



HASH TRASH KH

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Run Number: Haze of Amber

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Hairs Not

So we did not have a hash, what kind of a reason is that not to write the trash? This is particularly true as we did completely demolish the 5 cases thoughtfully provided by hash beer and lovingly cooled courtesy of H G Crabs Esq. And anyway I am in a good mood today so it's time I slagged everybody off to snap myself out of it.

Following the on again off again nature of the day we were on the very cusp of providing the finest trail for everyone's delectation and delight, when the "day of anger" or as 2 Fathers so aptly called it the "Haze of Amber" cruelly intervened. Our generous host Slow Drip was quick to come forward offering the hospitality of his abode for us all to get ratted at, and treated us to some wonderful food, which I think was Nepalese but could just as easily have been Neapolitan for all I know about these things.

There did appear to have been a good deal of celebrating the previous evening, several notable absentees oh Rambling one, and of course the entire ASI brigade are on leave visiting in laws, or in RTR's case Mickey Mouse. This did mean that the beer lasted almost twice as long as normal without that lot swilling it back.

There was much serious discussion of current events, like whose turn is it to fetch the next beer. Then our host wheeled out the new hash shirts all the way from Canadia. As would be expected Hirsute Hershel was first to model one, and we estimated that if we

stitch three xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxl together it will even fit Fister without leaving any thong exposed.

Acting Hash Haberdash promptly sold several of these unique mementos, spent the money and left the shirts behind, sounds like mismanagement to me. Any of our harriets requiring a personal fitting session should contact hash haberdasher who will personally ~~feel you up~~, work out your chest size.

Eventually as with all great hash gatherings the beer ran out, and despite Slow Drip offering to replenish stocks from his collection of warm booze, we withdrew to various drinking dens of Kabul.

Oh and Amy has asked us all to think of a really *really* cute hash name for her naming ceremony.

Fridays hares are Jabba the Slug, Pump 'er Hard and Shitbags venue to be announced in due course.

On on yer bastards

GrandMaster: Road to Ruin
RA: 2 Fathers
BeerMeisters: Ripped Me Panties, McShit
Hash Scribe: Shitbags
LiederMeister: Liqueur Hard
Grand Master Emeritus: Lonesome Cowboy
Haberdhasher: English Knob

Webmaster: Sewage
Hash Mattress: Just Sex
Hash Cash: MassDebater
Piss Poorer: Barf Balls
Vice: Scoutmaster
Hair Raiser: Rambling Rose
HashFlash: Jabba The Slug