



HASHIT

Run No: 1689

Hare: Pink Bits

Where: Hardy Ave

When: 14 January 2008

A moderate sized group of hashers turned up in the heat for Pink Bits' maiden run. Dead Ringer came prettily decked out in pink in her honour. Despite feeling quite poorly, or perhaps "because" she was feeling quite poorly, Pinky set us a nice shady run with no hills and not too many surprises.

Off the runners went with gusto only to have to turn back and retrace after Furballs missed the trail. Behind them came Nowra confidently looking like he knew where he was going. The lady walkers were next, with the Phantom and Twiggy bringing up the rear quite happily following the ladies' bums along.

Losing sight of the pack in the distance the lady walkers made the silly mistake of following Nowra instead of the trail. This worked ok for a while until we turned a corner and he was gone, right into the "twilight zone". Do-do-do-do. At about this time the Phantom and Twiggy stopped to give some ol' guy directions only to look up and find the ladies' bums gone also, so they were completely stuffed as well.

With Nowra and the trail both totally lost the ladies made a unanimous decision to head for the park. This turned out to be a good one as we rediscovered the pack along the way, regained trail and even found on home for a change.

Back home a much relieved pack quenched our thirsts and recovered from the heat. In a surprise late inclusion it appears the Brute, Doggy and Mr Magoo turned up late for hash and went straight to the Farrer and back, still managing to find on home since it was conveniently situated nearby.

The GM convened the circle and having decided he still had more to dish out to Boom Box, related a story containing a possible explanation for that butterfly tatt. Nowra had his slip ons off ready to make a quick get away dash for it, but Boom Box was far quicker, and got him with a pitch of her water bottle that you would more likely expect to see at Yankee Stadium. In Library's absence DHOTW was awarded to Furballs for missing the trail.

Up Cumming Runs/Events

Run Number	Date	Hare	Where??
1689	14/1/08	Pink Bits	55 Hardy Avenue
1690	21/1/08	Library	37 Pugsley Avenue
1691	28/1/08	Camouflage	William Farrer Hotel
1692	4/2/08	Handjob/Deadringer	39 Mason Street
1693	11/2/08	Twiggy	
1694	18/2/08	The Phantom	
1695	25/2/08	Denco	Along the 'bidgee somewhere
1696	3/3/08	Doggy	
1697	10/3/08		William Farrer Hotel
1698	17/3/08	Furballs	

- The Scottish-Fijian Community Stall at the 2008 Canberra Multicultural Festival - 9th February 2008
- Interhash in Perth. 21st - 23rd March, 2008

Hash Trash

An oldie but a goodie

A young man married a beautiful woman who had previously divorced 10 husbands. On their wedding night, she told her new husband to "Please be gentle; I'm still a virgin". "What?" said the puzzled groom. "How can that be if you've been married ten times?" "Well, husband #1 was a Sales Representative; he kept telling me how great it was going to be. "Husband # 2 was in Software Services; he was never really sure how it was supposed to function; but he said he'd look into it and get back with me. "Husband # 3 was from Field Services; he said that everything checked out diagnostically but he just couldn't get the system up. Husband # 4 was in Telemarketing; even though he knew he had the order, he didn't know when he would be able to deliver. "Husband # 5 was an Engineer, he understood the basic process but he wanted three years to research, implement, and design a new state of the-art method. Husband # 6 was from Administration; he thought he knew how but he wasn't sure whether it was his job or not. Husband # 7 was in Marketing; although he had a product, he was never sure how to position it. Husband # 8 was a Psychiatrist; all he did was talk about it. Husband # 9 was a Gynaecologist; all he did was look at it. Husband # 10 was a Stamp Collector; all he ever did was..... God I miss him. But now that I've married you, I'm so excited". "Wonderful", said the husband, "but why?" You're with the "GOVERNMENT"... This time I KNOW I'M gonna get SCREWED

Joe and Wanda had a small apartment in the city and they decided that the only way to pull off a Sunday afternoon quickie with their ten-year-old son in the apartment was to send him out on the balcony and order him to report on all the neighbourhood activities. To a young boy, they thought, spying would be a lot of fun and would distract him for an hour or so.

The boy began his commentary as his parents put their plan into operation.

"There's a car being towed from the parking lot," he said.

"An ambulance just drove by."

A few moments passed.

"Looks like the Andersons have company," he called out. "Matt's riding a new bike and the Coopers are having sex."

Mom and Dad shot up in bed. "How do you know that?" the startled father asked.

"Their kid is standing out on the balcony too," his son replied.

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Q: What did the blond customer say after reading the buxom waitress' name tag?

A: "'Debbie'...that's cute. What did you name the other one?'"

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