

HASH SCRIPT

Run: 129

There we all were, duly assembled just south of SUNGAI API API or a prasant Friday evening (Is everybody 'API' I hear someone say?)

The usual mixture of muscle flexing, and knees bending was taking place. General small talk as well, such as 'Is my hair looking O.K"

Is the tread on my soles right for the running conditions." Will I need to make a pit-stop if the skies open up. "Am I wearing the right colour co-ordinates" "Whose the new girl/guy over there-lah? etc etc.

Suddenly it was 6:05 pm & G.M. Mike called ON-ON, and what happened after that will go down in Folklore - won't it hares?!

The superfit FRB's went off so fast that they went through the first check 5 minutes into the run, followed a false trail failed to return to the check, and carried on and to be again-well for at least half an hour anyway! Meanwhile the rest of the pack meandered up to the check and found the right paper trail i.e. the outward trail. Thereafter we ran for a further 10 minutes before hitting the 2nd check which was in a hut half way up the wall. Who missed it? We, (the residual pack) then headed first east, then westwards to arrive at the smelliest spot in S'pore after Ponggol possibly!! I've never seen a bunch of hashers sprint so fast. Minutes later whilst running through some reasonable countryside we were suddenly confronted by the other half of the pack e.g. the Barnes', Tom case, Peter Robinson etc etc. What's going on lah? Are you on-lah? Back same the general reply "You run your way and we'll run ours - but don't tell anyone." Now we had total confusion.

It was at this juncture that I realised I had been copped by Mary (again) to be scribe .

She's quite subtle, but make sure she's not walking/running next to you. It could be your turn next.

However back to the run! Further checks were at a lorry graveyard - how did they get to there from London & Germany & some more good running hereafter, but thankfully we avoided the smelly lake on the return trip.

Overall a reasonable run, with five checks, good territory and a fair sprinkling of mayhem. Overall the majority of the pack felt that Mike & Marie deserved the Hash Shit. However G.M. Mike (he must have received a knock on the head) decided in his infinite wisdom not to award it despite the boos & hisses.

The ON-ON was on site BBQ and as usual Mr. Ho & Company capably fed us with good portions of beef, chicken, sausages, salads & sweet.

Great evening roll on next Firday

Red Rooster