

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

www.burniehhh.blogspot.com



Next r*n 986 will be set by Speed Hump from River Road, Wivenhoe. Assemble outside the premises of Stratton's Engineering. Bring: Hat, mug, joke, friend, \$10, metal detector, ferret. Sunday February 22nd, 5.30pm.

Receding Hareline

R*n 987—March 1st—The March Hare, GonZo @ TBA

R*n 988—March 8th—Hare required.

R*n 989—March 15th—Brutus @ Caesar's Place

R*n 990—March 22nd—Hare required.

R*n 991—March 29th—Hare required.

R*n 992—April 4-5th—Flasher's HOFT to Montezuma Falls and Nelson Falls.

R*n 984—Dini's Delightful Dash Or Little Boxes on the Hillside, Little Boxes Made of Ticky-Tacky @ Mount Road, Upper Burnie set by Dini (379), 8th February, 2009.

The pack: Ringo(624), Kelvin(Flapper)(1), Speed Hump(342), Urang(173), Giggles(31), Phay Wray(257), DT(91).

It was a bright and warm Sunday arvo, as guaranteed by the Monk – who was there in person, and not in any way anywhere else, and this statement is made “Without Prejudice” to anything that may have appeared in any previous Trashes, and any mention of same does not in any way represent any admission of guilt.

That out of the way ...

A fine pack gathered, braving the suddenly cool conditions brought about by a breeze playfully cavorting around the snowfields of Valentines Peak and whisking itself to the side of the road near Lochaven fruit and veg place, Singlines Estate. Hare's car was parked under a mighty widder-maker, but happily (and thanks to the ever-present Monk) the sprightly breeze did not bring down any branches with anyone's name on them. Bark bark.

Trailmaster being there in spirit only (not like the Monk), JM Ringo appointed Giggles as Poxy TM and On was called. A quick hop up the side of Mount Street led to a step over the road and a jump up a paddock to the new mortgage belt of Burnie. Your correspondent has to admit that she became slightly dis-occidentated, feeling quite lost when the first Mastercheck was called.

Mind you, this may have been due to the brain-blocking effect of the architectural masterpiece over the road from the MC. The inspiration for this thing of beauty may possibly have been Hitler's bunker, or even the federal government's luxury apartments for guests of her majesty, the local types or those who floated to our shores in giant eskies. It was quietly agreed by the more discerning hashers that the two containers, and possibly a portaloo nearby were more aesthetically pleasing.

Trail thankfully headed in the other direction, down onto the Romaine Park walking track. Here, Giggles took off her sunglasses so she could see, and promptly tripped over a quite large and very seeable branch. Here, too, your correspondent finally realised where she was. She'd only just come to her senses, however, and trail did a little sideways slip and warped over a burbling brook (taking with it the babbling hashers), through the shiggy and onto a path less travelled. A few ouches and oowas, resulting from blackberries and spiked twigs placed cunningly in the path of the unwary, echoed back across the creek, where Phay Wray the Unfaithful had strolled on down the path more travelled, pleading, It's for the Photos, truly it is (although Truly was not there. And neither was ABOT, who definitely *is not* the Monk).

Trail led back Phay Wray-wards and onto a timely chair, where the weary hashers rested their backsides and Phay Wray was able to take a couple of candid and not-at-all-posed photos. Having caught their breath, pack trekked onwards, until trail led out of the park and once more into the steamy streets of Burnie, and a series of between the fences walkways, each one a little steeper than the last.

By now, the slight chill from the cool breeze at the start of the r*n had changed into a warm trickle oozing from underarms, foreheads and other dark and hidden places. Hare, smart woman that she is, had judged this to a nicety, and popped out of a laneway, tastefully bejewelled with cans, bottles, Kentucky Fried Chicken wrappers and other miscellaneous delights. To clarify just here – it was the laneway that was so decorated, not Dini. She had turned up decorated with an esky (*sans* [damn, they are creeping in again this week] refugees), cups and a jug filled to the brim with liquid fruity coconut ice. Mmmm. Slurp glug slurp and it was all gone, hashers licking each other's chops to get the last few drops (okay, that didn't happen, but it *could* have). Kelvin from Kweensland, by now starting to recover from the shock of (a) meeting Speed Hump and (b) meeting the rest of the pack, agreed that Tasmanian everything was better than Kweensland everything, including their piss-stops. Giggles, not realising the opportunity to lick, instead gazed longingly at her boat ship as it sailed off without her. Despite running off after it, her cry of Wait For Meeeee!! disappearing into the distance, she was left, and had to rejoin pack. For consolation, pack let her go on being Poxy TM.

