

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

www.burniehhh.blogspot.com



**Next r*n 989 — A Mystery Irish Hare @ TBA (Burnie-ish)
Bring: Leprechaun's Hat, Waterford crystal mug, Irish joke, friend, Shamcock, Blarney Stone, Guinness, Ten Irish Pinds.**

March 15th, 5.30 pm.

Receding Hareline

R*n 990—March 22nd—

Dyke @TBA.

R*n 991—March 29th—

Hare required.

R*n 992—April 4-5th—

Flasher's HOFT to Montezuma Falls and Nelson Falls. Daylight saving finishes this weekend.

R*n 993—April 12th(Easter)—
Bunny Giggles @TBA.

R*n 994—April 19th—

Chunder@TBA.

R*n 987—Three Ramp Circus, from Saunders Street Wynyard, set by Gonzo (158) , March 1st, 2009.

The pack: Chunder(180), Ringo(627), Giggles(34), Boomboom(3), Phay Wray (260), Speed Hump(344), A Doodle Doo(1), Urang(176), Ratchet(321), Knickers(273), Dyke(60), Dini(382).

At the appointed hour, a divine act of Gispert saw Hashers assemble at the TOP boat ramp. This ramp is in the same street as the TOP pub, also known for it's TOP bottle shop. The little town of Wynyard drew the pack in from far and wide this week—Giggles from as close as neighbouring Somerset, Boomboom all the way from Singapore, and last of all was Dyke from that far flung other world, Devonport.

Trailmaster Chunder called the pack away, a diverse group including A Doodle Doo who had hitherto experienced only Dickhead Hashing, and was at last experiencing a REAL r*n. (That said, this proved to be not the pinnacle of r*ns in the setting stakes, with the concept of a circular course stretching the interpretation somewhat).

Trail followed the river from the TOP boat ramp, arriving at the MIDDLE boat ramp with some local entertainment in progress in the form of a radio controlled yacht. Here too was the slip, where one can have one's bottom scraped if barnacles should set in.

The Hare generously proffered from the boot of the vintage Lexcen a large stock of anti-dieting aids, rainbow-coloured kiddy mugs and a vat of port. This served to waylay the Hashers long enough and ensure they were pissed enough to concur that there was indeed more than one boat ramp in Wynyard.

Not that GonZo was in any way fixated on emphasizing that a certain Webwanker had erred in his local knowledge of Wynyard when advertising this r*n, no, perish the thought! But he was, not to put too fine a

point on it, incorrect, misleading, sciolistic, and plainly wrong. A full apology in writing would be welcome, but not expected.

With the piss stop goodies polished off, the yacht packed away and all bottoms patent, the pack moved on, prattling happily. Ratchet reminisced cheerfully over lost shagging opportunities along this very path, while Urang honked in solidarity and Knickers established the time-line to put her in the clear.

Giggles applied more lippy, but only to herself, and pouted in psychedelic red that she was returning to the boat after this r*n for four hash-free weeks. Oh the pain.

Boomboom spoke animatedly of his recent hashing adventures, of jungle r*ns, whisky downs and vast hash circles with multitudes of down-down songs. But the perils of the jungle were naught compared with falling down a city manhole, particularly when he was not pissed enough not to hurt himself. He sported bruises the size of a small country.

Out of the invitingly named Gutteridge Gardens (the same public servant on the Nomenclature Board chose the moniker for Asbestos Ranges and Dismal Swamp) and onto the very scenic wharf area, a haven for tourists, fishermen and seamen alike. Past the motel where Giggles tried to speak dog to the owner's furry little pride and joy (not his wife), and over a little bridge to the BOTTOM boat ramp and a Mastercheck.

Here Speedy told a little joke and the pack was away again quickly, only to find a bigger joke just around the corner. It was the HHH, relegating the r*n's credibility to an A2B2A rating, just below Freddie Mac and Fannie May. But on a nice autumn day on a flat scenic course, there were no knives out for the Hare, and after a few spontaneous Phay Wray happy snaps, the pack and their long shadows trundled home contentedly.

