



BRISBANE NORTHSIDE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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HASH TRASH

It is a truth universally acknowledged that the hash trash never lies. What you are about to read either has happened, is happening now, or will happen at sometime in the future. Or nearly, anyway.

GRAND MASTER	Pounda	0432 031 588	RELIGIOUS ADVISER	Chunda	0403 246 872
Assistant RA	Cheesecake	0432 386 147	Hash Haberdash	Kuntry Gal	0402 093 654
HASH CASH	Boxy		HASH TRASH	Semen Stains	0412 276 625
HARE RAISER	Smooth Ride		HASH ELDER	To & From	0409 765 162
HASH BOOZE	FIGJAM		SONG MISTRESS	Flower	0408 706 641

RUN NO: 2024 DATE: 24/04/2017 HARE: Wrong Way LOCATION: Simpleton's Shack, Stafford Heights.

A top run – short and sweet, just like Harriet walkers



On the first cool night of 2017 the Hashers were relieved to find a warming fire in the back garden and yet equally perturbed when they realised it was a BBQ and **Simpleton** would be cooking. Fortunately we were spared the charcoal and **Mrs Simpleton** was on hand for sausage flipping duty – and kept an eye on the dinner too. In the circle **Simpleton** was asked by a Harrier why he'd bought a horse float, was he planning to take out a Harriet? Some boys say foolish things when there are sharp knives at hand, we could use another snag on the BBQ - but **Flower** noted we'd have to find it before we could amputate it.

The **Run Report** as told by **Pickpocket**:

He thought it was wonderful, followed the Hare, nice and short, no false trails, no hills, not much of anything.
Score: 5/25

The **Walk Report** as told by **Ryvita**:

Ryvita looked at the hills and thought, this is crazy, I'm not doing that but when she turned around there was nobody behind her and she thought that Flower was ahead... "Well", she said, "I was not going to let Flower lick me so up I went." Much merriment ensued at the thought, you boys are disgusting! So the walk was good, we had fun.

Score: Fun

"We had joy we had fun out there on **Simpleton's** run..."

HASH RELIGIOUS ARTICLES

Large Appendage: Cousin It is believed to be the holder of the Large Appendage.

Small Appendage: 10 Fingers was thought to still have it and is not here tonight. **Fig Jam** asked the beer drinkers if the beer was cold tonight? **Fig Jam** was Booze Master tonight and was called **10 Fingers** by a Harriet. **Fig Jam** produced a bag of ice and called **Kimasutra** to sit upon it. **GM Pounder** agreed and charged **Kimasutra** as Proxy for **10 Fingers** and his Small Appendage.

Thunderbox extended **Kimasutra's** agony with an Australian joke ... there were two fencers working out the back of Gundagai and the guys got their pay cheques. One said to the other, well I might go down to Sydney and have a good time. Well said his mate, we're out in the middle of nowhere, there's five ways to go, which route are you going to take? Hmmm, he said, I might take the Mrs, she stood by me during the drought. Boom boom.
"She's a Harriet and she's alright..."

However.... **Pickpocket** had the Small Appendage (as we've all suspected) and awarded it to **Tail** for writing an extremely informative recollection of last week's run. It was quick reading but very prompt.
"She's the meanest..."

Scrubber Shirt: Flasher previously awarded it to **Scrubber** – not present

WARNING to the poor sod that gets the shirt next week – it was furiously rubbed across **Scrubbers'** undercarriage.

Brush (Vagina): Pickpocket previously awarded it to **Scrubber** – not present

CHARGES:

TripeJ charged **Ryvita** for Over Achieving, for being a walker and running UP the hills. **Ryvita's** reply was that with little legs like hers it's the easiest way of getting them over. **Christopher Cum Semen** suggested perhaps she'd heard there was a willing Harrier on the other side. Well done **Ryvita!**

"Take it in your tits Mrs Murphy..."

Flasher charged **Thunderbox** with doing an impression of a "fat arsed Harriet walker" because half way around the run he was complaining about the length of it. (Your Scribe would like it noted that it was obviously a poor impression, as a Harriet has never been known to complain about the length, or thickness, of anything.) **Flower** suggested he could be known as the Fat Arsed Runner. **GM Pounder** called **Thunderbox** forward to cool his hot tired arse on the ice. **GM Pounder** called **Flasher** to join **Thunderbox** on the ice for changing his tune as he was referring to the Harriet's as fat arsed walkers too, until the ladies were in ear shot. Both carefully placed an arse cheek each on the ice, **Thunderbox** could not control himself and said you wouldn't find two Harriets who could both sit on the ice together. **Flower**, a skinny arsed walker herself, felt there was only one song suitable for such a comment...

"Last night they stayed at home and masturbated..."

Ned charged the Hare, he was shocked with **Simpleton's** profanity on the run, he said "boy oh boy".

"There's a skeeter on his Peeter..."

RA Chunder charged **Pickpocket** for going out the night before the Bike Hash ride and being too under the weather to fulfill his riding commitments with the Harriets. His father, **Too and From**, volunteered to lead the ladies around the velo-trail, and with vigour from all accounts.

"He wanks his crank in the morning..."

GM Pounder said it was such a good ride that someone decided to show their gratitude by getting undressed at his place and left their clothes behind. **Smooth Ride** owned up to the striptease and reclaimed her hat.

"There was a Harriet and she was dumb and Bimbo was her name-o..."

RETURNEES – Booty and Thunderbox

"Oh where, oh where, oh was you last week..."

VISITORS – The **GM of Thirsty** decided to hang out with the cool kids tonight AGAIN, welcome **Kimasutra**. This could become a habit.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Thirsty Hash 17th Birthday on ANZAC Day at the Full Moon Pub from 1pm.

Mother's Day Bike Hash from Heart Starter and Overproof's place.

Thirsty Hash Naughty Nautical, 6th of May, meet at the Plough Inn from 12.00pm

NEXT WEEK'S RUN #2025

Vampire's place, 49A Winter Road, Kallangur.

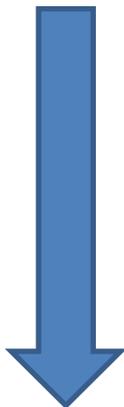
Thank you to Simpleton and Mrs Simpleton, nothing beats a nice bit of sausage!

SPECIAL COMMEMORATION

ANZAC Day tomorrow, our **GM Pounder** lead the gathering in The Ode, Lest We Forget.



PHOTOS ON THE LAST PAGE.....



The Evidence



Smooth Ride biting sausage makes Chunder feel nervous.



They moved the letterbox further than we thought...



A congratulatory cuddle from Ned, the real reason Ryvita ran up the hills...



The BNH3 ice fiends and bum, errrr, arse buddies Thunderbox and Flasher



Tail with her lips closed tight at the prospect of a small appendage.



Two skinny arsed walkers and the very lovely Mrs Simpleton, with three degenerates.



What is Pithy hiding behind his back that's put such a big smile on Booty's face?