The next dull and boring bit was when we all had to stand around and look at a propeller and a thing made of bicycle wheels and colanders. The breeze, sulkily, gave up on the sweating pack, and went to play in the colanders instead. Urang and Ringo, recognising the machinery as a real-world representation of the insides of their heads, promptly lost their minds. Pointing vacantly upwards to where they had disappeared, the poor chaps finally gave up when no-one offered to climb up and retrieve them.

From there, and leading Urang and Ringo kindly by the hands, pack found HHH and headed back to the cars. A quick trip up the bendy road and into the Chicken Ranch, for nibbles and brew, and a nice white in new nice flutes, courtesy of the shopping Ringo (before he left his mind up a propeller). Circle was called, and Speed Hump usurped the power of the Lip, and wielded it to great effect, making sure none felt excluded from the jollity. Downs were meted out to all, and to sundry, including Dini for harity, Kelvin for virginity, Ringo for not wearing the hashity (and he got it again), Urang for long-hattity and bald-headity, and others for similar sins.

The evening was finished off with a port and a fine fashion parade. Those anorexically ugly supermodels have *nothing* on Burnie hashers when they don their red finery and walk the walk for the Maestro of the Camera, Hash Flasher Phay Wray.

We're just gorgeous. Eat your hearts out, DH3.

ON ON Speed Hump

Men are like....

Laxatives ... They irritate the crap out of you.

Bananas ... The older they get, the less firm they are.

Weather ... Nothing can be done to change them.

Blenders ... You need One, but you're not quite sure why.

Chocolate Bars .. Sweet, smooth, & they usually head right for your hips.

Commercials ... You can't believe a word they say.

Department Stores ... Their clothes are always 1/2 off!

Government Bonds They take soooooo long to mature.

Mascara ... They usually run at the first sign of emotion.

Popcorn ... They satisfy you, but only for a little while.

Snowstorms ... You never know when they're coming, how many inches you'll get or how long it will last.

Lava Lamps ... Fun to look at, but not very bright.

Parking Spots .. All the good ones are taken, the rest are handicapped.

A Professor at the University of Kentucky was giving a lecture on the supernatural. To get a feel for his audience, he asks, "How many people here believe in ghosts?"

About 90 students raise their hands.

"Well, that's a good start. Out of those of you who believe in ghosts, do any of you think you've seen a ghost?" About 40 students raise their hands.

"That's good I'm really glad you take this seriously. Has anyone here ever talked to a ghost?"

About 15 students raise their hands.

"Has anyone here ever touched a ghost?"

3 students raise their hands.

"That's fantastic. Now let me ask you one more question... Have any of you ever made love to a ghost?"

Way in the back, Bubba raises his hand..

The professor takes off his glasses, and says, "Son, in all the years I've been giving this lecture, no one has ever claimed to have made love to a ghost. You've got to come up here and tell us about your experience."

The big redneck student replied with a nod and a grin, and began to make his way up to the podium.

When he reached the front of the room, the professor asks, "So, Bubba, tell us what it's like to have sex with a ghost?"

Bubba replied, "Shit, from way back there I thought you said, Goats."

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Presenting - your Mismanagement Committee 2008/9

Hash Monk—Dick Tayshun (dt@dhash.com)

Hash Horn—Urang (urang@dhash.com)

Hash Cash—Speed Hump(0400 016 283)(speedhump@dhash.com)

Hash Lip—Slack Mac (home: 6425 7190)(slackmac@dhash.com)

Hash Flash—Phay Wray (home: 64333399)(phaywray@dhash.com)

On Sex—Dini (Dini@ingottec.com)or (dini@dhash.com) (0407 876 567)and

Tals with cameo appearances from ***Knickers***(knickers@dhash.com)

Hash Hawker—Gonzo (gonzo@dhash.com)

Hash Hops—Ringo (0417 118 661) (ringo@dhash.com)

Trailmaster—Chunder (home: 6431 4186)(chunder@dhash.com)

Webwanker—Grizzly(faulks42@bigpond.com)or (grizzly@dhash.com)
(0418 143 481)

JMs—Ringo(rmunden@ingottec.com)(home: 6433 3333)(0417 118 661) and

Ratchet (0419 143 688) (ratchet@dhash.com)

Grand Mattress—A Bit of This (0428 592 420) (abitofthis@dhash.com)



Dini



D.T.



