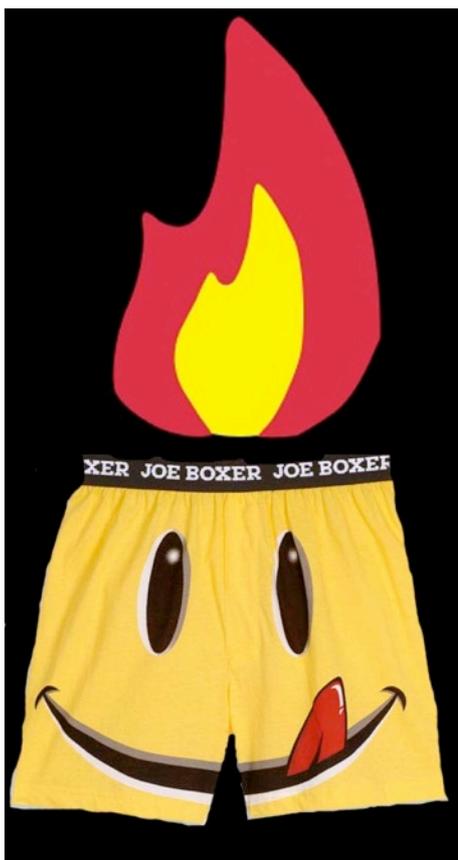


NORTHERN NEW TERRITORIES HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

NEWSLETTER ISSUE 7

RUN 1387, 2 SEPTEMBER 2009

Undercrackers go up in flames



After a rather fractious day at the mails, it was a relief to at last get to the meat of the matter: Serbian Bomber's Underwear Demolition Derby.

It started unpromisingly enough, with the designated start somewhere between a rubbish collection point and a sewage works. And it went uphill from there.

All the way, in fact, to the Lion Rock catchment, where Eunuch and other FOBs took a lengthy

diversion following the markings of some lesser gay hash (KH3, if you must know) for a kilometre. Eunuch eventually passed me in my habitual taking-up-the-rear position, neck just about wound back in. But if we thought the fun was over, we'd reckoned without SB's rather creative markings: the odd three-inch arrow laid without any regard to consistency, and checks cunningly hidden just off the road, that nobody saw except me because I was walking.

It was at just one such of these that SB, sweeping, directed backmarkers Stingray, Rocky, VD and myself off the catchwater and down towards Lion Rock Tunnel Road. We assured the hapless SB that the others would have run straight past, as they wouldn't have thought to look down the steps off the road for a check. We left him forlornly howling "Trail!" into the darkness below Amah Rock – but the pack were half a kilometre along the road.

There followed some very nice trail running, and VD and I eventually sprinted into the barbecue area above Lion Rock Tunnel Road, where we saw Fartypants waiting for us with an eskie full of coldies, and One Eyed Jack wearing his usual shortcutter's smirk. The pack

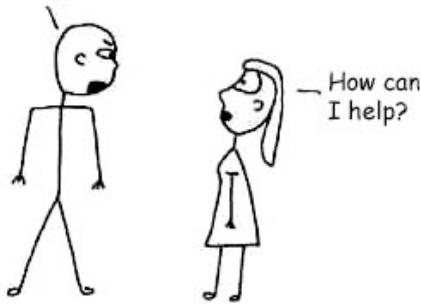
dribbled in, Eunuch last – after having gone off on another wild pig chase – and attempting to lasso SB with his extraordinarily telescopic neck.

This was the location for the Underwear Demolition Derby. The absence of nags or anything resembling a race track was conspicuous, but after tinnies had been cracked, banter banted and waffle woffled, we all followed SB to a dark barbecue pit, expecting to have to wrestle underwear off one another or race around in it. At this point the produced an "instant fire" package for barbecues – "Just light the bag".

Perhaps flames burn sideways in South Africa, but he couldn't seem to get the principle of tilting the bag so the small flame on the corner would actually have something to feed on. Eventually, the normally placid Stingray seized control of the bag, got it going, and then proceeded to spend the next five minutes building perfectly constructed tiny wigwams of kindling over it.

Meanwhile, SB had re-seized the initiative, urging us to all divest ourselves of our underwear, and "Fwow them to the fwames" (OK poor Michael Palin impersonation

The CIA is trying to steal my penis...
I need to find a place to hide it!



'Don't Fall For This'

there) as our contribution to the festival of the hungry ghosts, when offerings are burned for the ghosts.

Liberace pointed out you're only supposed to burn paper things for the ghosts, but nobody had their paper undercrackers with them.

God knows what newcomer Heather thought.

The ladies on the run all elected not to remove their underwear – which is rather rich coming from VD, given her propensity to yank blokes' shorts down to the knees given the slightest chance.

And so we gazed, mesmerised, into the flames as undercrackers of all styles, sizes and colours crackled and vanished in smoke. Thick, black, acrid, pungent smoke. Who knows what secrets

roadies! I don't want to carry any cans back to the car!" I pointed out that technically, these were "trailies". He turned away pointedly.

