

RUN NO: 104

DATE: 14 April 2002

VENUE: Hera Tart

HARES: Mumbles & Bubs

PUDDLE JUMPERS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS DILI, EAST TIMOR



Mismanagement

Gr & Master	Ron	LACERATION	Isaacson	0407 101911	risaacson@worldbank.org
Religious Adviser	Joe	BLOW JOE	Yaggi	0408 283829	junglerun@dps.centrin.net.id
Hash Cash	Terry	SCRUBBER	Jenkins	0408 242084	terryjenkins21@hotmail.com
Joint Beermaster	Tom	ENEMA	Bannon	0419 175863	dash_769hotmail.com
Joint Beermaster	Lea	PISS POUR	Bannon	ditto above for now	
Hash Trash	Larry	HARI DONUT	Hunt	0438 728 338	ljhunt52@hotmail.com
Trailmaster	&y	SLOPS	Hislops	0417 005669	laser09@hotmail.com
On Sex	Nicki	SEXON	Harrison	0409892823	nickih@hotmail.com
Choirmaster	Dallas	FIRE IN THE HOLE	Roy	0438737220	dallasroy@hotmail.com
Sergeant At Arms	Mike	BEETLE NUTS	Shapl&	0419 832734	shapl&@un.org
Hash Horn	Doug	STREAKER	Webb		webbd@un.org
Hash Flash	Steve	PULL IT	Dunn	0408 679305	sdunn49@yahoo.com

Founded by Slops & PNS
First run 30 April 2000

HASH TRASH

Web Site -
<http://www.angelfire.com/on3/puddlejumpers>

NEXT WEEK'S RUN: TBA

RUN & WALK NO. 103 – Mumbles & Bubs

The **Hera Singing in the Jungle Run** rated among the best-planned runs in East-Timor HASH history. Set in scenic Hera, a literal malarial paradise, with everything one would hope to enjoy; beautiful port, grasslands stocked with wild horses, buffaloes & mossies, & a section of jungle that would make Tarzan jealous. It was **OnOn** paper with the pack heading straight into the thick of it led by **Fire in the Hole** taking a sharp left. **Porker, Slops** & a few other hounds noticed the **Hare** holding back & taking a right leaving the majority of Hashers on their own. Deep in the jungle with no paper to be found **Mumbles** seemed to be lost (because he was). **Slops** tried to help by pulling some paper out of his pocket to see if the **Hare** wanted to lay some down. The handful of hounds began to worry: "was he really lost or was it a trick?" This question may never be answered. The hounds made every effort to comfort **Mumbles** in his hour of despair & possible disaster by calling him a cunt & several other comforting words. **Porker** even pondered the possibility of having to bed down for the night in the jungle but that was out of the question with **Slops** there, as

everyone knows! Well maybe everyone doesn't know.

The greatest darkness is just before dawn & as things looked their darkest we hit the road & were on our way to catch up with the pack. Turning the corner here comes the runners: **Haidrolik** with a worried look on his face & whinging about the poorly marked trail. **Mumbles** was able to encourage him by telling him to stop whinging & go left & to the relief of the hounds, the trail didn't just end; there was more.

We headed through a beautiful trail of tall green grass. It would have been even more enjoyable if the grass didn't slice small cuts on your legs as you passed through it & the mud wasn't so slippery so as to cause you to feel you were on ice. The **HASH** checks were beautifully laid out with a pile of paper in the middle with five or six possibilities to choose from. Getting away from the conventional three dots & **ONON** it was 100 to 300 meters & a line across the trail or sometimes no line at all. The only difficulty was getting the hounds to try the false trails with **Mumbles** taking the runners down a rather long false trail. This lifted the moral with comments from **Harry Donut**, reminding the hare that he was indeed great **Hare**. Other uplifting comments were men in uniform like, "your dead **Mumbles**".

With the runners really tuned in to any paper in sight & **Slops** still offering paper for the trail, we reached **HASH Halt** one. It was a wonderful spot with comments like "this is a great place to get malaria". The songs were really uplifting & original. They were so original one has to question, who wrote these songs? Oh well this is **HASH**!!



"Take your skirt off"

ON ON paper again with a rare white arrow along the way. The trail led us to a dry creek bed with signs of a recent torrent. Sure enough the runners were

confused again. **Pharta** looking worried begs the Hare to reveal which direction to run. He was told but **Pharta** refused to try the direction. Fortunately for him as it was the wrong direction. By the time we reached the last **Hash Halt** the hounds were tuned in like scouts looking for any signs of paper or trail. It was FRBs like **Fire in the Hole** that could follow a trail without markings. Having passed the test it was **ON Home** for a much deserved beer, barbeque & Prick of the Week. **ON ON!** Sorry no walk discussion? "**Bubs** in the circle"!

