Hash 656
Sun 29 Sep 2013
Domaine de Pailles

Hares	Harry and Ravin
Hashers	Lots
Beer Maiden	Nadine
Hash Flash	Jackie and Priscille
Hash Trash	John
Editor	Kay



Preamble



Sunday Bloody Sunday, Bloody Hot Sunday. The Phenomenette of the Scribe Twilight Zone temporarily vacated her exalted seat for the curious pleasures of Rotarian duties accompanied by her trusted slave/toy boy/plaything/albatross (delete as appropriate) who must be beside himself with disbelieving excitement that his Tigers are in the top half of the Premiership. This desertion of duty left this meek alternative to pick up the pencil-shaped baton and take on the daunting role of SubScribe.





The on-on was set in the welcoming shade of the Pailles stables and was the six hundred and something something gathering of the Great, the Good and the Grisly. The latter was present in the form of our favourite worst nightmare, the slightly tragic figure of Claude (who else) who was stirring up a hornets' nest by ..well, er… stirring up a hornets' nest with a long wooden stick like he was pretending to be a courageous swashbuckling musketeer. Unfortunately we did not get to savour the sight of a plague of hostile wasps covering our anti-hero like an uncomfortable comfort blanket….well maybe next time our prayers will be answered.

Mario demonstrated his athletic prowess by singlehandedly cycling to the on-on looking as fresh as a summer breeze although he did ruefully confess that he lived only a stone's throw from the écuries. He also produced a plastic bottle of what suspiciously appeared to be

Virgin's blood, innocently claiming that the contents were an optimally balanced active hydration drink that satisfied electrolyte replenishment needs….as if he could pull the wool over the keen eye of the SubScribe.

The SubScribe suspects that there may be an undisclosed rivalry between Kees (pronounced *case*, just in case you felt the unlikely need to address him properly although he does throw a diva strop if you address him as his name appears to be written but such is the acute mystery of Dutch phonetics) and the formidable Alpha male-cum-Hash Horn, Hector (pronounced *Hec-tor*) as to which of these willing beasts of burden has the largest Papoose. The latter's voluminous canopied model looks like it was designed to be placed on an elephant's back and looked like it has more than enough room to fit the pocket dimensions of the Subscribe. Can we expect the Flying Dutchman to turn up with a hiking dome tent on his back next Hash? Tune in in 2 weeks for the next episode of "Papoose Wars."

Having called the disorderly throng to observe due silence, the GM introduced the Hares in the humanoid form of loyal Hashers Hari and Ravin, and following a brief humble introduction by the former, the baying pack set off into the distance with varying degrees of zeal.

Amble





We were treated to an absolutely majestic trail that wound through shrubs and undergrowth and on tarmac. As usual, the SubScribe was too busy sniffing out the trail like undesirable heteroptera to decipher in detailed lyricism the fascinating contours, the stunning topography and aesthetic panorama of the trail.





We had a runners' trail, a walkers' trail and a box with XXXX in Roman numerals which, on the face of it, doesn't signify a conventional (or even non-conventional) Roman number. At first glance, it appeared to be confirmation of Harry's T-Shirt measurement until we caught sight of the number 20 in Arabic format….which merely confirmed that the twin trailsetters are numerologically myopic and sadly lacking in mathematical polish. These donkeys deserve to be subjected to a solid sleepless fortnight's stint of the joys of screen idol Alan

Grihault's MCA edu-tainment broadcasts. If this sadistic ploy does not make them count sheep in Roman numerals after the sandman lullabies them to sleep, nothing else will.





Postamble

Amid a resounding round of applause, the GM rightfully congratulated the Hares (coyly referred to as Romeo and Juliet, but what a charming couplet they make) for setting an excellent trail and the duo quenched their beer with gusto like a couple of cats licking cream out of a bowl.



Here's to the Hares!

