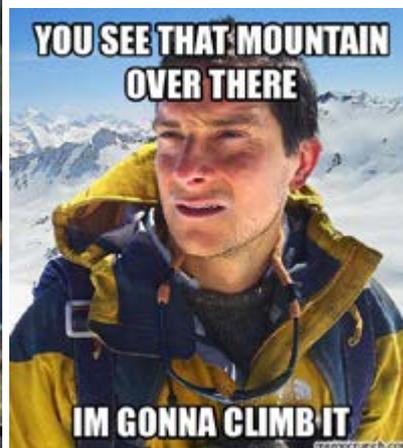


Hash 844 Muff Diver's Mountain Do



HARE	<u>Muff Diver</u>
GM	<u>Crive</u>
AGM	<u>The Big Yin</u>
VENUE	<u>Bang Por</u>
DATE	<u>23 Feb 2019</u>

Over the years he's been in our group, Muffdiver has set several Hashes and it was obvious from day one that he wanted to "do it differently" so we expected to be surprised on Saturday, but WTF?

Let me first of all say that he confided to me that this trail had been in the pot for quite some time but he felt that it could have been a tad on the adventurous side. We'd been subjected to his mountain goat outings previously so when he asked us to tread with care this time round, one or six of us were a little concerned.

Assemble at Bang Po 1 he said and sure enough 42 bravehearts took up the invitation and at the appointed hour were informed about the beauties awaiting us and also the warning was issued about the descent....some parts are steeper than others quotith he.

All aboard The Skylark, in this case 6 of them and off we went to who knows where, up and up with Leopard Piss's jalopy complaining about the steep ascent so much that Bin Runnin had to get out and push. Finally we were debussed at the top of the world and sent packing in three groups. I went with the Rambos on route one and before long hit check one which held our attention for a few minutes, having solved the mystery and yelled ON ON, bang check two!!!! Oh and by the way the Wankers were having the day off with a checkless route, talk about currying favour. So on we forged down and around what was admittedly pleasant countryside, we got a taste of what was awaiting us with a downhill slalom like feature which saw Down Early crawling on all fours while reciting



some Isaan prayers interspersed with a description of what she'd like to do to the Hare if and when she ever got back to camp. At the bottom of this hillock, who appeared but Stuffed Crutch muttering about the paper being on the wrong side. We thanked him for inadvertently finding the Rambo trail and pressed on or should I say hacked our way through jungle that Tarzan would have felt at home in, then there was an uphill slope which turned into a f#%*#%g north face of the Eiger, Trailer Trash regretted having done her "leg day" on the Friday and Tubby Twinkie had us all in stitches when 3/4s of the way up she called "False Trail" the responses are unprintable, anyway we eventually conquered the mountain and there to greet us was Babalalas

who had his old Ford there to whisk the wobbly ones to safety.



So now we were beginning to wish we had listened to the Hare more closely as the first of many precipitous sections come before us, downhill is one thing but when you see the goats quivering at the side of the path well you know it's time to worry, we were all humming " get it down down down" and by the time we had crossed the last part and saw a concrete road we thought GREAT.

When we saw how steep the road was, it crossed our mind to go back to the safety of the rocky bits, but we're Hashers and so with heart in mouth went for it, just a short jog and ON IN was called and a collective sigh of relief followed by a hiss as the first of many rings were pulled.



The Circle was called even though DFL was still trailside but before the vote he came into view and got a resounding cheer then collapsed into a seat.

A different trail and a different Circle, we had Lynne called in as she was shirtless and we got her tiny bum in the tiny basin, hastily purchased to stand in for our usual one, and while she was there in Iceland it seemed a good idea to name her, so without

wasting time on name selection and bearing in mind her position she became "Chapped Lips".

Oddly enough our mob decided that Muffy the vampire slayer had done enough to get the thumbs up and so Crive keeps his crown.

Tubby was Rambo Squealer, the victims were Trailer Trash who was predicting that " we're all doomed captain" and whinged like a big girl, Forrest Dump who couldn't remember names and anyhow he'd Fucked off so we had a stand in and some one else got his downie.



Picklelilly just got all the VIPs in because she couldn't see anything through the smoke screen.

Hashcrash had several candidates but the winner was No name Steven with a 9.8 for technical merit and 9.3 for artistic content.

Masterbates, who had a quiet day on the animal front made up for it by gobbing Circleside and so his ample Gluteus Maximus, or half of it , made contact with the cubes.

Visitors Natasha with the white teeth and Crasher Steven were welcomed to our group and despite his untimely oomfall they thoroughly enjoyed their time at the geriatric kindergarten.

We're off on our travels again to Koh Phangan, full details are on their way as we speak but it will be on the last Saturday of March, accommodation can be arranged by contacting Leopard Piss but email him cos he seldom answers his trumpet.

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Russell Crowe tried hiding his new slippers but Glad I ate her sent him back to the car to retrieve them and slurpety slurp a nice sweaty one slid down the Kiwi throat

Leopard Piss is next Saturday's Hare so expect something lovely.

ON ON

TRASHER

