

# We Trash. 9th September 2017

## Muff Diver Delivers (or does he?).

The Sorcerer & His Apprentice (Muff Diver & Babalaas).  
Run number 768.



HARE	Muff Diver & Babalaas
GM	The Big Yin
Venue	Angthong Twee -End of it.
Hash Run	768
Hashers	35 + 2
Spies	Leopard Piss & Go Round Again
Hash Shit	Muff Diver
Virgins	Boris the Kraut.

# BUT WHY?

Virgins	Boris the Kraut
Hash Shit	Muff Diver





This week's Trash was delayed due to recovery time needed after the scaling of Anna Purna. And very cumly she was too.

When I got the directions to Saturday's Hash with Muff Diver and Babalaas as co-Hares I paid a quick visit to Kuhn Lek's mountaineering emporium and stocked up with crampons, ice axe and oxygen.

What the fuck had they in store for our ageing aficionados of athleticism?

Anyway the day dawned with clear skies, so we made our way up and up.

I always carry snow chains in the boot of the old jalopy just in case but on this occasion they were not needed. Babalaas was on sentry duty at the end of the track leading to the Laager site. On arrival I was pleasantly surprised by how the landowner had cleared a space for all our junk. The reason soon became clear as Muffdiver was spotted smuggling a bottle of Hong Thong toward the owner's accommodation.

With all 37 having been signed in and taken advantage of the stunning views over Nathon, we circled up to listen to the words of wisdom. No buffaloes only mountain goats and Ibexes, a split and 6 checks. 3.5 km for the Wankers and 6 for the Rambos, no problem thought I..... boy was I ever mistaken because

having exited base camp 🏕️ and turning to port it was all uphill. Where is Uphill Gardener when you need him? The first check didn't give us any real problem as the pack was so spread out that On On was called before most had gotten anywhere near it.

At the split Russell Crowe sat on his arse and debated whether to take the easy way out or brave the Rambos route. After another ten minutes of slogging we reached what appeared to be the summit and some relief. The views were great 👍 and so the only thing to do was plod on and hope Scouse Bastard had plentiful supplies of the amber throat charmer.

As we progressed in a downward direction it did occur to me that there might just be some more exertion ahead and some of us were sorely tempted by the sight of a wayside booze boutique but as dedicated Hashers the first thing was returning to camp, which all except D.F.L. accomplished under their own steam. Judging by the state of the group it had clearly been a hill too far and when the vote was taken, twice, the Lavvy seat found a new keeper but it may not stay there for long.

Boris from Hamburg (at this point Red Mullet burst into song, Boris The Spider, The Who, from a Quick One) received a warm welcome from the mob and the newly returned Go Round Again then stepped in to name and shame his miscreants, followed by Leopard Piss as Wanking clype who stuck Muffy's buns in the bucket on account of the percentage of concrete on the trail and only one check on the entire wankers route. Well who ever heard of one check?

Next we had R.A. Admiral Benbow to harangue some poor souls but due to an unusual lapse in Hash etiquette I.e. using Stuffed Crutch's street name, he performed his duties from a sedentary position on Iceland 🇮🇸.

Winkle suffered a similar punishment (a weekly event it seems) for the same offence.

Muffy had enjoyed his first fanny freeze so much that he got another shot on the cubes for setting a trail from a motorcycle 🏍️ is somewhat frowned upon in our happy gathering.

With the sun beginning to set we called for next week's Hares.

So the mountains having been done, next week will see us back to sea level with Quartermaster and Tutti Fruity preparing things in Maenam 5 , sanity resumes! On On