Giggles



*Phay
Wray*



*Gone
Again*



Urang



Flapper



*Speed
Hump*



Ringo

Hashion Fashion

*What the best dressed Burnie hashers were wearing last r*n...Red Foil is IN!!!*

Dini in the swinger's seat languishes in the silky smoothness of her **red foil** shift, belted with antique (well, quite old) black French lace and complemented with fishnet thigh scrubbers in colour "*Melted Truffle*". Hair styling by Salon du Dressupbox, shade is "*OTT.69*", with highlights in "*Menstrual*".

DT contemplates the dating opportunities that our divine **red foil** vamp dress will bring, while wondering whether she turned off the iron after melting her G-string. Strawberry dipped Paspaley pearl necklace and Poulet Mange mondo-plastique wrist clasp do nothing to distract the eye from those great tits.

Giggles is overcome by a tactile orgasm induced by the pile of the puma rug and the fabric texture of our **red foil** dress, and has to lay on the floor with it tucked up her f*nny bits. A matching lipstick (naturemont) in "*Aphrodite*" and Louis Victim string stilettos in style "*Lifeboat*" highlight that gorgeous show-stopping smile.

The smouldering **Phay Wray** combines fire and water with this wetlook **red foil** number in "*Flaming Earth*". Cheeky red velvet beaded tiara and a nice glass of Bolly place this talented stylist at the pinnacle of Burnie Hash Fashion, as she was the only one to wear a hat and make sure she still had a drink in her hand.

Gone Again gatecrashes the photo shoot as only a Webwanker can, electronically. **Red foil** knob-tickler skirt in "*Emergency Room*" is teamed with tomato skin suede Maid Marion shrug top in "*el Matador*". Mr. Again completes the look with a red foil tennis megastar headband.

Urang favours the King Neptune look, taking it to his usual extremes by holding his breath during the photo shoot. Red glossy simulated seaweed wig teams with an underlay of **red foiling**, subtle lace low-lights and a specially imported fake tan in the shade of "*English Anaemia*".

Guest Hasher **Flapper** strikes a chord with this flattering Repro 20's **red foil** side-lacer in "*Fanny Rose*". Never had a lesson in his life, but would be a natural. Great legs too, all the way up.

Speed Hump is caught in a character pose with her leggings around her ankles – always behind a tree for a quick splash on every run. Hyper-stressed **red foil** ruched sheath with chiffon ribbon accent teamed with Cher hair extensions in "*Lost Cherry*" completes the "come take me in the shrubbery" look.

Ringo chooses a fitted **red foil** A-line butt hugger for a stroll down to the faeries at the garden's bottoms. By Gispert, that hair gets around, doesn't it? Cool blue light from the distant full moon reflects charmingly on the slightly blood stained John Lennon original headband.

*.... and for all you Hashion Fashion Vultures out there, the Red Foil dress will be making an appearance at this week's premier fashion event, the Red Dress R*n, worn by a mystery Supermodel. Don't miss it!*

Up and cumming....

February 16th, Monday 6.30pm—**Devonport HHH**—This week's r*n set by the annoying Dint from Parramatta Creek Rest Area, annoyingly east of Devonport. Bring \$10, Thrush treatment, Hub, ear plugs (FC's back in Tassie), two really odd socks, girly drinks, and extra boy drinks if you are a pisshead.

February 20th-22nd, 2009—Swine 09 **Park Beach Pig Pen R*n @ Nugent.**

February 25th—**LH3/4** does the Launceston Cup to celebrate its newly ordained cummittee.

February 28th—March 1st - H5 Hamilton weekend

February 28th— not the **Launceston H3** AGPU, postponed until further notice due to lack of libido. Go to Hamilton instead.

March 4th-9th—Rainbow's Hash assault on the Overland Track

April 4th-5th—**Weekend HOFT**—Saturday walk into Montezuma Falls at Rosebery, then on to Queenstown for an overnigher – caravan park or motel depending on numbers – Sunday walk to Nelson Falls. Anyone interested contact someone who looks a lot like Flasher but isn't, cos we're never going on another Flasher HOFT. (flasher@dhash.com)

May 1-3, 2009, Fri-Sun— **Aussie Nash Hash @ Cairns** registrations now \$350 until March 31st 2009.

June 6-8th, 2009—**The Highland Fling @ TBA**

June 21st, 2009—**Burnie Hash House Harriers 1000th R*n**—it's bound to be a long night...

July 1-4, 2010—Sarawak Rainforest **Interhash @ Kuching, Borneo.**

Devonport H3 Upcumming events @ www.dhash.com, plus you can also get your very own hash email address with your Hash Name by emailing goneagain@dhash.com!

Burnie H3 Upcumming events @ www.burniehhh.blogspot.com

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