

Hash Trash No 696 – Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow

Hares: Karuna & Jean

Location: Eau Bleue

Leave nothing but footprints take nothing but photographs

Friends, Mauritians, countrymen, lend me your ears…

Tusia was kind enough to point out to me that the last trash was a touch lacklustre – they were not her exact words but similar. She is always one for calling a spade a spade. How sharper than a serpents tooth…… However I have to agree with her assessment so as this is my last trash I will try to be a touch more Bard-like. Actually that is not quite true as the Bard was an original and it is my intention to plagiarize him and the best of the others to my heart's content.

This does actually lend some weight to my suggestion of sharing hash roles – there could easily be two scribes perhaps a walker and a runner who will have differing perspectives on the hash could take it in turns to write the trash. It is not easy to come up with sparkling patter on a fortnightly basis.

I found myself this week wondering how much better Shakespeare would have been if only he'd been fully conversant with the whole text messaging/computer speak phenomenon, rather than resting on his traditional laurels with the rather tired quill and parchment approach to literature.

He'd have saved himself some letters for starters.

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temper-8..."

It could have been great. Or should that be gr8?

"2 B or not 2 B that is the Q?
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and ----> of outrageous 4tune..."

Just think what an impact the mobile phone may have had on the works of the great Bard.

"Romeo, Romeo wherefore art thou Romeo?"
"I'm on the train!"

In fact if you think about it, had Romeo and Juliet been keeping in touch with a modern communications system then they could have avoided the whole business of dying young and the story would have had a much happier ending.

“Sweet Juliet, me thinkst Orange hath saved the day”

And he could have scrapped all that hankie nonsense in Othello. He could have just gone through Desdemona's recently dialled numbers and texts...

"What manner of gadget is this?
Why 'tis my lady's iPhone, to reveal on whom
She doth use her free texts and talk-time..."

All of which has very little to do with the hash except that mobile phones seems to be very prevalent amongst the hashers and that they need to remember to switch the blasted things off, especially during the circle.

On On to the run which started next to the looming wall of Eau Bleue Reservoir – I’m sure I read somewhere that Eau Bleue was a natural reservoir so I was a bit surprised by the wall as it was anything BUT natural. The trail lead us straight up the wall…



…and along a path around the reservoir, or so we thought…..



…until we heard that dreaded cry of “false trail” whereupon we all turned round….



….and came back down the wall….



A note to the hares: Hash Commandment 20 states "If the cars are sighted on the run, then the run is officially over and the Hash may proceed to the beer by the most direct route". As we actually passed the cars coming down from the wall, this could have been one of the MH3's shortest runs if anyone had enforced the rule. As it was we all blithely ignored it and set off through fields and into the countryside on a short but satisfactory trail.

The circle was somewhat larger than has been the case recently …



The Hash Master was intending to reward the hares but discovered that Jean had wandered off, so Alan entertained the circle by speculating on why the beer for the down downs had been set up on the Hash Market table. Was this a Scottish tradition, making us pay for our sins? Apparently not. Jean reappeared and the hares were duly thanked.



The virgins were welcomed. Stephen from SA, Chris from Quatre Bornes, Jans from Bavaria, Stephanie from Germany and Satish and Veena from Curepipe



Second timers, Hudson, Geraldine and Yuann were inducted with a drink



The RA called for Hash Hush and down-downed the Banglestein…..



And the hares for setting the trail through crops – This is a big NO NO!

Tusia had a double for shortcutting – don't do it where the RA can see you!



Stood in for the Bard who was baptised on this day many years ago and Harry was baptised with his new hash name Harry-Go-Lucky



Ravin, Isabel and Didier represented Mauritius which has been voted the top island in Africa on tripadvisor.



The Germans were pulled out AGAIN – something to do with an enterprising student and the freedom of information act



… and finally some sinners were queried about American beliefs…



The Hash Master taking the reins again, offered Mario as the German representative a chance to give a down-down instead of receiving one, so Mario repaid the compliment by downing the Hash master.

The cow-bell has gone on holiday. Let us hope it returns in time for the next hash.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The AGM will take place at Flic en Flac behind the police station on the 17th May at 11am. Bring a picnic and your suggestions for the Mis-Management positions.

Elections will be held in Perybere on the 7th June – run 699

The words for today are Corporate Social Responsibility – I have NO IDEA what that is supposed to mean.

As a parting gift I present the following:

Sonnet to the Mauritius Hash

Whither shall we return to the island of Mauritius?
Land of the dodo and the curry so delicious.
Isle of the coloured earths and the MH3
Jagged peaks which pierce the clouds from sea to shining sea
We've hashed amidst the cane fields, we've hashed along the shore
We've hashed among the gorges and then we've hashed some more
From Grande Gaube in the north, Black River in the west
South and east and centre which in summer is the best
All around the island with the hash we've run and moved
But despite our many efforts the singing's not improved
The Phoenix beer flows freely and the company is grand
And good times are aplenty with the Hash House Harriers band.
But now with tears and heavy hearts, my spouse, No Trump and I
Are forced to go, and thus we have to wish you all goodbye.

I have not used the correct rhyming sequence for the Petrarchan, Spenserian or Shakespearian sonnet, as it is obviously a Shakesbeerian one.

Here are the lyrics for the Mauritius Hash Song – be warned, the RA is on the warpath and will be testing you on this so be word perfect for the next hash.

Mauritius, Mauritius, wonderful place to hash
We have great fun dodging the shit and trash
The skies are always clear
And we have ice cold beer
So come along and sing a song
On a fine Mauritian Hash.

Many thanks to all of you who have made our stay in Mauritius so enjoyable. We will be joining you for the next two hashes but although No Trump will continue to the bitter end as RA, I will be unencumbered by pen and paper or the necessity to pour beer so will be able to socialise a little more.

Whoever it was who took a nice photo of me at the 695th hash, could you please email me a copy? My email address is on the Mis-Management page unless it has already been removed, in which case please send to the RA.

If you can work out how many quotes I have stolen from elsewhere then you are a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

For the very last time from me

On On and imitate the action of the tiger or you can try for modest stillness and serenity if you prefer

Shakesbeer