First timer



The first timers came in the solitary shape of Gregorz from Poland, the ex-epicentre of the Catholic world, the land with no sun and the language of no vowels. He was introduced to the Hash by Nadine and apparently he is in Mauritius on assignment to audit the Sugar Mills at Fuel Estate. How does a Pole who hails from somewhere around the Silesian coalfields even begin to have the idea that he would like to indulge his career in the financial study of sugar mills? Life is creepy, guys and gals. Several ladies (perhaps the visually myopic variety) remarked that he looked a little like Hollywood heartthrob, Tom Cruise although perhaps they were referring to the deformed character in Vanilla Sky.

Second timers



The GM was spared the ignominy of taking a beer from the bacteria-infested bubonic green mini-urinal by returnees Serge, Jose, Patrice, Theresa, and their children whose names are something like Uris and Capucine but nevertheless we welcome them into our loyal dysfunctional band of misfits. We hope to see them join us every alternate Sunday.

Here's to the second timers!

RAs

The twin-charged double trouble of Kees Cupido (pronounced **case koo-pee-doh**) and Jim Ladd (pronounced **jim lad**), our (Sacri)Religious and Sex(less) advisors stormed to the centre of the ring with customary evil intent to administer non-solid punishments starting as always with:

The Banglestein award



The last paying Hash member was our trailblazing Trailmaster, Didier, who had to suffer the discordant unvirtuoso choir singing the not-yet-quite-so-familiar Banglestein song – the GM should maybe add the lyrics on the partially sighted-friendly notice board. As an aside, a few racially sensitive Hash members approached me echoing their concerns that the song may in fact be some veiled anti-Semitic diatribe but the Subscribe quickly reassured them that the Hash is a disorganization that does not hold prejudice towards any race, creed or colour (insert your own "I had a Dream" speech here) except perhaps for malodorous Italian-blooded Scottish dwarves (even to which, to be fair, it does not exclude inclusion). These same politically correct meddlers also wanted to know the identity of the very same Mister Banglestein so the biography below should put them out of their misery.



Here's to Mr Banglestein

Down-downs

Claude

Back to the more anesthetized diversions of the circle, the second down-down was meted out to our old favourite the clinically insane Claude (whose defective mannerisms must surely make him a blood relative to Mr Banglestein) for urinating on Kees' SUV at the last Hash notwithstanding the fact that the impromptu shower left his wheel rim so clean you could have used it as a shaving mirror. It is most likely to be a prostate issue with our Claude and we really ought to buy him a pair of vulcanized incontinence pants for his birthday to make his embarrassment less public.

Here's to the sinner!

The Poles



Tusia was dragged forward for the crime of showing too much attention to her fellow Pole and Hash virgin, Gregorz – that is the price to be paid for reverting to the sort of maternal instincts that make a newcomer feel welcome or it could be that Kees and Jim were suffering from an advanced case of attention deficiency syndrome since they do not have the eye candy appeal (obviously) that attracts female admirers of any life form. And just for good measure, Gregorz himself had his sorry ass hauled in front of the circle for wearing new shoes to the Hash and was completely unfazed when he

was informed that he had to take his punishment from one of his trainers – his footwear bore the unmistakable hallmark of quality as they held the contents without as much as a drop of the amber nectar slipping out.

Here's to the sinners!



SubScribe



And the final down-down was awarded by the GM to the SubScribe for being the thinking man's illiterate and for being foolish enough to take on temporary scribbling duties. And to make matters worse, the reward was served in the twin-handled poisoned chalice that is used to inaugurate the incoming GM. The SubScribe exclaimed in paranoid exasperation that he appears to be the subject of a preordained conspiracy to be the recipient of a down-down at each Hash – he openly warned that he would dress incognito for future gatherings to avoid the glare of unwanted publicity.

The Dodo Award

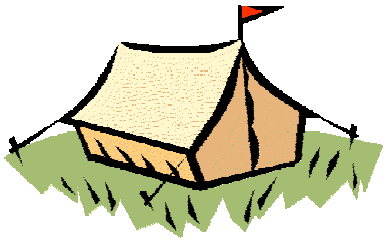


And lastly, Tusia produced a stuffed dodo (No, not her husband) to be used as the Kid's Prize and she gave this coveted award to Avaline who may prefer to cuddle this inanimate creature than the inanimate creature that masquerades as her father.

