

## **The Hash Barbadians Descent Upon Sandy Lane After Conquering the Alps of Barbados**

Run 1431 Location – Alps of Barbados Near Sandy Lane – Home of the Righteous Ralf and Lovely Lidia

Come and listen to a story about a hasher named Ted  
A poor mountaineer, barely kept his family fed,  
Then one day he was shootin at some food,  
And up through the ground came a bubblin' crude.

Oil that is, black gold, Barbados tea.

Well the first thing you know ol' Jed's a millionaire,  
Kinfolk said Jed move away from there  
Said Barbados is the place you ought to be  
So they loaded up the truck and moved to Sandy Lane.

Hills, that is.  
Swimmin pools, movie stars.

The Hash House Harriers of Barbados!

A might band of hashers, those notorious ruffians and barbarians from all over the world, descended on hot Saturday afternoon with a mission – to conquer the fabled Alps of St James, Barbados. These high mighty crags were inhabited by wild monkey gods guarding the way to that fabled, mythical Shangala known throughout the world as “Sandy Lane” inhabited by rich and famous celebrities.

The Alps of St James had only been conquered once before by the mighty hashers, but being true hashers with only half a mind, no one remembered the secret route. Mighty Ralf the Hunter with his trusty dog side kick the mysterious and wise creature known only as Lulu led the way across the field of death and onto the secret passage way that led through the Monkey god realm. The brave and mighty hashers ran into the forest and were swallowed up the howling wilderness.

Hours later they emerged on the other end and saw glittering in the distance the fabled castles and mansions of Sandy Lane. They entered the fabled Shangala with fear and trepidation. Yvette, falsely claimed that she was one of the Sandy Lane angels who guided people through the many false turns and death defying leaps over the canyons of doom. The hashers followed her through the wilderness and found themselves in the Sandy Lane of their dreams.

The hashers marveled at the huge mansions, the swimming pools, and the stars who stared back at the hashers with evil contempt in their eyes as the mangy horde of deranged hashers ran through yelling their secret code words ON ON and Checking and On back.

Hours and hours passed as the hashers went down this false trail and that false trail and got caught up in the quick sand as they crossed over the Sandy Lane golf course and

entered the secret neighborhoods of Holders and ran along the numerous side streets and trails back to the house that Ralf build on the edge of the mighty Alps of St. James. Finally the hashers saw the promised light at the end of the tunnel and limped back to the Hash Bar by the pool in the House that Ralf build.

All of the brave and merry band of Hashers had survived their encounter with the Alps of Barbados and the wilds of Sandy Lane. And the monkey gods had let us all live to tell the tale.

The band assembled around the pool as our dear leader lead us in our weekly exhortation and weird religious rites where we celebrate the various transgressions committed by the Hashers.

Francine and Raymond were found guilty of that most heinous crime – Deliberate shortcutting and aiding and abetting June Clark leading her away from the true path and into a false short cut. They were appropriately punished for their foul misdeed.

The four hares that set this epic assault on the Alps of Barbados and the wilds of Sandy Lane were punished for a run that was too short, too boring, and had trees strategically place so we could ski down the slopes but they failed to bring snow. How evil and misguided the dastardly hares were in setting such a fantastic run through the Alps of Barbados.

Mike Foster, the Hash's beloved adopted police man, was punished for failing to apprehend that notorious criminal Katrina for the crime of predial larceny as she stole mangos and frangipani clippings from unsuspecting residences as she traipsed through the garden mansions of Sandy Lane stealing mangos left and right.

Yvette was punished for a new heinous crime –providing slanderous and libelous misinformation to the hashers who with only half a mind half believed her when she pointed out one of the ten bed room cottages was her weekend retreat. Only we found out later that she was dreaming that she lived there.

Roger Hart was the hash hog of the week as he was always hogging the limelight and showing the rest of us how it is done. Making the rest of the Hashers jealous as Roger stole all the glory for himself.

Raymond was punished for not properly appreciating June's rear end.

O'Neal was given a hash trollop award for falsely claiming an unnamed couple had been seen at the circle kissing up a storm. He made the false accusation to get a free drink in true hash style. Well done.

There were some Hash virgins who were welcomed to the Hash. We probably scared them off and will never see them again but they were welcomed to the secret society of the hash nonetheless.

David [Shaggy](#) Leacock received the hash shit shirt for falsing sending the On Sec back through St Thomas.

And some guy got the shirt for wearing a black shirt at the run. Shame on him. We taught him. He promised to come back. We'll see.

Ralph, Lidia, Shaggy and Haul Ass were given special recognition as this was their tenth anniversary run.

The hashers stood around and drank into the evening gloom, glad that they conquered the Alps of St. James and had seen the promised land of Sandy Lane before they died.

Until next time

ON ON

Jake Aller