

NORTHERN NEW TERRITORIES HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

NEWSLETTER ISSUE 5

RUN 1385, 19 AUGUST 2009

Mei Lam Estate jaunt leads to mass confusion and shiggy shennanigans

After far-flung Sai Kung two weeks ago and inaccessible Tai Mo Shan last week, we at last had a venue nobody would have any trouble reaching: Mei Lam Estate, just five minutes walk from Tai Wai station. So confident was hare G Spot of his start point that he left off giving it out until the day before the run, and as for a map – who needs it?

So it thus came as something of a surprise when everybody was late, except Serbian “Moses” Bomber, leading his pedestrian flock through the Ballardian nightmare of flyovers, freeways and concrete islands that is now once-charming Tai Wai. Others were caught in a traffic snarl-up and some dribbled in just plain late. Eunuch pointed out that if we had a regular meeting point, somewhere like Hong Lok Yuen say, everybody would at least arrive at the same time, late or not.

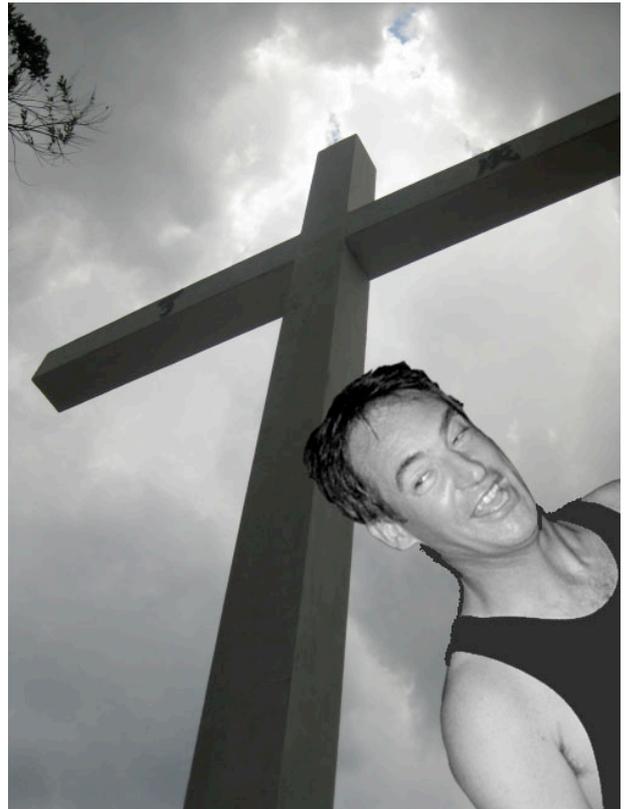
But to the run. The hare promised chalk, flour, bog roll, more flour when the bog roll ran out, and a slippery ride. And yes, G-Spot’s credibility was on the line after two abortive runs, including the out-and-back to the “volcano of wasps” in June.

Somebody should have told him it wasn’t the bloody Free China.

We didn’t need a 15-minute faff looking for trail shortly after the start so the hare could get away. He’d set it the previous night! But that was what we got, as we ran hither-thither along the step-linked drainage culverts lining the slopes of Tung Lo Wan Shan, following a couple of ghost flour blobs that went nowhere.

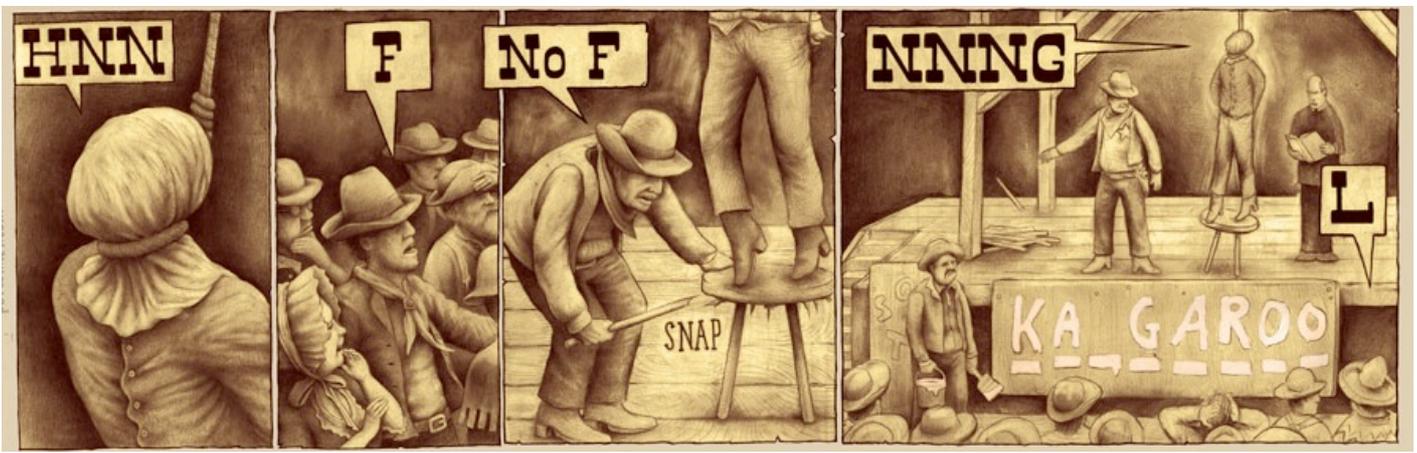
I was off checking a trail heading north into hillbilly country and missed the call for trail when it was at last raised. Returning along the trail to the culverts I found that familiar scene of torchless dark that has marked all my hashes lately. Yes, I was isolated at the rear again. But no! Two flashlights appeared from another direction, and soon Dram and Gunpowder Plod shuffled into view.

