

Hash Trash

Run 1448 – Location: Queen Elizabeth Hospital Sports Ground

“Churches & Gulleys” or was it TRULY “Lurches & GIRLIES”

This Hash started in such a lovely spot complete with a sporting match already in process for our viewing pleasure as we assembled and prepared for our “outing”. We watched as the Cricket team that was in tried to get out, while the other cricketers that were out tried to get in.

The Hashers were then instructed by “Too Tall” Chris that this little jaunt would be all about “Churches & Gulleys”. He told us that we would be able to observe a plethora of houses of worship. He was forced to admit that all religious persuasions were not included in the Holy Land tour that he created. He promised us gulleys-a-plenty, which seemed to please some of the amassed throng immensely. “Too Tall” then proceeded to give the less hearty members of the assembly some hope (was it false hope?) that the run would last about an hour and fifteen minutes and there would be markings galore as he thought that some might somehow be dispersed by the indigenous peoples. So assured with churches to take our ease and markings that could not be missed, we proceeded as directed across the back of the cricket field...only to immediately get hopelessly lost just trying to find the very first of the promised many, many, many dots.

We did indeed see some churches as prophesized, BUT with it being all of Saturday afternoon not a single one had the eagerly anticipated “open door” or “healing waters” that we so eagerly had anticipated.

We had the promised gulleys too, but these were no gulleys that the veteran Hashers were used to. Kind of like when the Beverly Hillbillies showed up in Hollywood and could not find a proper “watering hole” for their critters, no they had to settle for a “cement pond” instead. Those are the kind of gulleys we found – the cement kind.

Hey, and what happened to “all the dots”? More than once the entire assemblage would charge forward, or more aptly put LURCH forward, following one or two dots relatively close together ONLY to find that was the end of that! Then the big group would gather on first this corner and the next corner yelling “ARE YOU” to the total delight of the local inhabitants. In one instance, indeed, a dot had to be, in essence, resurrected as it were from the ground to once again make it visible and able to be followed. Who performed this “resurrection” remains a mystery that will remain undocumented in this particular Hash gospel story.

Another time a potential “dot” was suspected to be in a puddle near a refreshingly flowing stand-pipe. When one veteran Hasher that will remain unnamed, other than the clue that Vaughn is in his name, fished around in a puddle of standing water from the stand-pipe searching for the elusive “dot”, one not-so-veteran female Hasher was heard

to remark, Ewwww, I wouldn't do that!" Still, the "dot" was found and the group once again lurched on to the next spot where the dots seemed to vanish once again. More than one Hasher thought that perhaps "Too Tall" had played an incredible trick on them by using the flour-equivalent of "invisible ink" to mark his particular trail.

Oh, lest I forget, there were two spots that made this particular Hash oh-so-very memorable. There they were, right there, practically in the middle of the city, both a Dairy and a Prison. The funny thing is, though we saw a Dairy and also saw a Prison; we saw neither a cow nor a prisoner. But oh, we saw and more so FELT and more-so-still trudged through many a "bit" of evidence that cows had once been there in great abundance – and also apparently had been well-fed! We only saw one guy who looked like he could have been a prisoner at one time, but obviously not the brightest of escapees. For he had decided to take up residence, right there just outside the prison wall. He was happy as a lark to be cooking up his chicken soup dinner on an open fire.

Oh, lest not I also forget, yet another memorable event that occurred on this Hash. Yes, that's right – The Return of MARCO! Like the prodigal son in the Book, Marco did return to the Hash. This indeed, is the very same Hash that had previously appointed him as their Fearless Leader. So, what he gets, this heavenly anointment, and then proceeds to up and leave for months and months at a time. If that is not prodigal behavior, I simply don't know what is. So, the return of the Prodigal Son Marco was only befitting a Hash based around Houses touting the Good Word.

Well, eventually the assembled throng did lurch its way back from whence it had started and it was time for the ceremonial Down-Downs. What's this, only one Virgin – just what has happened to our recruitment program? Obviously, DaSilva, and O'Neal and Griffith are not doing their customary duties.

Then, unbelievably for such a Hash, where one would expect to see a "Heavenly Sight", no, we saw just the opposite. Both Marco (that's right the Prodigal Son Returned) and Taxi Ted were called up for Poofter-like behavior. Before our already weary eyes, these two were festooned like proper trollops in their pink sleeping gowns. What was their crime? Not coming to the Hash unless they knew for sure that each would see the other. Poofterism incarnate.

But, didn't I previously say this was not about "Churches and Gulleys" but more about "Lurches and GIRLIES". Well, you have heard plenty about the "lurches" by now thanks to "Too Tall" and his dots-a-plenty (NOT). SO, what about the GIRLIES – well, we are getting to that part. At this point the esteemed RA summoned up to the front initially all women-folk – not much more than girls really-between this age and that. Then like a fisher, not quite happy with his catch, he cast his "net" out yet again. Still, not happy with his haul, he started specifically picking out first this gal and then that gal until assembled before him was a BEVY of BEAUTIES. What was their HEINEOUS Crime? Just plain, not doing their job! There they are all in the prime of their health and loveliness when they are supposed to be out eagerly scoping out the ever elusive "dots" so the older and the not-so-lovely men-folk don't have to work so hard as they leisurely

go about their business of Hashing. Oh no, not this assembled band, they were quite content just to look “heavenly” and proceed to LIME while the men-folk had not the time to admire them, since they were busy ferreting out the trail.

Finally, just one more thing was left to do. Oh wait, make that TWO more things to do. Apparently we had some Birthdays that needed to be recognized. Brought forth were Haul-Ass and Linda, but wait again, did someone forget that we were not a “singing hash”. Oh well, what the Heck, sing we did to celebrate these Hashers in and around their respective dates of birth. THEN what the Heck and for good measure – give those Birthday celebrants ONE more gift. That’s right, the gift that keeps on giving – The Shirt Shirts!

Respectfully Submitted,
Little Shit – AKA – The Smiler!

