

## Watson Matilda

*Once a bunch of hashers  
Travelled to the northside  
To an address on Aspinall Street  
Where they ran and they walked  
And they sang lots of silly songs  
They came to Watson Matilda to see  
Watson Matilda, Watson Matilda  
They came to Watson Matilda to see  
And they ran and they walked  
then they sang lots of silly songs  
They came to Watson Matilda to see*

**Present and accounted for:** Big Boy; Soft Centre; Saffy (quadriped); Furballs; Dickhead; Deep Shaft; Comet (quadriped); Sex Change; Poo Shooter; Grease Nipple; Scarlet; Easy; Weatherman; Weatherdog (quadriped); Meat; Hidden Flagon; Drunken Tiger; Gerbils; Crash and Burn; Anklebiter; Phallus & Vomit; Date Diver; Crying Dick; Duckhead; Pop Tart; Dangles; ToyBoy; Friskies; Hello Kitty; Kitty Litter (tiny biped).

**Returned (from sender):** PP and PP, from communing with the Elvii<sup>1</sup>.

**Returned from holidays:** Infallible; Gnash; Betty Boop; McTaf; Crunchy Crack; InCider.

**Never thought we'd see him again after he got named:** Turkey Slap.

**Got dropped off in a car halfway through the run:** Premature Ejaculation.

**Actual visitor:** Tampax, who came with Softie and Big Boy and yet still appeared to be a decent sort of bloke (well, for a hasher).

**Why didn't they send Bobby and Pam?:** Apparently it was a big afternoon at Southfork, because JR and Suellen could not be fussed about travellin' up nawth.

**Call Social Services, because in fact it was:** The ability to walk unaided or speak coherently in English is no impediment to being a hasher or setting a hash. Hash critics (and I am reliably informed some may exist) might say any two year-old could lay a trail, and on Monday evening this may have been the case. At least, the slack parents—Friskies and Hello Kitty—appeared to be taking the Standard Government Line (“I have no independent recollection of these events”) when it came to accepting responsibility for the run. Sure, blame it on the kid (although I'm sure I spied some suspicious-looking chalk marks on the little one's onesie).

**Can you handle the truth?:** It really doesn't matter where your trail goes (and, thankfully, Friskies Kitty Litter spared us from Mount Majura, ever-beckoning to the east), how long the run is, how beautiful the vistas you present. You could set your run through George Clooney's bedroom but if you didn't have a drink stop with sufficient chips (and libations), your run would be SHITE. Okay?

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<sup>1</sup> Plural of Elvis. See Urban Dictionary <http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=elvii>

<sup>2</sup> For the pedants: the actual quote is, 'music has charms to soothe a savage breast', but is oft' misquoted as '...to soothe the savage beast'. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William\\_Congreve](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Congreve)

I am pleased to advise that Friskies did not disappoint (no, we didn't go through George Clooney's bedroom) but there *were* sufficient chippies and drink to soothe the savage beasts<sup>2</sup>.

The runners did grumble a bit, and the walkers did arrive at the DS fractionally before the hare—but we were pleasantly diverted by a dust-up among the locals, across the pond. Something to do with dogs off the leash being a tad aggressive. The instigator appeared to be some angry old white dude—and who pays attention to them? (Oh, wait).

**The circle:** Welcome back to all the returnees, who frickin' cares, etc., etc. Just because they have a life!

With all due respect, it seems a bit of a worry that our esteemed Grand Muffler, Sex Change, appeared to have an endless supply of women's knickers belonging to various and sundry women hashers (I'd name them but I can't quite decipher my squiggles).

**Show us your buns, love:** Big Boy thought I would employ undue editorial oversight by censoring my own comment in relation to Phallus & Vomit. For the uninformed, he wears skins under a pair of baggy running shorts. What is he hiding? It was bloody 30 degrees and he was dressed for the Antarctic! What will he wear come winter?

**Errata:** In the previous trash, it was mentioned that Anklebiter recently celebrated 15 years in the Army, but clearly he's way older than that. Date Diver couldn't contain herself in her eagerness to charge yours truly for 'false information'—and who ever said the trash was anything but the ravings of a half-mad harrier? But, to duly set the record straight, apparently last week—Pop Tart's run—was 15 years in the Army for Phallus & Vomit. It's been 20 years for Anklebiter!

**Call the Nail RMA:** Poo Shooter was late to arrive at the hash, accompanied by Drunken Tiger, and driving Mrs Shooter's vehicle. In typical male fashion, he was quick to apportion blame to DT, who had suffered a potentially debilitating broken nail, which clearly deserved some attending to.

**Other potentially memorable stuff:**

10<sup>th</sup> run – Anklebiter

350<sup>th</sup> run – Drunken Tiger

Birthdays: Peeping Pervert; Poo Shooter;

We were teased through the entire circle by the enticing smells of the hash mash—which turned out to be chile con carne, with add-ons! (cheese; sour cream). Hard to go wrong on a night like that, even though it was a tad warm.

The kid did okay. This time.

On out 'til next week!

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