

Mr. Fixit, On Sec Mainland H³ Abu Dhabi

Dear Mr. Fixit,

Further to my account of The Ringer and myself chasing around the countryside after film crew cars when following HHH signs, here, as promised, is an outline of how REAL Hashing is done here in the good old UK.

Would be hashers meet up in the early hours of a Sunday morning at CLOSED alehouses - now have you ever heard of such a thing! ? It's no wonder the church's are empty. Then after some long rambling and somewhat complicated explanation of that week's trail markings (they vary from Hare to Hair) it's On-On to find the trail. Flour is the preferred medium here. Something to do will a law against spray painting the countryside I think.

Last week's run, a prime example, was called "*The Teddy Bear's Picnic*" and was hared by WALLINGTON, a deceptively agile leveret, starting from The Black Horse in Market Bosworth, that well known pretty town with such history and scene of such brilliant scrapes way back when you we a nipper.

The trail, or is that trial, took us via footpaths, gorse, nettles and through fields of fluffy white sheep. Indeed it was the sight of all these warm virgin-like creatures, which proved too much for JET SLAG and SLEAZY RIDER who, like dogs with cars, took chase. If it hadn't have been for the man discarding rubbish over his fence stopping them in their tracks, they may have even caught one. However being neither Welsh nor Arabic, and just like the dog and the car syndrome, would have been scratching their heads as to exactly what to do with their captured quarry.

Back on the flour trail! Over gates and stiles, through fields and what do WARMERS and ORGAN GRINDER see as they bring up the rear turning round the corner of a hedge - was it a giant condom hanging from a tall pole and flapping in the breeze or was it a wind sock? It was then that we heard the panic cries from the sheep in the next field and instantly knew that the item in question was BLOW's cycle shorts and the sheep were definitely in for a hard time.

The balmy (barmy?) trail took us through a field of blue flowers and along the side of a picturesque canal where the barges drifted by in the afternoon sunshine. Indeed, it was a day that Abu Dhabi could be proud of. It was here that we finally obtained proof that Hashers were not the only sad bastards out that day. A weekend barge captain was seen meandering down the canal reading a map! Question? How much navigational skill does it take to follow a canal in a straight line? Answer: Just a little less than Hashers need to find the piss stop. This being the second on this trail, and fair dues to the hare, both were different. The first was unusually early on in the run when the opportunity was taken up wholeheartedly by SCROUGE when he pissed all over this guy's unmentionables! The second was partaken on the edge of a field, miles from anywhere (keen hare) and fortunately consisted of the imbibing of the amber nectar.

On-On again to the hare's delight, a sadistic little deceptively agile leveret, when he got the pack knee deep in water as the trail took us up through this grotty, leech ridden stream. Shit, Hashers really are sad bastards! Hares are even worse.

After a thorough soaking followed by a good de-leeching the hash races off again – confused, as the hare had jokingly “barred” the trail. Sneaky little deceptively agile leveret!

Now, I know you won't believe it but the sunshine was so good and it was so hot that a couple harriettes were overcum with . . . exhaustion and proceeded to disrobe, finishing the run minus T-shirts and displaying their feminine athletic supports! That's all I'm saying – the rest Mr. Fixit is left to your imagination. As to names, there's just no pack drill either – I know how jealous Gnasher can be

Well THE RINGER excelled himself on this particular run and kept up near the front somewhere – how should I know where that is! As usual ORGAN GRINDER and BIG PHUTT were bringing up the rear accompanied today by WARMERS. So she will voucher for the astonishing incident as we cross a sheep filled field near the end of the run. BIG PHUTT starts talking to the sheep! (Dr. Dolittle eat your heart out). There he is loping along and bleating! God, I used to think Nurd was queer!? At least he didn't try to seduce the camels by cooing at them.

After the On-In was sighted some saw CREAMY BRISTOLS break into a run for the last few hundred yards or so to the pub – only to find it was the wrong establishment! Realising the error of her ways she did the unthinkable - competitive hashing, racing others to get back to the real pub first. We wouldn't have minded, but she didn't even buy the round!

After sampling the amber nectar it was decided to have the circle down at the Park where a BBQ Teddy Bear's Picnic was to take place.

The Hash re-located to the Park after and impromptu and unintended tour of the local historic battlefields, and the circle commenced.

Each week sees a guest RA. This week it was none other than THE RINGER complete with dick glass but minus ice – shame. His first victim was the Hare and as a song was being sung for this gallant chap, each member of the circle discharged their vessel of water over the him in retribution (remember the stream?). The poor little deceptively agile soggy leveret was soaked – shame on you RA. Various other misdemeanours were highlighted and their perpetrators brought to justice. It was while one of these charges was being administered the “new” shoe of MALTEASER was lobbed by SLEAZY RIDER about 30 feet heavenward and landed about 20 yards away right on top of the 18 inch barbecue, sprawling the contents onto the grass. – That's that green stuff that provides good ground cover over here! The circle had to be adjourned for the picnic fodder to be re-instated on the BBQ with a cry that the onions were “Off”. It was after this enforced respite that the RA called the circle to order again and a small fracas between two harriettes, namely MALTEASER and SKID MARKS, took place and the RA lost control of the circle. The harriettes decided to entertain us with a little “friendly” inspirational interlude and the RA did what any self-respecting RA would have done in such circumstances – stood back, viewed the “entertainment” and had a beer. As you know he has long since learnt his lesson in coming between two feuding women. Talk about Market Bosworth being the place for “scrapes”!

The situation now being a little like Lilo Lil having a bad hair day the RA called On-On to the BBQ.

Love & Kisses - Organ Grinder