Editor's note

Will the dodo be prised from the grasp of the delightful Avi at the next Hash to be awarded to another charming cherub?

Post - postamble



And finally, the GM has asked me to remind everyone that payment for the Hash camping weekend should be made to our ever dutiful H$sh C$sh, Claudia – so go fellow Hashers join the queues at the cash machine and sign up for the weekend of a lifetime!





Exeunt Stage Right
The SubScribe



For sale
Tent – sleeps 4
Rs 2,500
Contact Marinette on 59842283 or 57274136 or 59842183

Photos

If you take photos at the Hash why not have them published in the Hash Trash and posted for posterity on the Hash website? Just send links and photos to the Scribe at: kay.farrow1@gmail.com and copy in Assistant Webmaster, Rey, at: reyjo@hotmail.com.

Next Hash

Trailblazer the Trailmaster announced that Vijay, M Angel and Jim will set the next Hash in Crève Coeur on Sunday 13 October.



Last word

Here's to Mr Banglestein!

Joel Maddox Banglestein was born in Shreveport, Louisiana in 1948, was the son of unwed teenage parents and could hardly be described as a normal child. His parents separated when he was only 15 months old and he had a tempestuous relationship with his bipolar mother who would regularly beat and humiliate him. A prodigious bedwetter until the age of 16, Banglestein found it difficult to make friends and was constantly bullied at school by classmates who called him 'The Turtle' on account of his shy awkward manner and habitual slouch. The loner lived in a fantasy world that involved seducing scantily clad nubile maidens into his kaleidoscopic den of vice and into his eternal carnal grasp. As a teenager, he wistfully visualized himself as a swarthy Antonio Banderas-like conquistador in figure-hugging transparent clingfilm body armour as this adolescent poem suggests -

> 'A siren temptress caught my gaze, a helpless stranger beyond a darkened haze,
> Pleading from shadowed dusk, to help her and to help I must.'



Although possessing a high IQ, his valiant dreams of heroism swiftly dissipated in a failed university course in one of the life sciences (rumoured to be astrobiology), his self-esteem being further battered by being refused conscription into the marines (probably for having the comely attributes of the kind of turtle that was not the Teenage Mutant Ninja variety). He moved to New Jersey at the age of 23 and after a string of part-time bartending jobs, he eventually found his career nirvana by becoming a faeces collector at the Rutgers Equine Research Centre, joining the Middleton Night Owls Hash soon after.



He quickly established himself as an unpleasant predator with The Owls by prowling on the female members in a pathologically desperate attempt at seeking the sort of validation that his domineering mother failed to deliver. He was by default anointed as Hash Flash not because of his deft Canon exposure but more on account of his deft 'cannon' exposure constantly inviting the ladies to stroke his pet kinkajou, around which he usually tied a red bow for birthdays and special occasions.

Referred for psychiatric assessment after a stage managed intervention by the Owlettes, an extensive course of specialist treatment (which involved a partial lobotomy) proved successful in taming him into a mere harmless degenerate and recreational pervert although he still had the occasional urge to reveal himself in the public domain. He resorted to visiting on a regular basis the seedy Ringside Lounge in New Jersey's squalid red light district inhabited by pimps, pushers and prostitutes…and it was here that he earned his peerless

reputation for parsimony as he became accustomed to settling the bill for his nocturnal pleasures several days (weeks even) from delivery of the service – that he was able to arrange an arrangement that was not strictly 'cash on delivery' was a remarkable feat in itself and worthy of special mention.



On his untimely passing at the age of 46 from a sudden and chronic strain of lassa fever and despite his lascivious eccentric behaviour, he was sent into the pantheons of Hash folklore with a tribute song celebrating his prurient kinkiness (if not his kinkajou). And therein lies the story of a Hash legend.



Here's to Mr Banglestein, Banglestein, Banglestein.
Here's to Mr Banglestein, dirty old man!
For he kept us waiting and our time was wasting.
Here's to Mr Banglestein, dirty old man!

Here's to the Hash! On-on……