

NORTHERN NEW TERRITORIES HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

NEWSLETTER ISS

RUN 1392, 30 SEPTEMBER 2009

“Mongrel” run memorialises a true mongrel of the NNT Hash

When Rocky promised a “mongrel” of a run on the eve of the October 1 public holiday, nobody could have realised how prophetic those words would be. For Garbo, who recced the run with Rocky, passed away two evenings before the run with internal complications. She was a top hash dog, the alpha female, did loads of runs with us, and was only four years old.

Respect to a great mongrel.

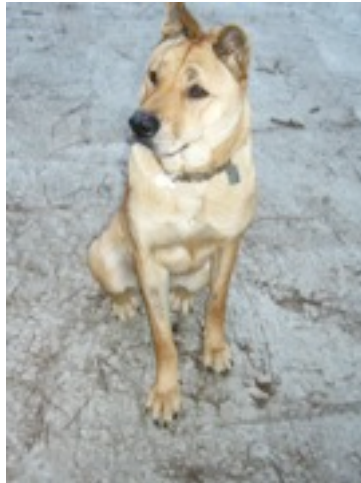
Rocky also promised a piss-up at his Kau Lung Hang beer garden, and he didn't disappoint, or rather Gravel Crack didn't, barbying up a whole mess of food even as the heavens threatened to sink the occasion.

Rain bands had been sweeping across the whole afternoon, and the crippled hares (Rocky and Desperate Dan) were in no shape to go and remark trail when it became apparent that their first effort had been washed away.

Happily a local was on hand to lead the way, and we all followed Eunuch through the village and into the shiggy, where trail had been preserved.

It was pretty routine Rocky shiggy, i.e., utterly trackless. We bashed our way through forest, brambles, bracken, the usual Rocky stuff, enhanced this time by mud, mud, glorious mud.

Behind me Bogbrush was lamenting with anguish how he'd planned to go to the pub but changed his mind at the last minute. Velcro Lips took a tumble and a hissy fit and returned to sender. Even Seasoned hasher Sick Old Wanker, a legendary NT hasher of the past, felt the fun go out of the trail as he slithered in mud and dangled on saplings. To be fair, he had 12-year-old son Leo with him, having planned this excursion as Leo's introduction to hashing. Little Stinky meanwhile



got covered in a rash. She claimed it was poison ivy. Bogbrush however, on seeing Little Stinky's arms swell up, shamelessly got his wang out and started swinging it around in the bushes.

I don't think we'll be seeing Leo again.

Meanwhile I was revelling in the conditions, which favour me because nobody can run, so I don't get left behind and look like a twat.

But then the unthinkable happened. Trail ran out!

It transpired that Rocky stopped setting trail when Desperate Dan called him to say front of trail had disappeared. He conveniently forget to mention this in the briefing, so everybody (a) descended from the shiggy; (b) spent five minutes looking for trail; and (c) made their own way back to the beer garden.

