

Where is the title and date?

You must capitalize your "i's"

Never in a million years did i think that I would hear the word "Gerwurtztramminer" uttered outside of dodge wine tastings conducted under the cover of darkness by Public Servants wearing stockings, suspenders and propellor hats!!!! But you never know whats going to happen at hash do you ??? *it's gewurzttramminer*

And so it was that the hash gathered at the pond in Jerra, the usual pre run traditions were enacted: The GM put his sympathy sling on, BETTY BOOP dithered about whether to wear Nine layers of clothing or Eight, MCTAF went through his extensive stretching regime, HF turned up late and MATILDA explained once again why she and BUSHMAN hadn't been run out of town yet. *stretching!*

We listened, incredulously, as the Virgin Hare TURKEY SLAP explained that the run was only 15kms in length and that trail was laid using classic and standard CAPITAL markings. Of course, every thing he said was BOLLOCKS. The trail was on a variety of coloured chalk, the pack was kept guessing right to the end about "should we be following pink trail", "Whats does white mean" and "Where the fuck is trail anyway" And, it petered out in the worst possible place. There we were, milling around in the dark looking for the non existant trail in the deep bush of the Jerrabombera back woods.

The run was summed up by the walk reporter POP TART who said "The trail started well but stopped being good when the flour ran out"!!!! The Run reporter was so incensed by the badness of everything that he gave the food and location a score but neglected to mention the run. Personally i thought that the trail had everything a hash run needs: Confusion, whinging, arguements, a good old fashion lift cramming (okay, that didnt actually happen - but it may have done in a parallel hash universe) but mainly a lot of whinging. Then we got to the drink stop and all was forgiven. We met MRS SLAP and the SLAPPETTES, we had a great variety of chips (Note to future hares - Dont waste good money on trying to impress hashers. Members such as CRASH AND BURN will break into your house and go looking for your chip stash) The drink stop itself was a passable home made fruit lexia remoniscent of some of the better Northern territory Mango based rieslings. ( yup, that good)

*Does your Remington typewriter not have a spellchecker ?*

A few hashers got caught out by the daylight savings early sunset and tripped and fell there way around trail, but all in all not a bad virgin run.....Okay, it was a shocker, i was just trying to make the SLAP look good in front of Mrs SLAP!!

The GM and RA had another red hot go at running a circle ....FAIL. but we are getting used to their unique blend of ineptness mixed with a modicum of incompetance. Dont worry fellow hashers, they are bound to come good sooner or later, still 43 weeks to go.

During the mayhem / travesty of the circle, the following was noted: BETTY BOOP tried to take the piss out of the hare by waving around a half stick of chalk.....anyway the GM didnt have a clue what she was on about so rebounded the charge. There was an outbreak of technology on trail with 4 hashers being outed for this heinous crime. POPTART complimented RAMBO on the size of his BeaM. HIDDEN FLAGON attempted a cricket charge but the RA was having none of it. CRYING DICK explained how a pack of rabid guinea pigs were responsible for his hideous facial injuries. TURKEY SLAP was roundly tutt tutted for making his wife do everything

GERBILS was charged for being ....GERBILS. MEAT was charged with shortcutting the walkers trail and ended up doing the actual run. CRASH and BURN was charged for mixing his metafors. WEATHERMAN foolishly picked on the GMs sympathy sling and as a result, all hashers with slings were given a down down.

At this time the RA uttered that word I mentioned earlier. And not to be outdone RAMBO then uttered an even bigger word from an obscure Germanic dialect which had all the hashers of British extraction singing a song that reminded RAMBO of the Germans failure to achieve wins in three major events of the 20 century. There were a number of birthdays, some runaversaries but more importantly we remembered CRACKERS. God bless him and all who sail in him. Good health to you all, and may you survive the Wangaratta weekend.

*Poor attempt at word invention*

*Will Wangaratta survive your penmanship ? Stick to drinking beer !*

*No sign-off. Did you write this or your dog ?*

*Must do better. I am recommending remedial assistance from Frizzie. On the good side, there has been a vast improvement in your paragraphs.*