

The images of DFL below prove the devious character of DFL. We've scanned the entire internet and not a single reference to Desert Foxy exists.

Right now he has an issue with a fellow hasher and the problem will be debated at the Hague International Crime Court next week. Unfortunately a key witness between our two hashers has fallen into disrepute as a mutual witness was assassinated in the Saudi Embassy to Turkey last week. You guys have no idea what the committee has to put up with. Next we'll be hearing about someone wanting to set a seven day hash on our beautiful isle. God forbid. Having said that the Big & Wee Yin's have pissed off to Bangkok for a three week holiday curtesy of IKEA. Did you know that 1 in every 10 children in Europe are conceived in an IKEA bed. How sad is that. Most likely listening to Abba, Neil Diamond or John Denver. The really kinky ones do it to Andy Stewart I'm reliably told.

I digress. Let us move onto happier thoughts. DFL's hash at Nigel's Frisbee Golf.

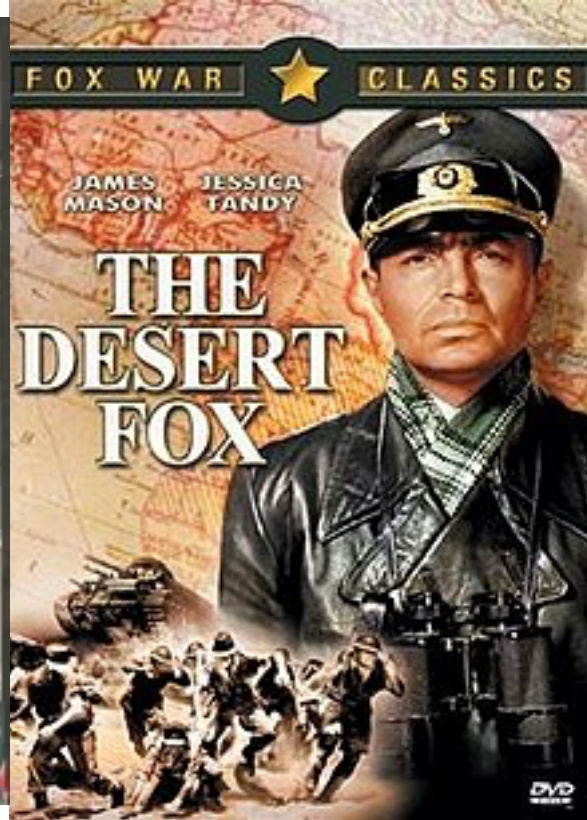
Finally the day arrived for another Hash Bash and this time we congregated at the plush surroundings of Nigel's famous Frisbee Golf Resort with D.F.L. promising a trail with some "Virgin territory" some hope in that well trodden area.

Anyway at least the stormy weather which had lashed the island all week had abated and the 45+ devotees who rolled up were all seeking shelter from the old current bun by the time our gallant G.M. stepped forward and called for silence while the Hare explained the finer points of his amended efforts which included a rearranged first section, 2 splits and an abundance of checks not to mention a veritable menagerie of all creatures great and small and finishing off with yet another severely altered finishing stretch.

The pack therefore left the Laager site somewhat concerned, what chance have we got when the f#*%kin Hare hasn't a clue where he put the paper ventured one wag.

Not a bit of it, we were delighted to find the shreddies evenly spaced at the right hand side of the trail and as the terrain was flat we made good headway, that is until, coming round an acute bend and onto undulating grasslands, what did we spy off to the right but the unmistakable outlines of the object of the exercise, Nigel's Place, being kind souls we were not going to hold that against the Hare and pressed on and were rewarded with a good run/walk in the flatlands of Maenam, fair enough some parts of the trail



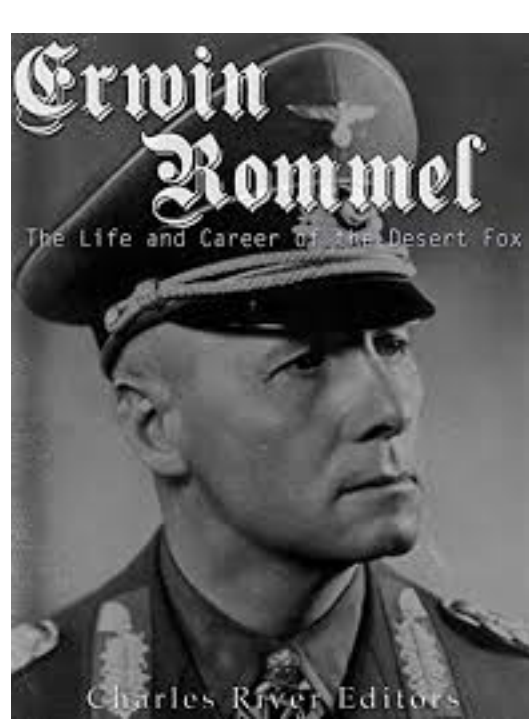


coincided with a Hash set by Quartermaster some weeks previously but DFL wasn't to know that he was off up to his neck in dusky maidens in the salubrious surroundings of Pattaya.

So no real problems and with the prospect of glorious grub in the offing we didn't have long to wait until everyone was accounted for and by this time the free piss had been sampled and spirits were high, when we got things under way DFL romped home to a well accepted vote of Good Hash and Tangerine Man, who only a few days earlier had been banged up in Bangkok Hospital having his wallet surgically removed as only they can do, necked yet another Downie through the Lavvy Seat.

The Snitches had sorted out a collection of rascallions who all seemed surprised to have been caught up to no good and although some pled ignorance, there was no mercy and coconut shells were raised aloft.

Christenings next and Dog's Bollocks's bride Dani took a seat and became "Ooh La La" while Zanette and George as hoteliers got on their knees for a Tiger shampoo and re-emerged as Sybil and Basil respectively.



The shadows were lengthening and the aromas emanating from Nigel's Olympic sized BBQ were causing more than a few tummies to rumble so we cut the Bullshit and closed the Circle.

For those who didn't manage to get there, you missed one of the best spreads we've had as a group, Nigel surpassed himself and there were more than a few belts loosened off a bit. Music played, the Poo Yings shook their booties and there was an attempt at a singsong but by this time the Choristers had partaken of a moderate libation and operatic it was not!

The Singha clouds came over after that and bang on time the transport arrived to take the "tired little teddy bears " home to bed.

On On

Trasher **Oh by the way this was Hash 827.**

