

BURNIE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

www.burniehhh.blogspot.com



Next r*n 990 will be a mini HOFT set by Dyke from The Penguin motocross track. Bring: Hat, mug, joke, friend, \$5, extra sherbets.

March 22nd, 12 midday.

Bring lunch, and money for pub meal after.

Receding Hareline

R*n 991—March 29th—

Hare required.

R*n 992—April 4-5th—

Flasher's HOFT to Montezuma Falls and Nelson Falls.

R*n 993—April 12th(Easter)—

Bunny Giggles @TBA.

R*n 994—April 19th—

Chunder@TBA.

R*n 995—April 26th—

Hare required.

R*n 988—Guided walk to the Guide Dam @ 18 Mile Road, Highclere, set by Ringo (628), Noodles (56) and Brendan (1), March 8th, 2009.

The pack: Speed Hump(345), Urang(177), Chunder(181), GonZo(159), Boomboom(4), Puss in Boots(5), A Bit of This(142), Phay Wray(261), Doctor Whom(6), Dini(383).

At the appointed hour, the little blue car was loaded up with a jerry can of fuel and a large picnic tea - a legacy of past "Highclere follow signs" r*ns which ended at distant Choveaux Road. Not that Dini didn't trust Ringo, it was just that he had been talking to Goosenuts a lot lately, and, well, old habits die hard. Passengers ABoT, Boom and Puss were blissfully unaware of the possibilities.

A Bit of This's worst fear was that she would be taken back to site of her bus bogging, and that we would remind her of it continually. She was not far wrong, location-wise. Just a kay or so past the very spot was the Hare's car, with Noodles and friend Brendan lounging in the boot. Brendan looked a wee bit pale—he had not driven with Ringo before.

With the pack assumed complete, TM Chunder, nudged weightily by an impatient Grand Mattress, called the pack on. Trail led away roughly east to a junction and a check. Chunder and A Bit of This headed up the hill checking—very commendable, the remaining pack thought as they waited for the call. "On one"...., "on two"..., so several others confidently followed on up, to find A Bit of This looking guilty and Chunder standing with his fecking great size 14 hoofs on a false trail marker. Not happy!

A return to the junction yielded trail on the verge, then up a track heavily adorned with every hasher's favourite botanical, the buzzy! Prickly balls abounded, and the buzzies were plentiful too. After another check, a dead end, an FT, etc, etc, trail hit a Mastercheck where the native trees grew obediently in neat straight blue lines.

The impeccably formed cone of Valentine's Peak on the horizon provided a picture-perfect backdrop for an MC hash joke. GonZo broke away from the

penguin stereotype by delivering a duck joke, which she insisted was one we all should know... but no-one did... excepting Chunder who had the wisdom not to mention it.

On On along the well-formed forestry road to a crossroads and a check. A Bit of This was convinced trail would head back homeward, but Dini had other ideas (*Note to self: emphatically deny prior knowledge, uncross fingers*). Trail took to a narrow road, densely lined with long seedy grasses and busy with the air-traffic of eleventy-squillion grasshopper trajectories. The middle air buzzed and sparkled with the wings of dragonflies, dancing their merry way to fornication and finality. There was flour, too.

Over a hill (not THE hill) and there was sunlight gleaming on distant water. At the base of the hill Chunder found a very helpful sign alerting all comers to a drain (Tourism1.1—make the most of every feature, regardless of appeal value). Just near this “attraction” lay a slightly more appealing one, namely the Hare’s car with Piss Stop and all three hares aboard. Said vantage point afforded fine views across the the Guide River dam.

Right on cue, Boomboom’s social secretary and part-time crutch; Giggles called up on his wankerphone and asked to speak to the Hasher in charge. Boom wisely passed her over to Dini who passed her to A Bit of This. She promptly passed the phone to Speedy, Phay, Dr. Whom, Urang, Puss, Chunder, GonZo, and lastly humble Ringo who cornered the conversation, relating to Giggs what a great r*n he had just set! Wankerphone sins, downs all round!

Finally the hares closed the esky lids and shooed the pack away. Up hill now, on the lookout for a gorse bush, wearing foggy cobwebby biological controls. Trail meandered through a lovely but lonely segment of native myrtle rainforest, manferns, dogwoods and blackwoods, but soon returned to the bluegum monoculture.

The pack made the most of a couple of thick puddles - a rarity in the extreme dry. Chunder threw rocks to make a splash, while Puss ran straight through the middle so as to share the puddle’s muddy contents with as many hashers as possible. Now smelling like damp, mouldy pub carpet (thanks Puss), the pack stopped to admire an aforementioned foggy gorse-bush. No army of bio-control warriors was evident, not even if you put your glasses on. Maybe they hadn’t hatched/spawned/morphed yet.

