only lollies

Sheep Shunter was a dead man walking

Phantom for displaying her flashing haberdash – another mind boggler for the boys in blue

Cow Pat returned to the fold. She had wrapped her dog in swaddling clothes; laid him in a manger, and forgotten about him.

Lofty was called in with a very large but docile canine

Sprinkler and **Morphine** for discovering a devious way of disposing of a redundant vehicle

Deliverance for having a bent car

Charges from the Floor

GM charged Yo with trying to take over the circle - again

Morphine had his jacket returned from lost property

Mountain Hawk charged **Mental Disorder** with sexism – ‘It must have been a woman driver’

Accolades

Stand-ins **High Beam** for Hash Cash, **Mountain Hawk** for On-Sec, **Hogshit** for Horn, **Mental Disorder** for Splash

Zero Heroes

No book, who knows?

Birthdays

Cookie – with cake and candles

Jokers

Mental Disorder read some on behalf of Troppo, and **GM** told one about a lesbian

Dummy Shorts

Franger had grown attached to them during the past week and had worn them on the run and throughout proceedings, so much so that he feigned difficulty in undoing them to hand them over to **Morphine**.

Under other Business

Please see latest Newsletter for Freo 1000th Run

Receding Hareline

Run 1661 **2 June** **Horny Flasher** **13 Doust Street, Cannington**

Run 1662	9 th June	Comm Run/ Ballwrinkle	TBA
Run 1663	16 June	Hogshit/High Beam	Birthday Run
Run 1664	23 June	Sardar	Restaurant Run

Song: All who were still there, in dischord, as ever

***Please notify Trailmaster, Sardar ASAP with the details of your run, either by email to sardarson@gmail.com or mobile 0407 986 163**

QR code for can/glass refundables to go to **FH3 - C10549184** (please note this is a new code)

Members are requested to bring their own cutlery and plates to Friday Hash.
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.