

NORTHERN NEW TERRITORIES HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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A splendid jaunt around Tai Mo Shan, the mountain with its head in the clouds

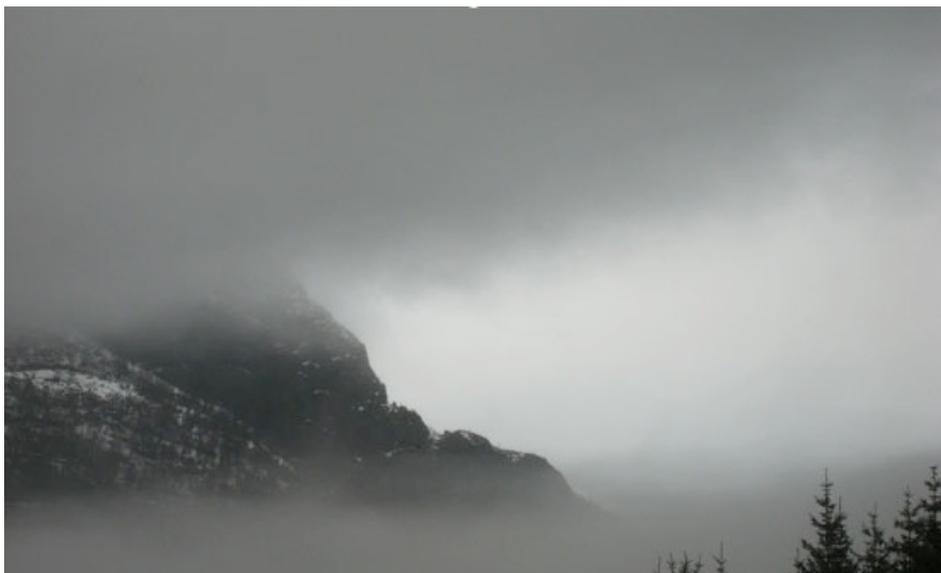
The best laid gangs oft plan astray, and so it was the case for the Hash at Eunuch's Tai Mo Shan special. No driver managed to make it on time to the lower car park for the prearranged shuttle up to the start for the non-wheeled, who all nevertheless got there. Stingray claimed computer illiteracy, Billy Jizz spent 45 minutes in the wrong car park, Go West couldn't be arsed, and so on.

But it was the hare who really threw a spanner in the works, taking a prang up the botoga in Hong Lok Yuen, having only set half the run, his panicked phone call to Go West including the plaintive "The fuzzies are here - do you think I should get rid of this tube of @£*>&* in my hand?"

So we set off through cows up a very damp and foggy Tai Mo Shan with some garbled guff about turning left when we reach a check for the second time and everything will be lovely.

Except that squally thunderstorms were forecast, we were on Hong Kong's highest crinkle of land, starting at 700 metres above the sea, and going up into heavy cloud.

I soon found myself in a stout group of walkers that included One-Eyed Jack, Desperate Dan and Serbian Bomber. Call that a group of stout walkers. We'd almost reached the top of the mountain when we were confused by trail being called far below, and went back the way we'd come only to find a big feck-off flour arrow directing us into the shiggy. How



did we miss that on the way up and how did the rambos get down there? Thunder rumbled and it went all sinister – Desperate Dan went back to the start. Then, as we descended a particularly insidious steep path with calf-high scrub hiding slippery rubble, One-Eyed Jack disappeared into the gloom ahead, leaving Serbian Bomber and me as the back markers. So I broke into an ill-advised trot in a feeble attempt not to be last.

Up ahead, the pack was presumably cartwheeling and pole-vaulting its way joyfully around the flanks of the summit, but I was trying to negotiate a tricky mud path that fell away and away and away to the left. Luckily, I couldn't see the drop. Then it was up through head-high bamboo and then there were some big boulders, atop one of which I heard a strange noise coming through the fog, a sort of barking yelp of anger,

frustration and terror. It came through the sodden air like the shock wave of an asteroid screeching into the icy wastes of Olympus Mons. Or something.

Yes, Serbian Bomber's head lamp had failed. Again.

After an initial burst of schadenfreude, I realised it wouldn't be quite on to abandon the bumbling Bomberman in the trackless (for such was the trail at this point of the run) upland wastes, so I perched on a rock and waited for the hapless GM2, flashing my torch through the gloom until he arrived. Selflessly I guided him through bog and stream, bracken and wood, up and down fell, over the lovely short grass and back to the road – whereupon he gave me a big FOYC ans sprinted to the finish. Hooray!

Er, no information on Run 1385 as it hasn't reached me yet. The Internet is broken! Hare is G Spot.