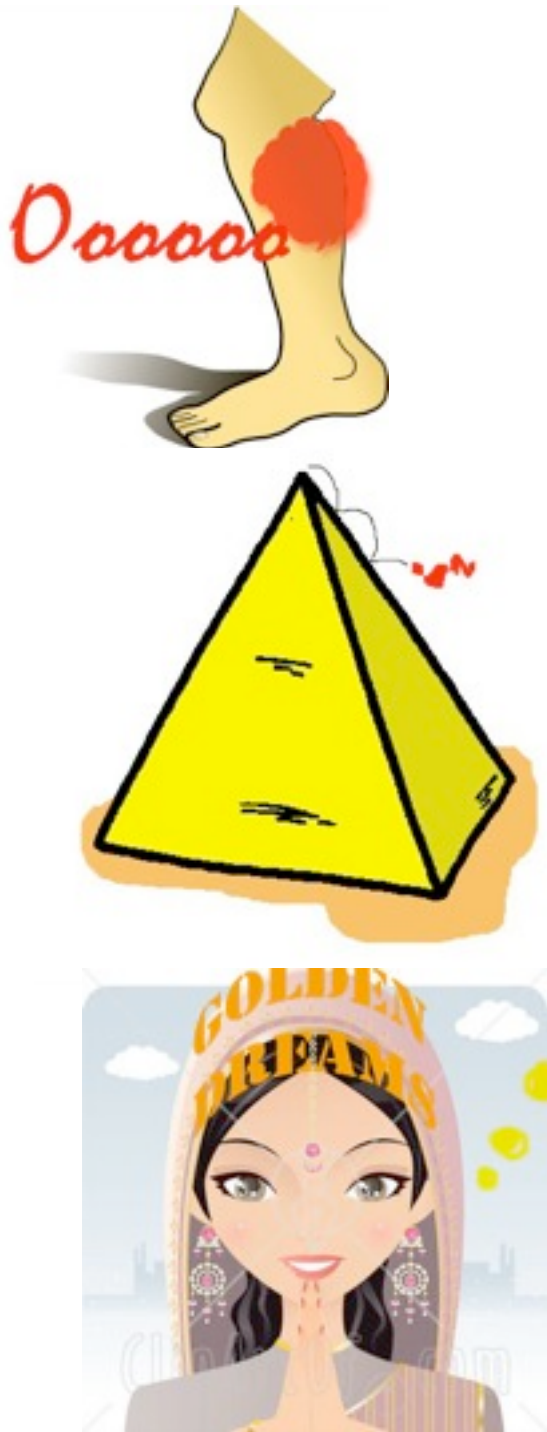
Of course Mango Groove got lost, despite being with a group of runners a few hundred metres from home. An hours later, Eunuch discovered him milling around uselessly.

Then there was food, booze and dogs on Rocky's lawn (how does he keep the wilderness at bay - Ed?) and chicken wings and salad and pasta and cake and ice to sit on. I only sat on the ice. The rain held off until the circle but only the GM was dumb enough to stay in the rain (perhaps as penance for RA Liberace's absence). The beer ran out because hash beer for the week One Eyed Jack was still sore about being beaten up Stonecutters Bridge (historically), but SKH3 hash beer Luk Sup Gow came to the rescue with copious supplies from our wealthy neighbour down the road!

Next run: Park Versailles, 7 September, 7.30pm, hare Billy Jizz. See www.n2th3.com for details.

Crap reasons for not doing the Raleigh Challenge
1) Desperate Dan 2) Stunt Double 3) Golden Balls

RALEIGH CHALLENGE



Back in May, some git said, “Who fancies this Raleigh Challenge business then?”, and a couple of brave souls put their hands up. Days went by, and then weeks. Nothing happened. So the call went out again.

Then four old has-beens fronted up
And yet another four
And thick and fast they came at last
And more and more and more
All hopping through the brackyen
And scrambling to enrol

And if the whole exercise had an Alice
Through the Looking Glass feel about it, that
was compounded when the original 15 NT
hashers, now split into five teams, were joined
by a couple of Jonny-cum-latelies calling
themselves “Useless Dog Food”.

With just a few days to go to the 48km night
marathon, 13 of the original 17 are still
shaking their twinkies at it. They are:

- Team V: Serbian Bomber, Bogbrush
- Team W: Walky Talky, Rapunzel, Golden Jelly
- Team X: Britarse (sob: deserted)
- Team Y: Billy Jizz, Stunt Double
- Team Z: Eunuch, G-Spot, Go West
- Team UDF: Stingray, Wandering Wanker

Let’s wish them all the best as they creep past
the savage macaques of Golden Hill, dodge the
pythons of Shing Mun, slog up the interminable
heights of Cloudy Hill and Wang Leng, drag
their weary limbs across Pat Sin Leng and
trudge through the creepy Nam Chung dawn.

Good luck you suckers. I’ll be in India.

Stop Press: Stunt Double back in after recovering from cracked ribs sustained falling off pyramid in Egypt

BACON FRIEND

