

NORTHERN NEW TERRITORIES HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

NEWSLETTER ISSUE 9

RUN 1389, 16 SEPTEMBER 2009

Trail transformed into survival course in typhoon's wake

After all the palava about the anticipated T8 hash on Tuesday, it was something of an anti-climax when typhoon signal 8 was lowered at 11am Tuesday morning, meaning T8 hares Golden Balls and Billy Jizz were, once again, off the hook.

Not so One Eyed Jack, who revelled in the soggy conditions to set one of his Ting Kau specials.

"Just setting the last shiggy bit," he panted into his mobile when the GM called him at 7.45 to ask where the heck he was, before proclaiming the run "Slippery. Oh, and there's a few stream crossings." Prophetic words.

Meanwhile, Beermeister Go West was having his own little crisis. "Does anybody know who's bringing the beer?" he whined plaintively at anybody who would listen. The pack eyed him murderously.

And so we set off along the catchment road, to the inevitable checkback which eventually had us going through a door in a fence, over a roofed-off bit of nullah and up a steel staircase to a drainage culvert. A slippery drainage culvert that dropped away to 45 degrees. A dizzyingly ominous culvert that looked exactly like the one I smashed my face on 10 weeks ago.

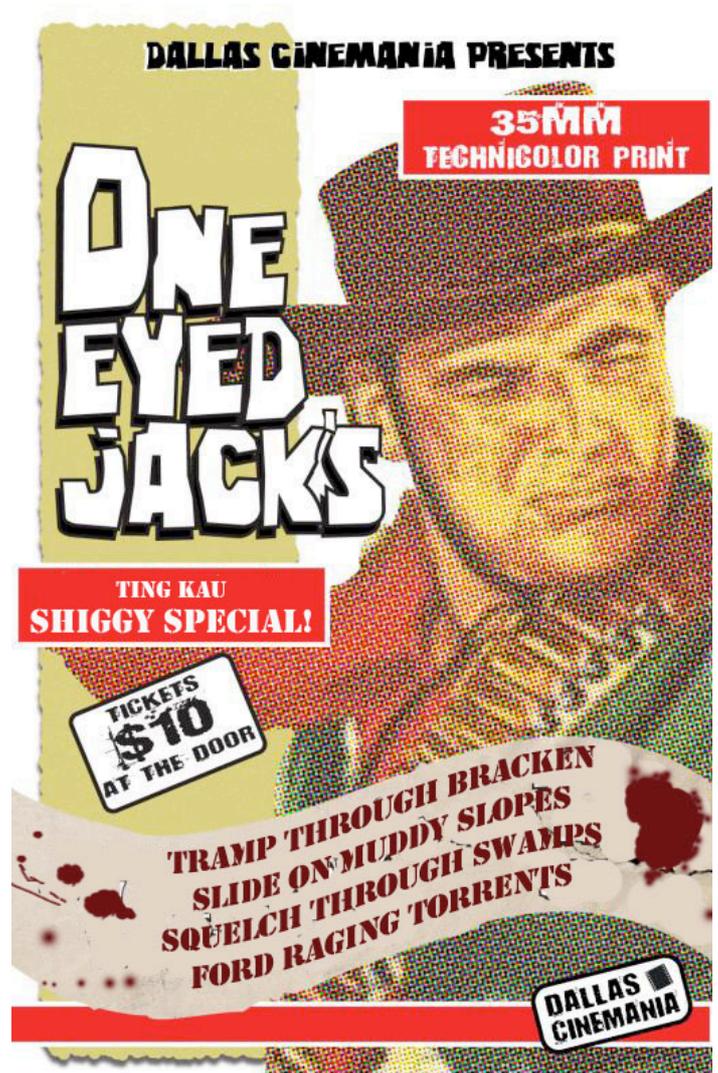
Result? I dithered and dithered as the torches and calls of the pack receded into the distance, a whimpering heap on the edge of oblivion.

"Call yourself a hasher?" I said. "Not really," I replied, and took the plunge. Check back, hidden trail up, and up, and up, shiggy, down, stream crossing in full spate on slippery rocks - I waded. Up rocks, up more and still more, torchlight! Golden Jelly waiting for me so she could scoff. Serbian Bomber and Big Moany ahead. More up, slippery mud trail, stream crossing, Running on good surface! Only a few minutes then into rock trail, stream crossings, bog, check on rock. Both of us checking the wrong way. Aaagghhh we'll never catch them now! Down boulder trail, skidding off the treacherous surfaces, more shiggy, more streams, where the hell is this? Bridge in sight, moving steeply downhill, slipping and sliding and hanging on shrubs and saplings, and suddenly - the catchment road! Last kilometre home, last in at 2 hours 10 minutes.

An outstanding trail.

Go West cantered home in about 1:20, probably to make a beer run, only to find his ass had been saved by old school "chum" Fartypants.

So everything was lovely.



The run has been filmed with Marlon Brando as the hare and is gaining notoriety on the underground circuit

HARE LINE

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

