



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 some time in the future. Or nearly, anyway.

GRAND MASTER	Rabbi		RELIGIOUS ADVISER	Sex Change	
HASH CASH	Smooth Ride	0422 805 565	HASH NERD	Bigfoot	
HARE RAISER	Jake the Peg	0492 065 565	HASH TRASH	Sex Change	
HASH BOOZE	Cheesecake	0448 841 912	SONG MISTRESS	Flower	0408 706 641
HASH CATS PISS	Structure Fucker	0412 621 032	HASH RECYCLER	Overproof	0424 955 426
HASH FLASH	Raw Liver	0418 460 188			

Run 2268

Tail's Abode 27th December 2021

Twenty hashers arrived for the post Christmas celebrations. Fortunately Tail's neighbours wisely arranged to be elsewhere as partying went on to the wee wee hours of the morn. Festive lights greeted us and reminded us that it was still sort of the Christmas season. Silver Fox was our stand in Santa, Big Foot his merry little elf! I suspect that most Hashers would rather give 2021 the boot and move on to hopefully less Covid restrictions for 2022.

Short straws were drawn and Smooth Ride stood in as acting GM and scribe. All that is written here may or may not have happened or will possibly happen at some future time as is the hash trash creed. Of course Smooth Ride was amazing as GM and was the topic of conversation for hours after the circle closed for her witty observations and guidance. Attention was brought to male hashers that harriettes are not just there for their beauty but also for their brains, repartee, the foil and balance to male hashers. It is wonderful that male hashers can now share some quality time with their female counterparts. Fortuitously many ales and wines make this all the more possible.

A flash storm just prior to arrival of the hashers gave us all a good excuse to do a shorter walk than Jake had been plotting. Nonetheless Tail managed to find substantial hills and dark and leafy trails. Despite the wet pavement, arrows were found and we arrived back in one piece. No runners braved the conditions.

The usual rabble and charges were called, none of which I remembered or recorded. Big Prick turned up, it may have been awarded to Hooker. There was no Ten Fingers present so Struk was awarded the Grub Shirt. The highlight was definitely a delightful Christmas poem about yuletide "logs". Jake did a creditable reading but Sex Change was missed.

We had a few visitors and returnees, Bitta Relief, X Files, Pounda and Beet-a-Root.
The race is still on between Dog and Chunda 998 each. To be continued.....

ON ON. next week back to Flower's place at 7 Grevillea Place Bridgeman Downs.



