

Considering the recent crappy weather, the turnout on Saturday was encouraging with somewhere around 40 in the congregation and the Happy Ending / No Balls combination did us proud once again, it used to be the custom to get the Lavvy seat greased up for one of N.B's outings but since Happy pitched up things have improved considerably, good to see that.

Hash 998





Access to the camp was interesting and once there we were presented with an unusual set up of twigs, Crive style paper and the smallest false trail coconut to show the several newbies what to look for on the trail but however Co-Hare No Balls gave us his version of what to expect and sent us galloping off into the bush.

Water features are inevitable these days and they were in abundance along with enough mud to keep a “bloat” of hippos content and cool. Well laid paper and a modicum of slopes mixed in alongside some concrete kept things interesting.



But when we came to the quarry part along Maenam 3, it became farcical with shin deep gloop a plenty, we came across a lady on a three-wheeler stuck up to her crankcase in the stuff but the combined Hasher power extricated her from it and she went on her merry way as did we.



Down Early, Winkle and No Angel pushing Bike out of the Mud!
OK, not really, but I had no pictures!!

A final mud bath followed by a few hundred metres of shrubbery took us back to base and before you could say boo to a buffalo the G.M. got proceedings under way with thoughts and opinions expressed freely which resulted in the correct decision of Great Hash being awarded to the dauntless duo, and returnee Brothel Bob gets to hold onto his prized shit necklace.



The afternoon had started with us observing a minute's silence to mark the passing of one of our Hashers Scouse Bastard who sadly lost his battle against cancer last week. Our thoughts and prayers go out to his widow Mother Cooker and to his family. Pickled Lily offered a short but touching poem, thanks for that.

*There was no time to say goodbye
But this I ask, do not cry
Remember me as you did best
Remember the happy time and forget the rest
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me ever
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever*



Scouse Bastard
1945 – 2022
RIP

Freshly appointed snitchers in the shape of No Fucking Clue for the Rambos and Big Yin as Wanking grasser combined to indict an assortment of guilty looking individuals with Two Stroke coming out best after both squealers named him as their favourite.





A motley collection of returnees included Crive and No Woman, Brothel Bob, Uncle Ben and possibly our youngest Hasher namely a 45 day old sprogett all the way from Moscow with his lovely parents.



Corky took the FRB award after some outrageous shortcutting and our visitor from across the pond, Coxworthy, got the crasher of the day Bunnet and our best wishes go to the soi dog that bit him on the trail and is now suffering from alcohol poisoning.

The bucket was graced with the S.O.S. derrière and later by the not so cute G.Ms (Editors Note: What??? Not Cute???) g.m.(gluteus maximus).



Our Grand Mufti closed the Circle from Iceland and rings were pulled.