Mauritius Hash House Harriers

Run Number 690

Hares: Leslie, Marie-Claude and Claudia

Location : Ferney

Having elected/dragooned me into the post of Scribe or Edit Hare or whatever you wish to call it, you will now have to suffer the consequences. I am not, like the previous incumbent, Isis, a gentle young thing spreading sweetness and light where-ever she went, I am the crabby old bitch who will harangue and upbraid you. I will also, due to incipient Alzheimer's, periodically forget everyone's names and ramble off on a tangent about subjects which have no relevance to the hash whatsoever. You put me here so get used to it!

The Trail – The run took place in the gently rolling hills near Ferney, close to the monument commemorating the 400th anniversary of the Dutch landing in Mauritius.



I'm sure the Portuguese and the Arabs who landed previously don't have a monument – but then it wasn't called Mauritius until the Dutch got here. Why is it that the Brits get the blame for the extinction of the dodos and the tortoises and the decimation of the ebony? As far as I can work out, by the time the Brits took over the Dutch and the French had done most the damage. It's the same in American films these days – the bad guy is always a Brit.



We wandered up and down around the cane, across a few rusting cattle grids – I didn't see any cattle so why the cattle grids? We tromped through a lot of mud with the sun peeking out between the clouds, which accounts for my now red nose (despite the factor 50). I missed the box but then I was behind the runners and there were enough of them to make up the number so it didn't matter. For reasons which escape me now, I was striding out like…… ummm a giraffe …… I'm paying for that now with what feels like a tennis ball stuck to the back of my knee. All in all it was a very pleasant walk though so I shall not complain.

The Circle



As the GM was one of the hares, the RA stepped in to reward the hares in the customary manner.



The GM then introduced virgin, Julian, from the UK via South Africa – who co-incidentally originates from Cheltenham where NoTrump and I reside when not on our wanderings. It is a small world isn't it? Once on a hash in Hanoi, we bumped into someone we knew 30 years previously in Baghdad, who we discovered also lived around the corner from our place in Cheltenham – I told you I would go off on a tangent!

There were no second timers yet again so the GM took the punishment.



The RA – still with red hat – proceeded to punish the Banglestein – in this case Ravin.

Bob, Jackie, Alan and Sara were hauled forth as returnees after having been missing at the previous hash. They tried the lame excuse of illness but the RA was having none of it.

Mario was spotted on the wrong side of the track and Josh and Julia missed the box. Josh was feeling a tad shy so Julia took a double punishment, manfully (or should that be womanfully if there is such a word?) gulping her way through the first but being defeated by the second and pouring it one over her head. What motherly devotion!



Gilbert was asked to explain why he was wearing the English flag on his nether regions. I must say it is nice to have Gilbert back in our midst – the singing has been appalling since he went off to explore the fleshpots of Europe (I bet Hull has never been described that way before). I think we need to get some song sheets printed up again as everyone seems to have forgotten the lyrics.

An intelligent German (is that an oxymoron?) was asked to explain why a German judge had decided that German men were now allowed to pee standing up? What did they do prior to this?

The RA then expounded on parabiosis which had everyone confused but seems to explain why vampires live so long. I'm not sure if he was on the prowl for a young volunteer but none was forthcoming.

All the Mauritians were then called upon to answer questions about their sportsmen– including a squash player who forgot his racquet and a footballer who plays for Ipswich. I'm not listing everyone's names as I can't remember them all.

Back to the GM and I got stuck with this job. I have 9 hashes to go until I leave.

We still need hares!!!! Stop pfaffing about and see Harry and pick a date. Yes, this means you!

Here endeth this week's Hash Trash

ON ON

Shakesbeer