On back and home to the chicken ranch for circle and supper. Poxylip Speedy took centre stage, punishing the sins of the faithful and whipping the arses of the loyal in all their usual favourite ways. Boomboom scored extra demerit points for carrying his mobile on a r*n, but was granted early release because we all know what Giggles would do to him if he didn’t answer. The hashit was deemed to need an overhaul and a change of scenery, and was claimed by Urang.

Puss in Boots scored the turps from GonZo’s rigged raffle, in spite of Chunder having the first drawn w*nning ticket—doesn’t he just live on the edge. Gone Again missed all of it, arriving late and pleading a pressing prior engagement (shirley the ironing could have waited?).

In a break from tradition, and in deference to the long weekend, the evening concluded in the morning, and the port rode off into the sunset with the cowboys. Leastways, that’s how this scribe remembers it.

ON ON *Dini*

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 Salvation Army realized that it had never received a donation from the city's most successful lawyer.

So a Salvation Army volunteer paid the lawyer a visit in his lavish office.

The volunteer opened the meeting by saying, "Our research shows that even though your annual income is over two million dollars, you don't give a penny to charity. Wouldn't you like to give something back to your community through the Salvation Army?"

The lawyer thinks for a minute and says, "First, did your research also show you that my mother is dying after a long, painful illness and she has huge medical bills that are far beyond her ability to pay?" Embarrassed, the Salvation Army rep mumbles, "Uh... no, I didn't know that."

"Secondly," says the lawyer, "did it show that my brother, a disabled veteran, is blind and confined to a wheelchair and is unable to support his wife and six children?"

The stricken Salvation Army rep begins to stammer an apology, but is cut off again.

"Thirdly, did your research also show you that my sister's husband died in dreadful car accident, leaving her penniless with a mortgage and three children, one of whom is disabled and another that has learning disabilities requiring an array of private tutors?"

The humiliated Salvation Army rep, completely beaten, says, "I'm so sorry, I had no idea."

And the lawyer says,

"So . . . if I didn't give any money to them, what makes you think I'd give any to you?"



The Lesser Tit-hopper. Or the Lesser-tit Hopper.

It even had those little yellow disinfectant cubes in it –they’ve thought of everything!



A speed drink-off. Dr Whom makes mum look fast.

Gonzo explains why she loves Chunder—he has feet this big!



Two of the foxiest ladies in Hash—even the scenery had a hard-on.

A man enters a bar and orders a drink. The bar has a robot bartender..
The robot serves him a perfectly prepared cocktail, and then asks him, "What's your IQ?"
The man replies, "150", and the robot proceeds to make conversation about global warming, factors, quantum physics and spirituality, biomimicry, environmental interconnectedness, string theory, nano-technology, and sexual proclivities
The customer is very impressed and thinks, "This is really cool.", and decides to test the robot. He walks out of the bar, turns around, and comes back in for another drink.
Again, the robot serves him the perfectly prepared drink and asks him, "What's your IQ?"
"About a 100," the man responds.
Immediately the robot starts talking, but this time about football, the Bathurst 1000, cricket, supermodels, favourite fast foods, guns, and the like.
Really impressed, the man leaves then walks in again.
"What's your IQ?" the robot asks.
"Er, 50, I think."
And the robot responds, very, very slowly, "So, I expect you'll be following Collingwood again this year?"

I took my dad to the mall the other day to buy some new shoes (he is 84).
We decided to grab a bite at the food court.
I noticed he was watching a teenager sitting next to him.
The teenager had spiked hair in all different colours: green, red, orange, and blue.
My dad kept staring at him.
The teenager would look and find him staring every time.
When the teenager had enough, he sarcastically asked:
"What's the matter old man, never done anything wild in your life?"
Knowing my Dad, I quickly swallowed my food so that I wouldn't choke on his response; knowing he would have a good one.
And in classic style he did not bat an eye in his response:
'Got stoned once and f*cked a peacock. I was just wondering if you were my son??????'



How a real man uses Post-it notes

Up and cumming....

March 16th, Monday 6.30pm—Devonport H3—This week's r*n set by Black Trakka from Dawson's Siding off Railton Rd. About 3km along Dawson's Siding. On On is rumoured to be at Bells Parade. Bring \$10, Hub, torch, odd socks, toy train and choo-choo whistle, and extra drinks if you are a pisshead.

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

March 23rd, DH3, Dyke and Mabel@TBA

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

April 6th, (Daylight savings finished) DH3, Bastard@TBA.

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

April 4th-5th—**Weekend HOFT (Hashing Old Farts Trek)**—Saturday walk into Montezuma Falls at Rosebery, then on to Queenstown for an overnigher – Mt Lyell Motor Inn – Sunday recovery walk to Nelson Falls. Anyone interested contact Flasher(flasher@dhash.com) **a.s.a.p.** to secure accommodation. Note that daylight saving ends on this weekend.

April 20th, Monday—**H5 AGPU@** the Philip Smith Centre, 2 Edward Street, Glebe.

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 SpooF 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 H3 Tour de Pisse @Ulverstone**

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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