

RUN NO: 103
VENUE: Tasi Toli Lakes

DATE: 07 April 2002
HARES: Volga and Browneye

PUDDLE JUMPERS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

DILI, EAST TIMOR



Mismanagement

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Founded by Slops & PNS
First run 30 April 2000

HASH TRASH

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

NEXT WEEK'S RUN: Hera Port – Mumbles and Bubs

RUN AND WALK NO. 102 – Volga and Browneye

Saturday, the day before what is known across Timor as Hash Sunday, **Brown Eye**, Dave Hill, **Water Women** (unofficial name) and **Volga/Mulga** conducted an on location viewing of the proposed course. It must be noted for future circles that **Water Women** has now set her first run but has never attended a Hash, this at a guess can only be put down to the rain on the run day. On the afternoon of setting the run, the earth was within about 100km of the sun. As most of the course was up - the trail could be set from the road. For the purpose of marking the course local kids were hired, supplied with paint and paper and sent on their way - these kids were never seen again. Considering payment was to be made at the completion of the task no concern is being held for their well-being. A loose arrangement was made that any money left over was to go their way. The object in mind when setting this run was to produce a Shit Run- this was achieved. In what could be described as perfect running conditions a solid attendance was on hand to take on an up and over and down and up again and over and back course. **Fire in the Hole** set off at a cracking pace pursued by the hash circle phantom later to be named in his absence as **Softcock**. **Softcock** was

hard up on **Fire in the Hole** for most of the first hill leg however as has been witnessed on many occasions, he disappeared. A hard right had gone unnoticed and **Softcock** continued on up as the rest of the pack wheeled right to go on down the gentle picturesque slope studded with lovely little thorny scrubs. No doubt these bushes will feature strongly in the soon to be established Dili Botanical gardens. The pack by this



time was becoming considerably strung out. The FRB's hit the hill road leading down to T-Bar, a grade that should have been steeper and looser under foot, but not to worry, I think this was cancelled out later in the run. A **Hash Halt** was called at the T-Bar T intersection allowing the SABS? to catch the FRBs. **Softcock** materialized again along with **Handjob** and his new shoes. (I think **Softcock** may have had new shoes too). Confusion reigned, the rain had let up and a song of sorts led by **Blow Joe** and

Fire in the Hole was sung. The highlight of the run occurred around T-Bar. This little area is a Mecca for pigs, goats, water buffalo, cattle and any other animal that has the tendency to crap and pee in the one location. A better spot could not have been dreamed of for the maiden run for a pair of new shoes. Setting off from the Halt the pack dispersed in the undergrowth coming out onto a slurry of manure. The run markings in this section had gone to shit, literally. The trail was once again picked up, as was the pace. The fishponds were negotiated and the habitat of the salt-water croc was entered inspiring some **SCBs** to locate the next up-section of the course. This couldn't be described as too steep as most of the pack made it to the top. **Streaker**, freshly back from leave had taken to his horn with gusto earlier in the run, but at this point only dribblings of honks were emanating from his horn. Without **Streaker's** encouragement the hill was much steeper- so blame him. Fortunately the view from the top was spoilt by the rainy overcast weather, a fair enough trade off for a few less degrees in temperature. **Beetle Nuts** was well back in the pack for most of the outing. The reason escaped us all at the time but we were all brought up to speed in the circle later-it was for the view.

The second and final halt was taken and only the thought of a song was had before the pack set about identifying the trail home. Option one was straight on down to the coast road, two- on down to the firing range that just happened to be in use, and option three follow the hare. Once on the right course with the smell of VB beginning to impregnate the air Bottom Feeder secured a new lease on life showing superb fitness by sprinting and describing the hares in the worst possible terms. Some runners were drawn towards the firing range either to fulfil a need of thrill and danger or just the desire to end it all. Uncertainty was in the minds of some, as this section was not marked, let's face it if you're meant to turn off there would have been a sign- straight on home. All in all, just another one of those everyday run of the mill shit runs. **Walk No. 102W** – Tasitolu lakes. While the runners ground and pounded their way up the hill the walkers struggled through the soft sand of the Tasi Tolu beach to emerge to vistas of a Beau Geste fort which looks remarkably like the Pope's Podium. Across the nearby football field to a **Hash Hold** between the central and eastern lake for a rendition of "Singin' in the Rain" led by **Perspiration** who was called back from retirement. Around the central lake and past the Japanese log, depot. Seems they are building the teahouse of the "full moon" across the path to the summit of the adjacent ridge. DH3 has been invited to the opening next full moon – please ensure your shorts are loosely tied. And so back to the circle – the Flat White Run in reverse – getting a little tasteless now.

CIRCLE CIRCUS

The number of down downs was dramatically up this week due to **Blow Joe** charging everyone in eyesight as he nodded around the circle. I'm sure that almost all 59 Hashers ended up inside the circle at some stage. **Laceration** was overhead saying "this is important" – "what could be important on the Hash" Blow Joe wondered!! **Scrubber** found himself in the circle with the new Japanese recruit. **Brown Eye** after getting yet another down down moons the crowd – As **69** gets here come up-pence, someone calls fire in the hole – she will be leading the Hash music – hope she has done her homework – www.hashsongs.com.



Two hashers enjoying each other

DOWN DOWNS

Hares Vulga and Browneye
Newbies Charmaine, Bill², Tim, Brant, Simon, Natasha, Barry, Imogen, Chris, Magda, Streton, Greg, Robin,
Sponsors Steaker, Sparkles, Joe Blow, Lasher, Nipper, Beetle Nuts, Scrubber, Avro, Gary
Zeros Oh No Oh Yes 20 runs
 Grass Cutter 10 runs
SCB Bullshit, Oh No Oh Yes and Randy – they didn't even run or walk
New Shoes Charmaine & Bill, Hand Job, Simon Magda and Natasha
Leaners Softcock
Leavers Flasher who thanked all the bastards for making Sunday's non-religious, and Trolley Dolly and Simon the nameless Nubie

CHARGES FROM THE CIRCLE

Blow Joe	Charged	Everybody including: Wee Willie, Magda, Sexon, Brown Eye Perspiration for using umbrellas, plastic raincoats, green hats, looking too good (yes that's u Charmaine), and no Hash t-shirts.
GM	Charged	Fuk R Wee for being as dirty as a pig (Hmmm!)
GM	Charged	Bullshit for talking
Dubbs	Charged	Beetle Nuts for (writing illegible)
Sparkles	Charged	Fish Finger for sex on the Run (Hmmm!)

NEW NAMES	Peerless	becomes	Softcock
	Tom Fitzgerald	becomes	Colonel Klink
	Mick Ginman	becomes	Sargent Schultz

POTW Haidrolik for leaving his first wife