CIRCLE CIRCUS

Mumbles real job was to write about the run, not about **Mumbles**. The run was too long, too hot and too muddy. Everyone was confused, but that's Hash. After the main run event (no idea about the walk as Bubs is a lazy bastard), we were all in the circle expecting to drink out of tin cups like we were in prison, but instead, it was plastic look-a-likes – here's to innovative thinking! **Piss Pour**, who obviously really liked taking her skirt off in front of a bunch of hungry Hashers, hands it over to **Rough Rider**. **8Something & Vegina** now take over for **Beer Master/Mistress** (which is which?) as they are off to enjoy the spring thaw of Canada. The job of **Sergeant of Arms** passes from **Beetle Nuts** to **Vulga**, as a temporary measure. Un-noticed by most people, was **Numatik, Rupiah & Scrubber** busy barbecuing but filling their faces while doing the cooking – bad kitchen habits will lead to over weight problems (Chinese proverb). Freeloaders were given their proper due: **Rough Rider** and **Drover** (who incidentally became a FRB starting the run at the second Halt Check). The CC finally concluded with the handover of **Barnacle Bill the Chicken** to **Blow Joe** – his own idea backfires.

DOWN DOWNS

Hares *Mumbles & Bubs* - A particularly deserving situation for the runners.
Newbies **Susana Ramos, Chris Mann, Sonya McMahon, Wayne Cross, Alan Stockwell, Tony Mobes, Glenn Taylor, Lynn Duguid, Paul Greening, Marcus Burnet**
Sponsors *Sniffer, Grass Cutter, Psycho, Beetle Nuts, Vulga, Hemroid, Scrubber,*
Bullshit
Zeros **Bups** 30 runs
Haidrolik 70 runs
Vulga 10 runs
SCB **all the walkers**
FRB **Fire in the Hole** – although not an official charge, nevertheless, poetic licence.
New Shoes **Wayne** or is that **Wine (ask Fire in the Hole)**
Leaners you know who you are
Leavers **Piss Pour, Enema, Mumbles, Beetle Nuts, Back Slapper**



“Hats in the circle”

CHARGES FROM THE CIRCLE

Blow Joe Charged Everybody including: **Piss Pour Enema** for no glasses (but good improvising), **Mumbles** for such a shit run, **Vulga** for puking on the run & **Imagen, Dubbs, Mindy, John, Avril, Lynn, Glenn, Jo, Chris, Porthold, Susanna & Pig Pen** FOR only every having One Down Down.
GM Charged **Porker** for dancing in Circle
GM Charged **Flat Out & Up Right** for sex in the Circle (again?)
GM Charged **Slops, Tuppa** for being (writing unintelligible) (**Laceration** joins – GMs don't drink alone).
GM Charged Choir Mistress for calling GM stupid (getting very insulting here)
Sniffer Charged **Slops, Fuk Ur Wee, Mumbles**, for Hash training
Brown Eye Charged **Haidrolik** for being a mean bastard for not buying **Numatic** Hash shoes

NEW NAMES

Jo Dreag becomes **Flat Out**
 John Dreag becomes **Up Right**
 Steve becomes **Phone Sex & gets a down²** for pointing
 Avril becomes **Crotch Doctor**

POTW **Slops** man responsible for all the fun we are having – **where's the incentive?**



14-4-2002

The Geography of a Woman: Between the ages of 15 - 18 a woman is like China or Iran. Developing at a sizzling rate with a lot of potential but as yet still not free or open. Between the ages of 18 - 21 a woman is like Africa or Australia. She is half discovered, half wild & naturally beautiful with bushland around the fertile deltas. Between the ages of 21 - 30 a woman is like America or Japan. Completely discovered, very well developed & open to trade especially with countries with cash or cars. Between the ages of 30 - 35, she is like India or Spain. Very hot, relaxed & convinced of its own beauty. Between the ages of 35 - 40 a woman is like France or Argentina. She may have been half destroyed during the war but can still be a warm & desirable place to visit. Between the ages of 40 - 50 she is like Yugoslavia or Iraq. She lost the war & is haunted by past mistakes. Massive reconstruction is now necessary. Between the ages of 50 - 60 she is like Russia or Canada. Very wide, quiet & the borders are practically unpatrolled but the frigid climate keeps people away. Between the ages of 60 - 70 a woman is like England or Mongolia. With a glorious & all conquering past but alas no future. After 70, they become like Afghanistan. Everyone knows where it is, but there's no way you're going to go there.