

THE GOING LIKE A BOEING HASH (767).

Leopard Piss | 2nd September 2017 | Nathon backwaters.

Flat on his face??

With the bog-seat in free circulation once again after it's eight months around ex-trail layer Pissbowl's neck, was Lima Papa (aka Leopard Piss) next in line to wear the seat. Read on McDuff.

It's raining virgins.

This week saw dozens of them pitch up for run 767. Word has it most were waiting to see if the coiffered one had truly slung his hook and was back in Wombatland for good. More about him later.

Virgins included:-

Kelly from Ireland

Michelle - Down-under.

Jasmin - Down-under.

Sabine - Uber Allas.

George, Zanetta & Saskia from that Sceptred Isle.

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Here are the Run Directions for **9 September 2017**an

Time: 4.00pm

Location: The Everest Foothills at the top of Nathon - Anghong 2. Come and experience the cooling air of the mountains and the views over the Western Cape. (Now where have I heard this type of description before?) The Editor.

Hare: Muffdiver

Co Hare: Babelass (under apprenticeship)

Drive North towards Nathon. Past the Old Immigration building and about 300m before the one way system starts Turn Right into Anghong 2. (HHH Sign). (Up to now, same as last week all you happy campers).

There is a large sign saying AutoBoy on the corner.

Follow this road for approximately 4.5Km's to the top of the hill. At the top you will reach a small crossroads, turn left (HHH Sign) The Lager site is 300m on the left.

Walkers too.

Have you seen this man?

Returning Hashers.

Over the past few weeks there's been a steady trickle of the old die hard hashers returning after their holidays, operations and free interments at rather unexciting dwellings. It's alledged that was the reason Go Round Again was visiting Siberia.

Amongst our returners there has been Mutton Jeff, Bob ze Builder, Wallace & Where's Wally, DFL, Corkie (several times). What is it with these Aussies? Slezzy Rider, Laid Marion (briefly).

I'm Cummin' and Go Round Again are here or nearly here.

Welcome back the lot of you.

No sign of Feral on your hols. Go Round Again? Didn't go to Australia you say. Hmmm.



Have you seen this man? Variously known as Feral Flaps, the Short Cutting Bastard and other less flatering names. Last seen 10 weeks ago, climbing aboard a plane at Samui Airport with the pointy end, aiming at the Down Under place. Come back. All is forgiven. Forgiven for what, we don't know. But you owe us 1000 baht for the 10 weeks. Also 6 tins a week at 50 baht. That'll be another 3000 mate. See, we do miss you!!





Drinking Club with a running problem.

Walkers too.

Mercury Rising.

You may have noticed that the island has cranked up the thermostat by quite a few degrees since last week so the prospect of Hashing in " The foothills of Nathon " sounded like a good idea. 💡 So that's probably got something to do with the increased turnout of stalwarts and diehards, not to mention a few returners plus some lovely virgins. All in all 40+ souls made their way to the metropolis to find out if Leopard Piss's claims of discovering " Virgin territory " were bona fide, time would tell. So we listened to the instructions, we waited for the gong to ring and at 4 minutes after the appointed hour we shot off like Shit off a shovel.

Check numero uno brought the first surprise apart from the confusion there was the delicate odour of PIGSHIT. Just what a dedicated Hasher needs after the previous evening's elbow bending around the fleshpots of Lamai/ Bangrak. Undeterred we pressed on once Forest Dump gave the signal and in practically no time at all we were up to our knees in shiggy, following the papier into the unknown. Emerging from the light jungle and veering left, took us to the next stumbling point and more than a few found themselves dithering around until the trail was unearthed. The pack made their way through a quarry/ tip and then the first little incline. On up and low and behold another check, this time one of Lima Papa's nasty backies. However one or two of the veterans sussed the situation and normal disorder was restored. We were now out about 25 minutes, what awaited us? Well how about another back check, cheeky bugger.

The trail continued and as the surroundings varied between rubber and banana 🍌 , at one point the appearance of a bamboo pole had Pickalilli practicing her pole dancing skills while the rest looked like extras from an Indiana Jones flick. The split sent the Rambos off to get their tootsies wet and thereafter to have a brief encounter with the banana lady and her marauding mutts. Quickly they rejoined the Wankers and with 40 minutes on the clock everyone's thoughts turned to those of refreshments. However the Hare had other ideas and as a little poke in the ribs he'd stuck in another back check which had even the veterans spinning on their collective heels. It was up and over the slope. Home was within spitting distance but first the " Nathon Hillbillies " camp was passed and then ON IN.

No doubt about the vote and in fact Le Dump was in and off even before all were accounted for so he still has the Bogseat. The usual niceties followed with the Virgins, returners and leavers acknowledged, then Snitchers did their stuff. Blue Lugs on in to receive his 600 shirt, with blue embroidery, quite an achievement, well done Blugs.

Muffdiver will welcome you all for a Hash which guarantees some of the best views on the Island on Saturday 9th so don't miss out.

On On.



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