So Rocky, Eunuch and I made a slow start – finishing off the trailies – as SB swept the rest of the pack to the finish. Did he mark the way for those following? You guessed it. We got hopelessly lost in housing estates and villages, at one point coming across trail, which vanished again 100 metres later.

Utterly humiliated, and with Eunuch expressing levels of incredulousness that had his vocal pitch at breaking point, we finally flagged down a taxi, bundled Rocky's latest mongrel in with us – and sat there like dorks.

were forever sealed, what memories were finally erased, with this ritual cleansing of bottom-blushers?

Fartypants at last broke the reverery we'd fallen into. "Grab yer

Nobody knew how to say "sewage works".

Runners: Golden Balls, Bogbrush, One Eyed Jack, Billy Jizz, Eunuch, Liberace, Stingray, VD, Walky Talky, Gloria, Heather, Rocky, Gunpowder Plod.

Attendee: Fartypants

HARE LINE

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

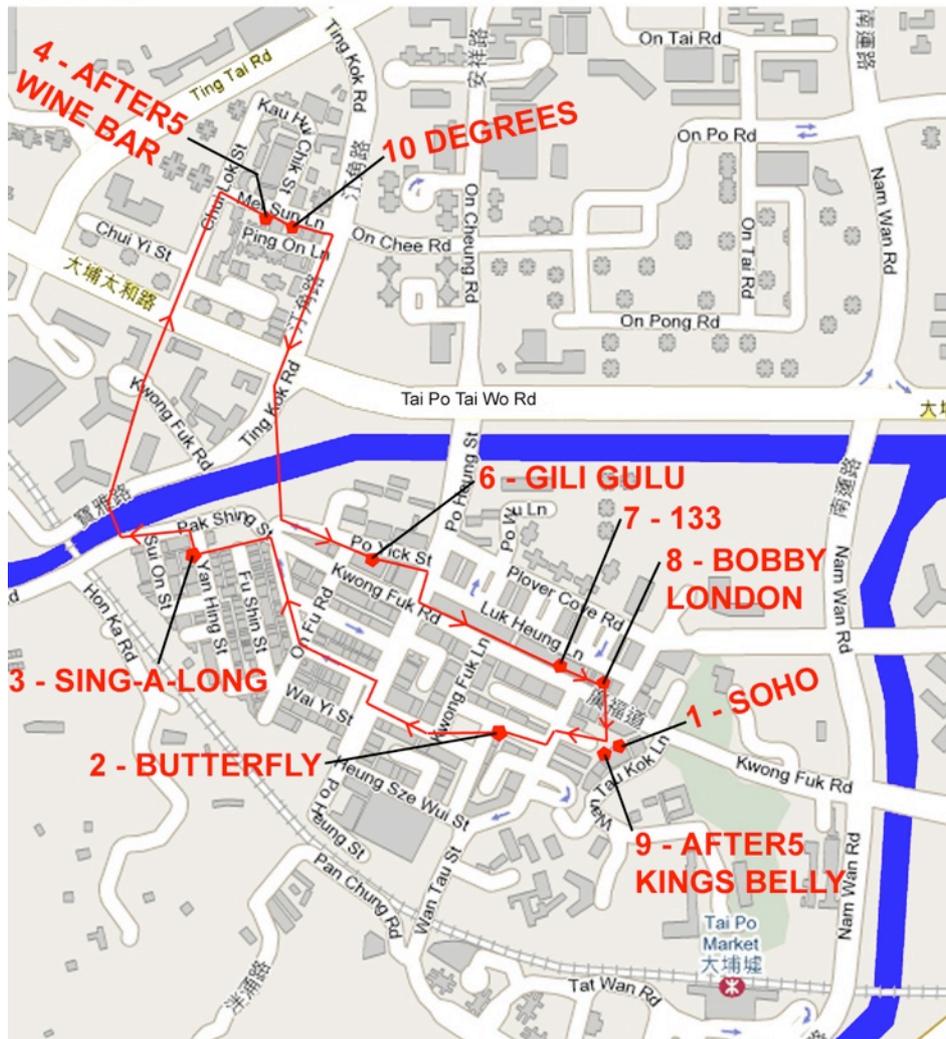
announced

1401 / 09 Dec. 2009 / Golden Jelly



Northern New Territories H3

09 - 09 - 09



TAIPO - PUB GOLF

Short Course

NEXT WEEK'S RUN

RUN 1388 – Pub Golf (LSG's 09-09-09 birthday run)

DATE 9 September 2009

TIME 7pm, or as soon as possible thereafter

HARE Luk Sup Gow

START Soho bar, Wan Tau Street, Tai Po (NOT After 5 / King's Belly, as advised on web site home page)

PARK Metred parking in front of Soho - but you may not want to drive!

GETTING THERE East Rail to Tai Po Market station, walk 5 minutes (see map)

NEED TO KNOW There probably won't be much running – might be some crawling though. Bring cash to pay for your "round of golf" (nine holes)