Back at the TOP boat ramp, a lightning circle ensued so as not to miss the counter meal curfew. Poxy lip Speed Hump allocated charges out more efficiently than a brothel with a wireless EFTPOS facility. No-one was spared. Ringo protested his innocence (to what this time I wonder?) to no avail, as he accepted the Hashit.

GonZo's rigged raffle cracked the sound barrier, with tickets a-flying and prizes a-leaping from her red duffle bag. Boomboom, not realising that there was more than one draw, discarded his remaining tickets into an empty beer can and was forced to retrieve them, shredding the can and jubilantly presenting the soggy little paper squares to GonZo to claim his prize.

Pub meal and sherbets rounded off the night. The TOP pub delivered MIDDLE grade service, but Giggles helped at the end by clearing the table and Urang assisted with the washing up by licking all the plates clean.

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)

The Three Bears

A far more accurate account of the events of that fateful morning...

Baby bear goes downstairs, sits in his small chair at the table.

He looks into his small bowl. It is empty.

'Who's been eating my porridge?' he squeaks.

Daddy Bear arrives at the big table and sits in his big chair.

He looks into his big bowl and it is also empty. 'Who's been eating my porridge?!?' he Roars.

Mummy Bear puts her head through the serving hatch from the kitchen and yells, 'For God's sake, how many times do I have to go through this with you idiots?'

It was Mummy Bear who got up first.

It was Mummy Bear who woke everyone in the house.

It was Mummy Bear who made the coffee.

It was Mummy Bear who unloaded the dishwasher from last night and put everything away.

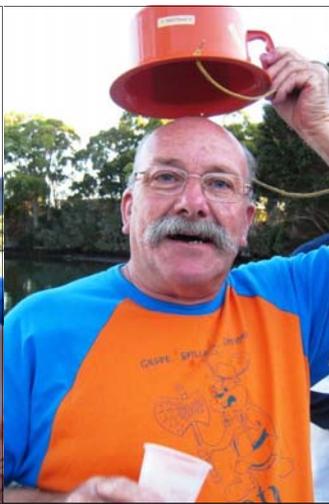
It was Mummy Bear who swept the floor in the kitchen.

It was Mummy Bear who went out in the cold early morning air to fetch The newspaper and croissants. It was Mummy Bear who set the damn table.

'It was Mummy Bear who walked the bloody dog, cleaned the cat's litter tray, gave them their food, and refilled their water.

'And now that you've decided to drag your sorry bear-asses downstairs and grace Mummy Bear with your grumpy presence, listen carefully, because I'm only going to say this once....

'I HAVEN'T MADE THE F UCKING PORRIDGE YET!!!



*Two old drunks are sitting in a bar when the first one says, "Ya know, when I was thirty and got an erection, I couldn't bend it, even using both hands.
By the time I was forty, I could bend it about ten degrees if I tried really hard.
By the time I was fifty, I could bend it about twenty degrees, no problem.
I'm gonna be sixty next week, and now I can bend it in half with just one hand."
"So," says the second drunk, "what's your point?"
"Well, I'm just wondering how much stronger I'm gonna get."*

****Rrrriiiiiinnnggg, rrrriiiiiinnngg,****
****'Hello?'**
****'Hi honey.****
****This is Daddy.****
****Is Mommy near the phone?'**
****'No, Daddy.****
****She's upstairs in the bedroom with Uncle Paul.'**

After a brief pause, Daddy says,
****'But honey, you haven't got an Uncle Paul.'**
****'Oh yes I do, and he's upstairs in the room with Mommy, right now.'**

Brief Pause.

****'Uh, okay then, this is what I want you to do.****
****Put the phone down on the table, run upstairs****
****And knock on the bedroom door and shout to Mommy****
****That Daddy's car just pulled into the driveway.'**
****'Okay, Daddy, Just a minute.'**

A few minutes later the little girl comes back to the phone.

