

RUN: 169 Lorong Asrama

HARES: Tom Case and Pauline Heng

We could not have had a better or prettier night for running than Friday, February 7. All right, it was hot, very hot, but it was not THAT humid for Singapore. Even though we drove up via the new BKE, once we found the car park, it was obvious that it was hashing country. 70 or more appeared on the scene. Promptly at 6:00 we followed the arrow, scribbled on an old bus carcass. Down Lorong Asrama and then off to the right through the river and into the woods (where Mary Yeo was hiding...sneaky creature) and then, we ran, jogged, jogged-walked or walked up a terrific hill. I have decided this relatively flat island only has hills when I run. So what, the hares were very kind to send us up a hill with lovely orchid gardens everywhere. Once at the top, the view alone was worth the climb. Most of the pack made it to the top and they took plenty of time to enjoy the view as the few speedy FRB'S went off to check up and down and all around. Naturally, when I am farthest away from the spot, someone yelled on-on. Tug W., Anna C., a few unknowns and myself took a short cut down the hill and discovered we should have stayed on top. No matter we caught up and, as we all know, what goes up must come down. We eventually came down under the BKE. And on to check number two.

I do not think the hares intended such a massive foul up... Could be that three quarters of Friday night cannot check or have never learned how but... be that as it may it was twenty minutes or so before the FRB's found the check in the fish ponds. From here I must report on hearsay evidence as I was so tired of looking at dead ends and old kampung houses and running into scratchy bushes that I found a trail that looked good and headed back. From Tug and Mark W, the trail did a left hand loop through the fish ponds and then a third check which sent all back towards the BKE. My newly found trail was not that far off as I hear Rajiv and his wonderful "on-on"-- you can hear it for miles-- just near the BKE. So, whew, the scribe was back on paper. We trotted through a kampung, up a smallish hill and then out on to Lorong Asrama and back home. It is too bad that check number two took so long. May be if a few more people had just "checked out".

Back at the beer wagon, Pauline handed out nifty t-shirts, THANKS! Then on to liquid refreshment. It was still ridiculously hot and sunny out there. On to announcements and of course the whip report. Mike Croft truly earns his rewards as the best whip. He singled out for the first "MASS DOWN-DOWN" Andra L., Nikki T., Anna C., Sylvia A., Sally B., Ng Sow Kwi and Baby for not supporting their club by wearing club shirts. Instead our guilty party was advertising heads on hips, names on (censored) and getting physical. Really!!! Phua T.C. and Pat C., were singled out as qualified representatives for the "non-checking hashers at check number 2. Phua was discussing the merits of a tiger's tooth-- or was that a lion and Pat was into Hong Bao's and extra vacation time. Not to be left out, Mike C., was given

a down down for sitting on the paper at the notorious check number two and just sitting there... There was some remark about a chicken laying an egg,,A guest harriet was singled out for falling down twice in the same spot and on the same side of her body!! Margaret Ong's offense has to be an all time best. Seems Margaret brought a guest to the run. And when things got a little tough and hot, Margaret decided to short cut. The guest asked what that was, and fearing the whip might be near, Margaret said it was really a long cut-- a new way home. And the naiveite of the guest came shining through:" Don't you think we should run back and tell the others?" And last but not least, the Seet sisters and Suan-Ling got caught in the cabbage patch-- not unlike Peter Rabbit,

I understand at least 50 showed up for curry at Dempsey Road, Had I not had to pay off the babysitter, I would have been there as well. Apparently an incredible first happened later that evening. The on-on-on- and on-on-on-on-etc, was at the MANDARIN HOTEL. It seems one our newest members forgot about his company annual diner and dance at the Mandarin,,,Nice to know hashing comes first,,, so twelve suitably attired hashers and our newest member went on to the party. I can only imagine the face of the concierge of the Mandarin when a dozen sweaty bodies, attired in shorts and dirty t-shirts appeared in the lobby. I have heard that the beer tastes even better at the Mandarin on the fourth floor at a private party. Do I sense competition to the beer wagon? ON-ON!!!

Thanks hares for arranging the lovely sunset, the drier than normal air, a nice run, (no matter how long or short it was), the new t-shirts and the curry!

Cheers.

Caroline