Plod decided to check my trail despite assurances it was wrong, and that was the last we saw of him as his torch gave up the ghost, or should we say, went the Serbian way. Meanwhile, Dram discovered



trail going up steps into shiggy and off we went.

Trail was well laid once you found it, and probably virgin. It was good that the hare had gone on a spider-gathering expedition the previous night, one less hazard to worry about. Then, on the slanting mud trail contouring through forest, I heard a whump! followed by “Strewth!” – Dram had fallen off the trail and was dangling by one hand from a slender bough with the rest of his person hanging in the abysmal maw. Pulling himself up like only a



sexagenarian can, he complained about his bruises – and how the wife wouldn't believe he hadn't been back to Sadie at Fetish Fashion.

Eventually a roadhead was breached, but where? Turned out we were near the christian complex at the top of Tao Fung Shan, which completely flummoxed me. There was an R-W split here, but we both opted for the short, and a good thing too as the long added about 2.5km of hateful hardtop.

I broke into a trot on the way in, encountering Dingaling and Mango Groove, who'd done the long. Dram had long ago gone for glory so I was thankful to meet this knackered pair and outsprinted them to the buckets. Hooray!

Runners: Dingaling, Golden Balls, Golden Jelly, Bogbrush, Dram, Gunpowder Plod, Billy Jizz, Serbian Bomber, Desperate

Dan, Eunuch, Velcro Lips, Liberace, Gin & Vomit, Mango Groove, Stingray

Bizarre stuff heard around the buckets:

Dram explaining to fellow paupers Bogbrush and Stingray how to cook using a brown paper bag.

Desperate Dan offering photos of his cock to women.

Velcro Lips complaining about beer willy when she got back from England.

Golden Jelly asking Billy Jizz what jizz is.

Eunuch: "My ideal woman's head is the head of Raquel Welch. My ideal woman's body is the body of Raquel Welch. You might say, 'That's just Raquel Welch', but I didn't say they were connected..." – he's not called Hitchcock for nothing.

HARE LINE

1386 / 26 Aug. 2009 / Gin & Vomit

1387 / 02 Sept. 2009 / Serbian

Bomber - underwear run

1388 / 09 Sept. 2009 / LSG

- birthday run

1389 / 16 Sept. 2009 / One Eyed Jack

1390 / 23 Sept. 2009 / Stingray

1391 / 30 Sept. 2009 / Rocky - China

National Day's Eve run

1392 / 07 Oct. 2009 / Billy Jizz

1393 / 14 Oct. 2009 / Velcro Lips

1394 / 21 Oct. 2009 / Fartypants

1395 / 28 Oct. 2009 / Dingaling

1396 / 04 Nov. 2009 / Walky Talky

1397 / 11 Nov. 2009 / Golden Balls

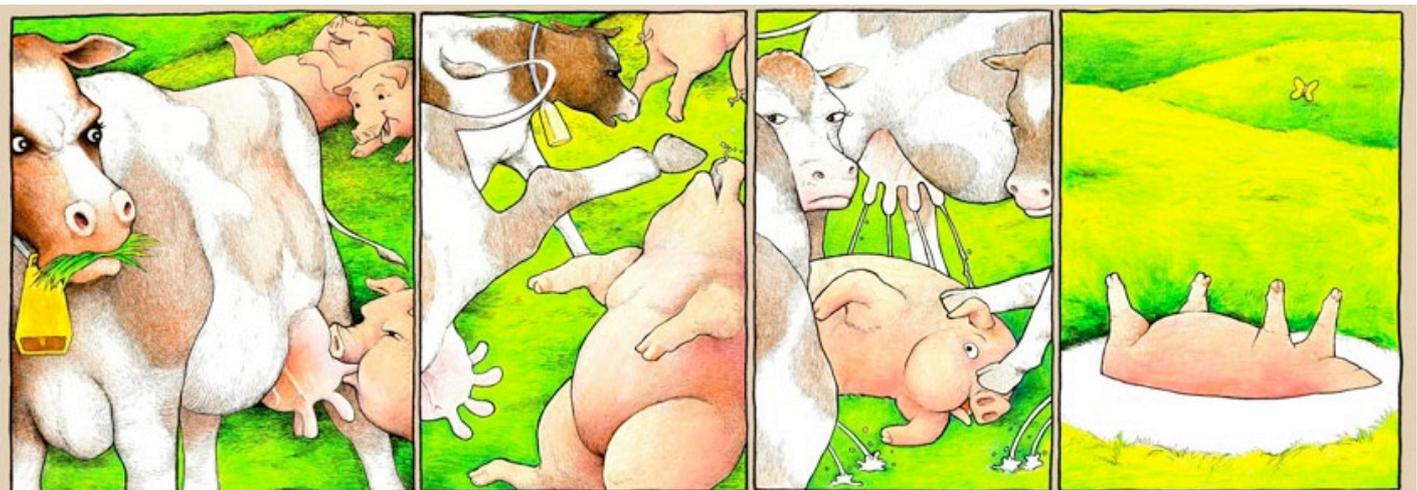
- birthday run

1398 / 18 Nov. 2009 / Chris Higgins

1399 / 25 Nov. 2009 / VD

1400 / 02 Dec. 2009 / to be

announced



NEXT WEEK'S RUN

RUN 1386

DATE 26 August 2009

TIME 7.30pm

HARE Gin & Vomit

START Kam Sheung Road station, Exit A. Follow markings from there

PARK At the station

TRAIN West Rail from Tuen Mun, Yuen Long, Tsuen Wan, Mei Foo, Nam Cheong

BUS 64K from Tai Po or Yuen Long

