

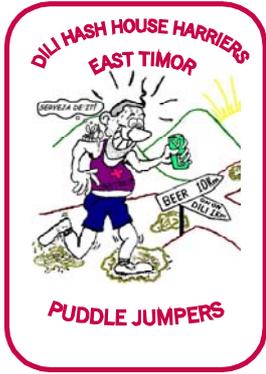
RUN NO: 183 DATE 26 OCTOBER 2003

VENUE: Dili Trade Centre

HARES: Mudflap, Taillight, Flasher, Lookie Nookie

PUDDLE JUMPERS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

DILI, EAST TIMOR



Mismanagement

Grand Master
Religious Adviser
Hash Cash
Beermistress
Hash Trash
Trailmaster
Choirmistress
Hash Flash
Membership

Trevor
Chris Dale
Ron
Nicky
Shane
Craig
Cynthia
Stephen
Peter

MUD FLAP
BB KING
LACERATION
SEXON
POSH EWE
ROCKS OFF
TWO DOGS
PULLIT
HOTASS

Parris 723 6476
Dale 723 8148
Isaacson 723 0551
Harrison
Baird 723 0902
Tarbotten 724 1037
Dunn 723 3008
Berney 723 0944

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sdunn49@yahoo.com.au
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Founded by
Slops & PNS First run
30 April 2000

H A S H T R A S H

Web Site -
<http://www/dilih3.net>

WALK NO 183: Waiting in eager anticipation under the trees behind the Dili Trade Centre, the walkers reluctantly formed the circle in the sun, only to be told by Flasher that they were on pink (yes Pink – is this a first?) and that they needed to help the person behind get down from the hill. During the walk Biggus Dickus was seen trying to hide behind a cute little 5? year old girl (no chance mate). This little one was a champion doing the walk with ease unlike some of the others who had obviously had a heavy night before. Down the road, down the river, through the village, up a hill and home within 55 minutes with a couple of hash stops, was the run in a nutshell. A great walk – punctuated by everyone waiting to see if Push It (Little Julie for the uninitiated) would stuff her knee up again as she climbed down hill.



RUN NO 183: This was a run that had everything, it stank in parts or was that Posh Ewes trail of destruction as buildings melted in his wake. After the sewers it was on through our wonderful Dili, Hash Halt was called at least ten times, to the delight of pacer Slow Withdrawal and the power walker Humping. Little Stumps hobbled as his feet were aching, what a girl. It was sad to see BB King fading to the middle of the pack, all of a sudden Two Heads got the sense that he could be a front runner for the first time in his life, so off he took – it would have looked impressive except for the fat pig running on past him. On on.



What the hell is that smell? Its coming from near Posh!



