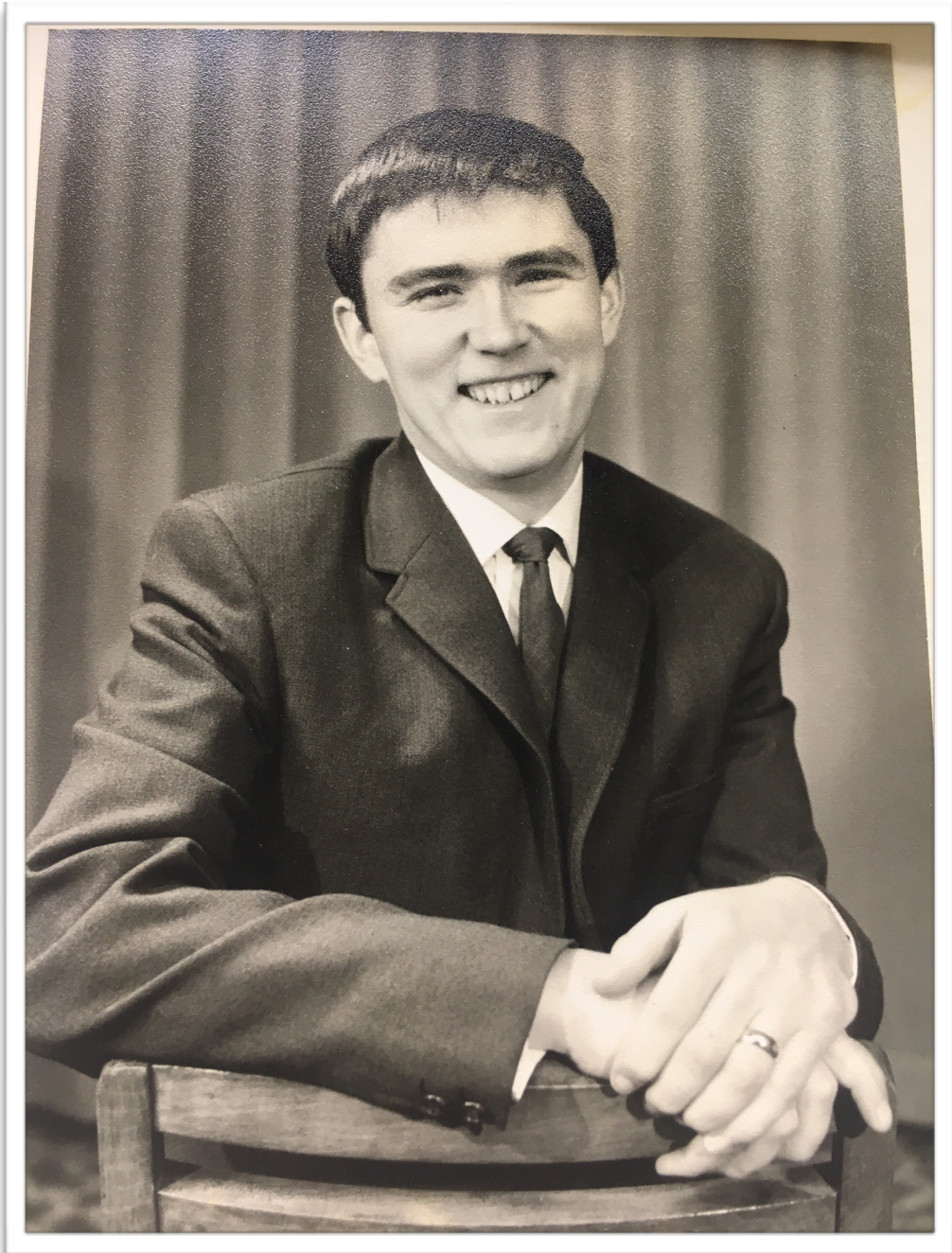


Hash 833

After my comment the other week about good wine improving with time but not Grumpy Jocks, I received the enclosed photo from none other than the three score and ten individual, check out the suit!!! I rest my case.



I've been told by these Hashing types that one, on occasion has a premonition about the outcome based on omens prior to the event, well Papa Crive must have had the mother of all when he was wakened on Saturday morning by the butler with a cup of Earl Grey and a freshly ironed copy of the Times. The thunder and lightning was rolling and crashing around the battlements of "Castle Crive" a storm of biblical proportions raged, undaunted by this he set off to lay the paper and on arrival at the Laager site was met by a massive and very angry buffalo staked right in the very spot intended for the Circle, shit he said, language bespoke No Woman who had come along to render assistance. The rest of this part I am unable to report due to security issues but suffice to say that after plodding through knee deep mud and numerous water hazards, the younger member of the team was not a happy bunny.

The turnout was a little curtailed owing to a contingent of "outlanders" who are on a foray to some godforsaken shithole called Miri in the rain Forrests of Borneo where by all accounts they gave a good display of ale chugging and also partook of a gentle Hash or two, a bonus was that some of them caught up with their cousins swinging around the treetops.

The gallant 32 who showed up were quickly sent on their way with detailed instructions and a cheery wave, the Hare immediately repairing to the shelter of the Pisstruck.

The most noticeable element of the trail was the contrast in the amount of paper and it soon became evident who had laid which parts.

With a couple of notable exceptions, people stuck to the trail and finished in around 70 minutes, the 2 offenders were, you know who from Down Under and the Alpine adventurer, Toblerone man sorry Tangerine Man who had managed to wrap themselves round their 3rd tinny by the time the pack burst over the finishing line.

There then occurred a travesty of justice as Big Yin shamelessly tried to influence the vote and with the cries for and against roughly equal he abused his position by using his casting vote to transfer the Lavvy seat, now came the difficult part, said item reposed round the neck of stand in Shitter Bob ze Builder some two and a bit metres aloft and as a vertically challenged individual Yin had to make several leaps before being able to remove the piece and of course by way of retribution the heavens had once again opened and without further ado but after saying "Hasta la Vista" to Scouse Bastard and Mother Cooker and just about hearing that Masterbates will be hosting us at Taling Ngam on the 15th, the by now diminished Circle was closed. Of note it must have been the shortest Circle on record.

Remember to look out your best party frocks for Thursday's Xmas extravaganza and that's just the guys.

On On TRASHER







