

The People's Trash -Volume 1 - an alternative view

It's been some weeks now since McTrash was let loose upon Capital Hash to scribe the Official Record.

We - the people-cannot let the words of the Overlord stand unchallenged.

Fellow hashers, this is a man who has to SIT DOWN to scribe, sheltering in the warmth of his sweaty, trainspotting anorak. A man who only recently (apparently) discovered the wonders of the paragraph; a man who thinks Courier New is cutting edge.

Not content to bask in the self-indulgent haze of his myopic self-regard, he resorts to gratuitous swipes at...well, we don't know, because we can't read his non-paragraphical, Courier Nuanced blatherings!

Release yourself from the funk-inspired dreamings of your St Kilda poncho, Mc Trash! And, for the love of jay-zus, who wears a poncho? Next thing, you'll be brewing us a cup of your single-origin coffee, grown on the shady side of a hidden hill; shot from the backside of some rat-like, tetanus-infested quadruped and sold to smug first-worlders for slightly less than the cost of a decent bottle of red. Where is the humanity?

Next week's run is by Big Boy-a man who still uses what looks like a Nokia 3310. Why not just stand on a hill and beat a frickin' drum?

The People fear the combination of two such Cro-Neander-Mag-Tal-Men; no doubt the subsequent hash trash will be painstakingly carved in sandstone and sent by runner on a 26.2 mile journey-oh wait, we have inappropriately culturally appropriated some other peoples' story.

The people won't be silenced! We represent paragraphs, coherent thought, portable document formats-we support the right of hashers everywhere (well, at least in Capital Hash) to read without aid of a magnifying glass!

~~Viva the People!~~ (no, too Che-derivative)

Long live the People! (sounds a bit royalistic)

Go the People! (what, is this a footy match?)

Up with People! (come on, most of you are old enough to get the reference)

Yr Obd't Servant, the People! (inspiring your inner 18th century correspondent)

Xx oo the People! (letting our inner teen come to the fore)

Whatever...the People!