****'I did it, Daddy.'**
****'And what happened, honey?'**
****'Well, Mommy got all scared, jumped out of bed with no clothes on and ran around screaming.****
****Then she tripped over the rug, hit her head on the dresser and now she isn't moving at all!'**
****'Oh my God!!! What about your Uncle Paul?'**
****'He jumped out of the bed with no clothes on, too.****
****He was all scared and he jumped out of the back window and into the swimming pool. But I guess he didn't know that you took out the water last week to clean it. He hit the bottom of the pool and I think he's dead.'**

Long Pause

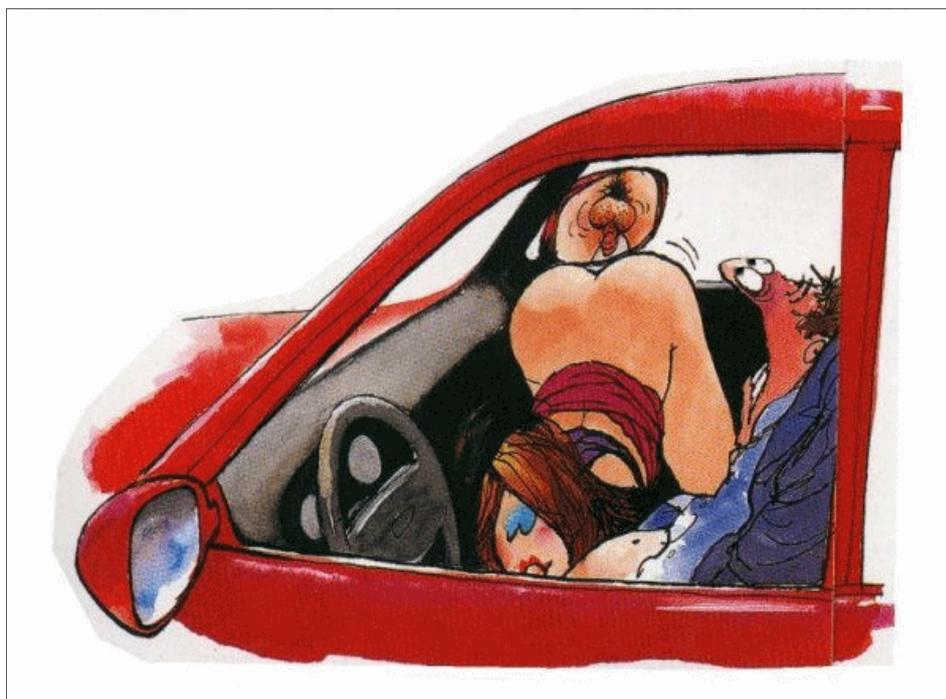
Longer Pause

Even Longer Pause

****Then Daddy says,****
****'Swimming pool?****

****Is this 486-5731?'**

****No, I think you have the wrong number.....***



Pictorial definition of surprise

Up and cumming....

March 9th, Monday 6.30pm—Devonport HHH—This week's r*n set by Hand Job from the Turners Beach Boat Ramp on the Esplanade. Bring \$10, Hub, lantern, **chair**, odd socks, notebook and waterproof marker, girlie drinks, and extra boy drinks if you are a pisshead.

DHHH receding hareline (at least as credible as the BH3 version...)

March 16th, DH3, Black Tracka@Latrobe-Railton-ish TBA

March 23rd, DH3, Dyke and Mabel@TBA

March 30th, DH3, **HARE REQUIRED**

April 6th, DH3, Bastard@TBA.

March 21st—**Combined Hash Clubs R*n** from the Bream Creek Showgrounds, Copping. Bus leaves from the venue at 11 am. A steal at only \$5.

April 4th-5th—Weekend HOFT (Hashing Old Farts Trek)—Saturday walk into Montezuma Falls at Rosebery, then on to Queenstown for an overnigher – caravan park or motel depending on numbers – Sunday recovery walk to Nelson Falls. Anyone interested contact Flasher (flasher@dhash.com) Note that daylight saving ends on this weekend.

May 1st-3rd, 2009, Fri-Sun— **Aussie Nash Hash @ Cairns** registrations now \$350 until March 31st 2009. Get off your arse and register if you are cumming. Even Spooof has his rego in already.

June 6-8th, 2009—**The Highland Fling @ Great Lake Hotel**

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

July?/August? TBA, 2009—**Burnie HHH Waratah Wild West Weekend**

August?/September? TBA 2009—**Devonport HHH Tour de Pisse**

September 9th, 2009—**Global Harriettes R*n @ various locations**

October 17th-18th, 2009—**Burnie Hash's Burnie Ten weekend.**

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

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