

ISN'T THIS PHOTO FROM LAST WEEK'S FRISBEE GOLF EVENING BLOODY BRILLIANT? FOURTY OR MORE HASHERS SMILING. ONLY ONE GRUMPY BUNNY. CAN YOU SPOT GRUMPY BUNNY? THIS PHOTO HAS 2 DELIBERATE ERRORS. FREE REGISTRATION FOR THE FOR FIRST CORRECT ANSWER.



LIKE ALL HASHES WE HAVE THE PROBLEM OF EVER DIMINISHING LAND WE CAN WORK WITH. MOST HASHES AROUND THE WORLD SIMPLY MOVE FURTHER AWAY FROM THE CITY. WE CANNOT MOVE AWAY FROM OUR TOWN OR CITY, UNLESS YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, WE'RE ON AN ISLAND, SO WE'RE FUCKED. DAY BY DAY, FENCES, CONCRETE ROADS, HOUSES, BARBED WIRE AND OTHER OBSTACLES MAKE IT MORE DIFFICULT TO SET A TRAIL. OUR ISLAND MEASURES SOME 20 KILOMETERS BY 20 KILOMETERS. SAMUI HAS A DEDICATED BUNCH OF 20 OR SO HASHERS THAT LAY OUR TRAILS. THEY DO A BRILLIANT JOB. SO THANK YOU.

HASH 828

BoB Ze Builder mit der
kleiner professor, Zwei
Streich & wilde Klappen der
große kurze schneider. Gott
helfe uns allen.

Newsflash. Year end bash tentatively set for 13
December. Date depends of availability of the
venue.



829	10-Nov-18	Banana Bender
830	17-Nov-18	Babalaas
831	24-Nov-18	Winkle
832	1-Dec-18	No Balls
833	8-Dec-18	Crive
834	15-Dec-18	Master Bates
835	22-Dec-18	Granny Basher
836	29-Dec-18	Red Dress Run - Bags
837	5-Jan-19	Feral Flaps
838	12-Jan-19	Shag Pile
839	19-Jan-19	Earth Trembler
840	26-Jan-19	Russel Crowe
841	2-Feb-19	Lick Me
842	9-Feb-19	Crive/The Big Yin
843	16-Feb-19	Uphill Gardener
844	23-Feb-19	Dyke Finger
845	2-Mar-19	Muff Diver

Hares For The Next Few Months. If You're Not Able To Set The Run On The Date, Please Organise To Change With Another Hare. Thanks. LP

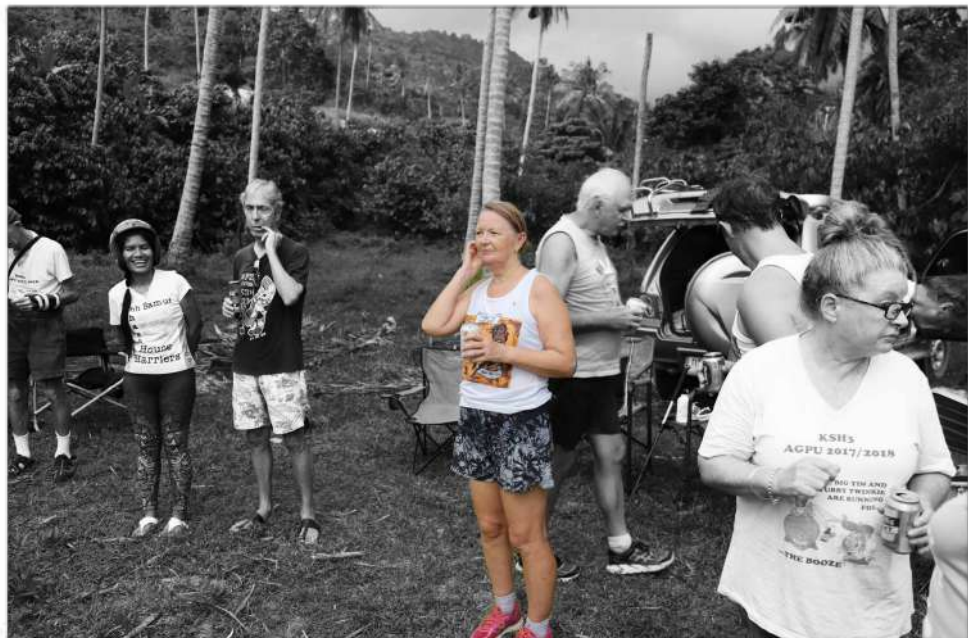


All these fantastic photos are on the website already for you to drool over courtesy of - Hash Flash, Go Round Again.

Just in case you missed these, part of last weeks fantastic spread.







The directions were quite clear Gruppenfuerher Bob Ze Builder told us go to Soi 1Maenam, go to the mosque then 300 mtrs. to the Laager site, great no problem, Vorsprung dorch Tecnic, the welcome signs were out and after Lima Papa had trousered the dosh from the 45 punters and the Hares x 3 had rambled on about one dog, one hill, one buffalo we all set off with a spring in our collective step.....to the "one hill" a mere bagatelle for our finely honed athletes and that's where we or at least I became somewhat geographically challenged, it was beginning to look like Pamplona during the running of the bulls, there was our very own " buffalo whisperer " Masterbates facing up to an extremely frisky 500 kilo monster whose main ambition seemed to be to flatten some if not all of these idiots who had dared enter his domain, he hadn't figured on the dulcet tones of MB who calmed the beast down while some other daring souls crept past to continue the, until now well laid trail. It was looking better now and we had to negotiate a naughty back check, cross the motorway and continue to the 2nd hill, wait a moment didn't they say one hill ?? once again our Rambos took it in their stride and having attaining the top of the mountain the views were wonderful, I felt like bursting forth with " The hills are alive with the sound of music" but in fact all I could hear was a cacophony of wheezing, coughing and farting, and that was only Winkle.

What goes up must etc. etc. and in only 55 minutes we were treated to the welcome sight of a very popular Pisstruck surrounded by thirsty smiling individuals.

It didn't take long for the Jovial Jock to call for disorder and also a vote after having sought the opinions of random Hashers and the verdict YET AGAIN was for a jolly good Hash, much to the relief of the trio of Hares.

Now you've read in these columns in the past about many a short cutting bastard or SCB and of course Saturday's Hash was no exception but none the less the Gods were somewhat unkind to Little Wiener when having executed a huge edit of the trail he leapt for joy and landed on his arse and in the process badly sprained his ankle and if that wasn't bad enough he committed the infringement right in front of the Wanking steward and adding insult to injury said Snitch was none other than his beloved, Wet Nurse ooops!! Enforcer Tango had to hand over her instrument of punishment in order to remove one of her sparkling new boots and quaff a drop of grog from it and our limping R.A. Wiener did likewise but from the ice cubes as reward for attempted cover up.

Kissinger and Kissme rejoined us all the way from Penang, Breathless from Sydney South and Top Off from Phuket also graced us with their presence.

Winkle had no hesitation in dragging to the centre Feral Flaps for his habitual shortcutting despite the fact that he was a Co Hare mmmm and she performed that task while parking her derrière on Antarctica. Wet Nurse had her offenders in to answer for their misdemeanours. Various other silly billies entered centre stage and Masterbates is pissin' off to the Sceptred Isle to attend a Matador's refresher course at the Rotheram Bull Ring. Down Early also had a shot on the bucket for refusing to don her Hash shirt.

At this point the sky darkened ominously and with coconuts falling there was only time for Winkle to briefly announce that she and Forbeskin will be setting the Hash of the century in Thong Kraut next Saturday.

Circle closed .

On On.

Trasher

