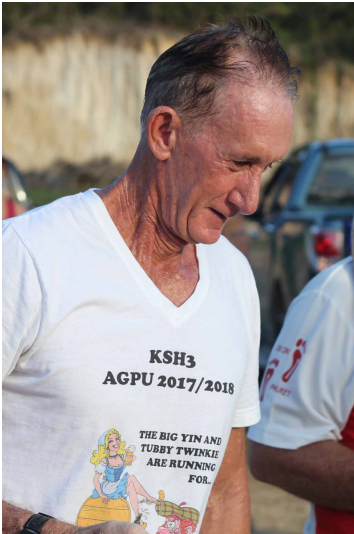


HASH 949



Saturday dawned in Taling Nahm and a series of showers provided us with soft underfoot conditions but as the starting bell rung the band of happy Hashers set off at a pace and we had the pleasure of the Hare's company as Banana Bender trotted along just in case there was a repeat of last week's multiple strandings. The briefing had warned of some boggy bits and he didn't exaggerate, in jig time one and all were splashing contentedly through the morass, oh the joys.

We got a tad confused at the first Check due to an errant coconut abandoning it's clump of paper but soon were back on track none the worse for wear.

Fitness levels may be a little on the low side and I was seriously considering the Wankers route when we came to the Split but I persuaded myself to take the bit between my choppers and pressed on with the Rambos, boy did I regret my rashness.

While the Shufflers were sat back at base slurping ale and chomping on fresh pineapple, we were slogging up hill and dodging the mountain goats on our way to the finishing line.

The only paw to point skywards for Hash Shit belonged to No Balls and he looked for sympathy from the bucket but was replaced by ringmaster Tangerine Man on the cubes due to the aforementioned's foul language.

The verdict was as it should have been with a resounding cry of Great Hash.

Chastitty spotted some foraging on the trail and indicted the 2 Phu Yings, Banana Straightener and Sow Wow, who had no hesitation in swallowing from their nuts.

A virgin in the shape of Judy all the way from The Philippines joined us and although somewhat bewildered by the Circle, she vowed to return.

Winkle stepped in to invite all the Rambos to a Downie and Corky explained his appearance and disappearance on track but as Rambosnitch she also had to make her accusations from Iceland as she paid for her bad language.

Once again nobody crashed or otherwise made an arse of themselves so without further ado we moved on to next week and Big Yin will have the opperchancity to impress with his Trail laying, at the time of writing the venue was still unclear but you can take a guess.

No more business so Circle closed.