Mauritius Hash House Harriers

Run Number 689 - although announced by the GM as 389

Hares: Harry and Jean

Location : Mauritian Football Association Complex – Trianon

Neither rain, nor hail, nor sleet, nor snow, nor heat of day, nor dark of night, nor hangover, nor illness, nor bad back, nor sore feet, nor terminal halitosis shall keep a hasher from the swift completion of his appointed hash! This had some relevance this week as we shall see.

The Trail – down the road past the fire engine, along the river bank, up into the cane fields, under the motorway, through the puddle. I sound just like a children's book called Bears in the Night which is supposed to help kids learn about prepositions. On a different note, what is all this pussy-footing about when it comes to puddles? So you get your feet wet – feet are dryable, trainers are dryable – and as it turned out it was completely irrelevant whether anyone managed to keep their feet dry crossing the puddle as 5 minutes later the heavens opened and the whoosh we were all soaked through in seconds. We plodded on through the downpour like the good hashers we are and finally it eased off. Then we crossed the road and it started again. Finally back to the circle where it eased off once more. Just as well most of us had a change of clothes or we could have started a pneumonia epidemic.



The circle commenced under the spreading branches of a Pongamia Pinnata planted by the then Prime Minister in 2005.



The GM rewarded the hares, Jean and Harry, for a good trail, and deflowered the Virgins Carla and Mario from Italy – no relation to Berlusconi and why should they be? He then took the punishment for no second timers.

The RA, resplendent in a new red and sparkly hat, tried to award the Bangelstein to Alison who had mysteriously vanished so the down-down was taken by substitute Patricia.

He then proceeded to instruct the hares to remember when taking the trail around corners either put in a check or an arrow, otherwise the walkers coming along later go wandering about in a dither.
Boxes with large numbers should go on joint trails – 15 is far too many on the runners trail when there are only 7 runners – if the RA hadn't made an executive decision they could all still be out there.

Jean was hauled forward covered in lipstick or that's what we think it was. When accused of having sex on the trail he replied " But he kissed me first" – who "He" was and what happened next we don't know and as this is a family hash then that is probably best that we never do.

Rey the gambler was next for not knowing enough about the lottery – if you are going to gamble, it is best to know as much as possible about what you are betting on – although personally when I go to the horse races I just bet on the horse with the name I like.

John Cabrelli was hauled forth for short-cutting which he denied vehemently.

I didn't hear the cowbell which was carried by Lisa but then I am usually a long way behind the runners so that isn't surprising – she suggested that the cowbell went to one of the hares as they should be punished for the weather. A vote ensued and Harry was the popular choice for the punishment. Actually I'm sure I read somewhere that the RA is responsible for the weather…….



At about 10 past circle, Alison reappeared with the virgin Nana from Melbourne – they had been shopping in Primark – ostensibly for dry clothes. She got a down down as the real Bangelstein.



We need hares!!!! A hash cannot exist without hares. If you haven't set a trail for a while please contact Harry and pick a date.

Rodrigues at Easter – so far we have 8 people who have said they would like to go. Please let us know if you are interested.

Here endeth this week's Hash Trash

ON ON

Shakesbeer