

THE LOST VALLEY

Hash 849 Dazed and Confused by The Big Yin

HARE The Big Yin

GM Crive

AGM The Big Yin

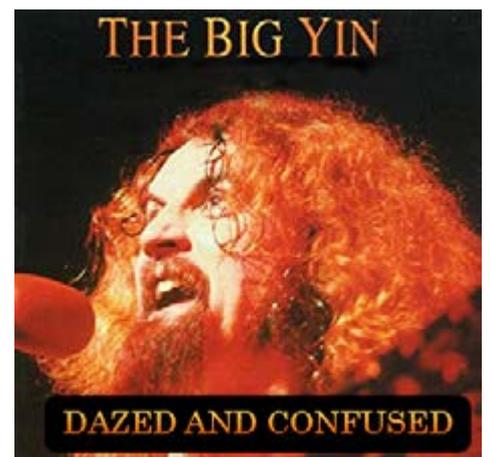
VENUE Lipa Noi

DATE 30 March 2019



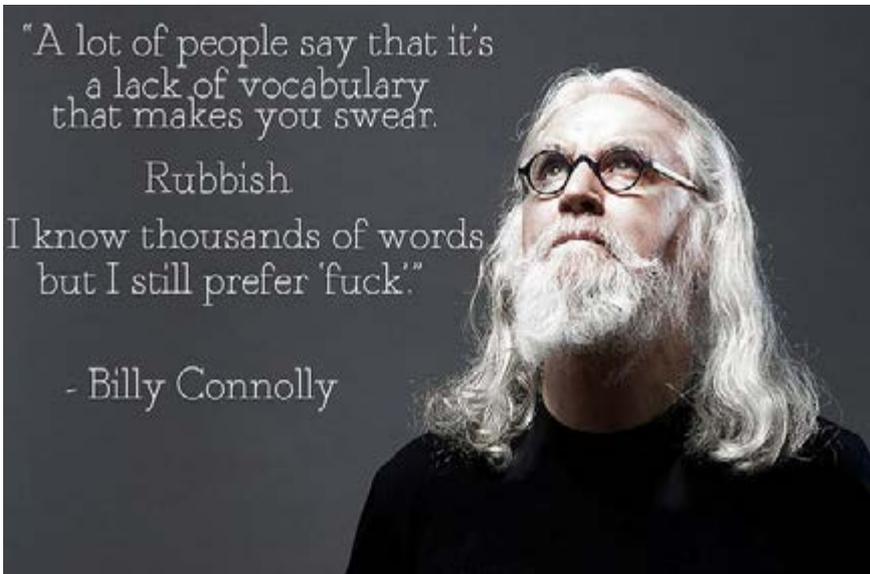
A DAY OF DRAMA, JOY AND SHRIVELLED NUTS.

Lipa Noi was the venue and the rain gods dealt a blow to the hopes of Big Yin of securing a positive result, that and the ill advised back check which had the gang spinning on their axis. At 16.00 hrs. with a modest 35 having parted with their dosh, Crive called the circus to disorder and the Hare gave his description and off they went in various directions, the cripples with Glad I ate her on point followed the signage unfortunately the Kiwi lass was too busy checking her lippy in the mirror to notice the change of direction but all was not lost and they were soon on track again.



On the other part of the trail the first check loomed ominously at the top of a slope and there followed several moments of Hashers wandering in all directions, yes the Caledonian clod confused the crap out of the crowd, nobody spotted the cunningly placed back check and so we missed the spectacular views from the top of the next hill.

Once we had regained the trail we were treated to an interesting diversion through some very pleasant countryside finally emerging back onto the road and the rest was fairly plain sailing, a simple river crossing and ten minutes later we all trooped into camp to deliver our verdict.



Tubby Twinkly established her authority straight away by placing the Hare on ice and commenced the opinion poll, ably summed up by Mutton Jeff who, being intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, described the Hash as "CRAP" even the Hare who by this time knew his cause was lost and had removed his frozen assets from the bucket put his hand up for Hash Shit. An expression of sadness came over Crive's countenance as he bid farewell to his old chum the Klunky seat.



Moving on, the squealers did their thing and this week we had three of them with No Woman no Crive selecting Gromit for sitting down unceremoniously mid trail and awarded her the Bunnet.

No Balls woke up long enough to castigate Midwife Crisis for some imaginary crime. Masterbates as Rambosnitch blew the whistle on Tangerine Man for showering mid Hash, he apparently took advantage of a broken water pipe to get his kit off and dance around under the cool water yodelling his head off and exposing his noodle. This incident also earned the Swiss watchman the first wearing of the new Hash Shit Shirt and he accepted it graciously.



Jonny Come Lately was next to face the music, as serial FRB he habitually takes to the trail with out his ball and chain and so he will be admitted to Bangkok Samui on Monday to undergo a "ballectomy" Trickcyclist is off the rock for a few months so we gave him a seat on the cubes just to remember us by when he's relaxing in Maine.



The Hash splashed out on a new barby last week and Two Stroke finally got all the screws and nuts in the right place and so we will be test-driving it in a couple of weeks time under the watchful eye of Pickled Lilly the newly appointed BBQ Bitch.

Uphill Gardener and Toblerone Tom are the Hare combo on the 6th of April and apparently they are subjecting us to a city Hash in down town Lamai.....Gawd help us.

No more business so Circle closed.

ON ON.

TRASHER.

