

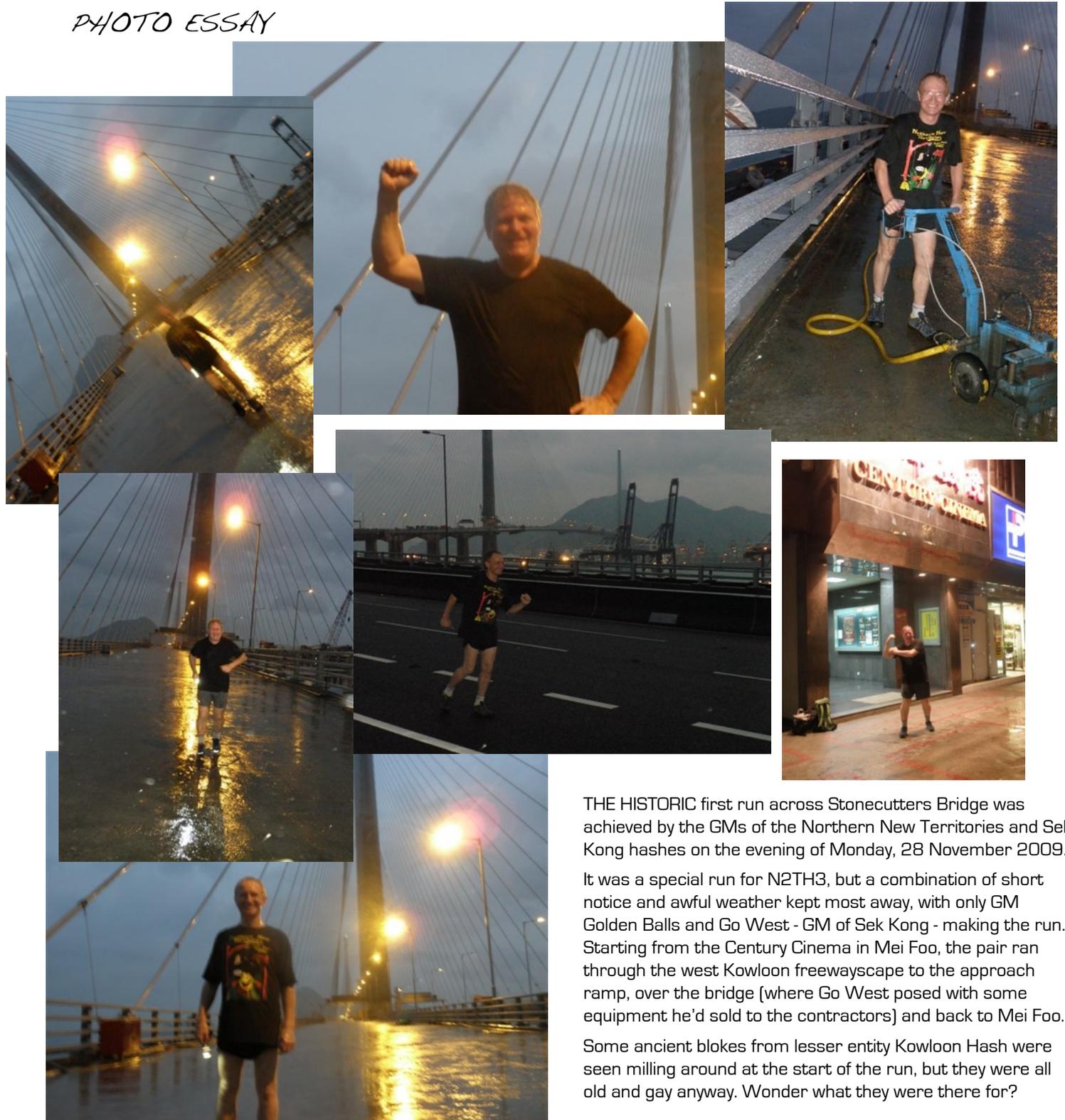
NORTHERN NEW TERRITORIES HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

NEWSLETTER ISSUE 10

RUN 1391, 28 SEPTEMBER 2009

Historic first run on Stonecutters Bridge - a coup for N2TH3, SKH3

PHOTO ESSAY



THE HISTORIC first run across Stonecutters Bridge was achieved by the GMs of the Northern New Territories and Sek Kong hashes on the evening of Monday, 28 November 2009.

It was a special run for N2TH3, but a combination of short notice and awful weather kept most away, with only GM Golden Balls and Go West - GM of Sek Kong - making the run. Starting from the Century Cinema in Mei Foo, the pair ran through the west Kowloon freeway landscape to the approach ramp, over the bridge (where Go West posed with some equipment he'd sold to the contractors) and back to Mei Foo.

Some ancient blokes from lesser entity Kowloon Hash were seen milling around at the start of the run, but they were all old and gay anyway. Wonder what they were there for?

RUN 1390, 23 SEPTEMBER 2009

Stingray flounders as One Eyed Jack goes from hero to zero



The first question on everybody's lips on arriving at Ma Liu Shui pier was "Which boat is ours?" Alas, the venerable hare Stingray had neglected to book one, so he set us off on a long, flat runner's run around the Chinese University campus, Science Park and the byeways of Tolo Highway.

One Eyed Jack was on beer duty, but at the start of the run he was still picking up ice in Sheung Shui. "Off you go," he generously burred over the phone. "Mark the checks."

As a notoriously non-check-marking hash, we ran off in our usual unmarking way. A small, wayward vestige of conscience had me calling to those behind, "Mark the check!" but few did. I made a couple of derisory scrapes of the foot when hearing trail called while at a check, but for the most part trail was preserved. The nine rambos were always together, such was Stingray's "death by 1,000 checks" torture.

Then things got weird. We entered Science Park - where Serbian Bomber gabbled doggily and breathlessly to anybody close that he works there. What a surreal place. Centrpiece was a sort of archisculpture of Humpty Dumpty doing press-ups. Or shagging. Or something. Most unnerving. Run away!

A long run along tiled waterfront had me nervous about setting off my just-healed calf injury again. I could only envisage a lot more of hardtop running on the trail, so I summoned hash craft and successfully second-guessed the trail, coming home as first rambo, and catching latecomers Eunuch and One Eyed Jack on the way in, who claimed that nobody had marked the checks.

As rambos dribbled in, commenting on how long and flat and roady the run was, One Eyed Jack let his resentment fester to an absurdly unhealthy level. Suddenly he snapped. "You're all a load of b*st*rds!" he declaimed, and without further ado picked up the beer and loaded it back to his car. "Non-marking sh*ttes!" he cried, close to tears.

For the rest of the evening if you wanted a beer you had to grovel to One Eyed Jack and admit that you hadn't marked the checks.

First class wind-up.

REMINDER Don't forget the Rocky run on September 30 at Kau Lung Hang. A "mongrel" of a run is promised, followed by a piss-up with nosh at Rocky's beer garden. Returnees Little Stinky and Sick Old Wanker are expected. Get your chunder wellies on!



Stingray, yesterday

