

BHHH2 Hash Trash Run #1634 30 March 2024

The Great BHHH2 Easter Paper Hunt

Chocolate Easter Eggs won't last in the tropics, but apparently shredded paper can suffer the same fate on a hash trail. Did some of it melt away under the equatorial sun? 127 keen hashers joined the Great Easter Paper Hunt, with varying levels of success.

"The paper (and other markers like chalk and spray) became increasingly spasmodic until we got completely befuddled by it coming back on itself... We lost the trail completely and made our own way home", reported one intrepid hasher. You know who you are! If nothing else, it provided a perfect opportunity to stop and smell the... lotus.



No one was irretrievably lost; no one died! And the virgin run site was a lovely oasis to find your way back to. Thanks go to our hares **Moaning Chi Chi & Dandy Pants**.

Cummings & Goings

Here's a couple of FIFO (fly in; fly out) hashers – **Drongo Wanker** will be "out" this week, while **Pig Iron** is "in".

Although not yet back with the pack, **Harelip** continues to update the database from his temp quarters in Bangkok while **Head Master** flew out 'n back without missing a run!



Come On Back soon, **Harelip!** You are conspicuous by your absence in the Circle.



Returns included **Vice Grip & Blind Dog**, **Deadwood & Frankfurter**, and **Lovebite** with extended family in tow...



Among the **Leavers** this week are **Donkey Undil & Donkey Rider** with their lovely family. It's been 3 years of enforced absence for the man from the "Black Cuntry" but he's back and running as strongly as ever. *Uwdemaan! Not your average tourist!*

Leavers' down downs also for a couple of Canadians who have to go back to work.

In song, they told us how they make a living by "clubbing baby seals"! A tough gig, eh!



Krystal Tits, who has been your Hash Trash co-scribe these past few weeks, will now take on the role of *Foreign Correspondent*. Although not due back on the Isle of the Gods until October, there may yet be some juicy bits of Hash goss coming out of Montreal.

The FRBs will miss **KT** at the head of the pack on the runs. Her musical (?) contributions to the Circle have been epic too. Can't wait to see what gems you'll come back with on your return. But who will do the fashion reviews while you're not here?

Bon voyage also to **6 of 9** – happy trails back to Montréal. Nous attendons avec impatience votre retour.



And so "the call of the wild" (apologies to Jack London) has claimed the attentions of one of our trash talkers; but the HHH is nothing if not a mutually supportive though thoroughly disorganised international phenomenon. To fill the now totally destroyed shoes of **Krystal Tits**, let us introduce our new columnist, the decidedly hairier though not less attractive **Steptoe**...

See you round the ridges on our next disaster, **69er**

Steptoe, on the subject of paper...

As all you avid readers of Hash Trash will be aware, one half of the duet that has been eloquently praise singing the delights of H2 hashing in Bali, has recently migrated back to the land of maple syrup and mediocre whiskey (maybe they add the superfluous "E" to keep things chirpy?).

Aduh! What to do?

Before departing, **Krystal Tits** (your previous Canuckian bard) suggested I should step into her regularly drunk (from) shoes.

"Tell it like it was", she said. "Don't overthink it", she said.

Having arrived home from a Monday Hash with a well marinated opinion of last Saturday's HHH2, I'm thinking: let's give that a whirl and see where it takes us...☺

Saturday 30th March

Dandy Pants & Moaning Chi Chi curated a somewhat divisive hash today.

Opinions ranged from the ecologically aware appreciation of woke paper minimalism, to the frothing at the mouth(*1) fury at the miserliness of paper guidance.

The nub of the problem, I feel, was the fact that it took a search party of experienced hashers to find the paper at every turning. Without them, as I discovered myself, you were proper fucked.

About halfway through, my selflessness in pursuing the least likely direction at a abysmally marked junction resulted in me losing the pack. Despite my calls and efforts to catch up, I found myself adrift, alone in a miasma of poorly marked junctions, irregular paper hints and increasingly reliant on the suggestions of be(a)mused Balinese rice warriors.

What was truly frustrating is that **Dandy Pants** had put together a beautiful route where the front running bastards would have been able to stretch their legs and fly through a magical

landscape... then 'spannered' his own creation at every turn with the need to stop and find the paper.

FFS! It's not that difficult!

With respect to Dandy Pants' Japanese paper bitch, **Chi Chi San**, who I have the feeling would have probably tried her gentle best to ease **Dandy Pants'** paper constipation... might I suggest the term **hashigami** as "the art of laying hash paper"?

As a relative neophyte, I would normally be a little more hesitant to give advice, but I'm hearing in my head a voice that some of you may well recognise:

"IT'S NOT FUCKING COMPLICATED – JUST DROP SOME FUCKING PAPER EVERY 10 MILITARY PACES! ANYONE GOT A LIGHT?"

On On...

What I've learned with regard to **Hashigami**:

1. Don't be a paper miser. Carry as much paper as you can – ideally a wholesome mix of spaghetti, confetti and Nuri(*2)
2. Imagine yourself running the trail as you lay paper. At every junction you want to be nudged in the right direction and reassured you've got it right. *Twice!*
3. Big rain fucks paper & chalk; sun fucks wax crayon. Nothing fucks paper or wax crayon or chalk every 10 military paces! Hence the voice from the ether.

ON ON!

Footnotes:

1 *Ginseng with steroids in it; although it may well be great for the ligaments and libido, it seems to cause the most mild mannered and affable of chaps to be quick to rage. Beware of the pharmacological freedoms of unregulated Chinese medicine, my much beloved ageing fellow hashers.

2 *Tinfoil hat insight:

Spaghetti paper: long shredded paper that often contains secrets of the military industrial complex. "They" have found the best way of making sure no-one ever discovers their hideous crimes is by distributing their shredded documents amongst hasher communities around planet with the quiet confidence that strands will be dropped randomly in moist areas and rapidly compost into deniable oblivion.

Spaghetti paper is particularly good for laying trail through leafy/grassy areas where you can't see the path.

Confetti Paper: This the paper dust that you accumulate in the bottom of your hash paper bags after years of hareing. Or maybe you know a dealer? It's great for places where you think the locals might try to sweep it away and long stretches of, might be moonsooned on later, tarmac.

Nuri Paper: In many ways this the best. Nuri of Naughty fame, gets her staff to manually cut up all the redundant paper from her hugely successful franchise. The beauty of Nuri paper is that one bag goes on forever and it requires supra-human determination to sweep once laid. That broom swishes both ways though! Never drop it until you're sure!

Unless you make your own hand-cut paper, for historical reasons, you should never see Nuri paper on H2 – if you ever do, the best bits of the hare may well be BBQ'ed and served along with the island's most ludicrously potent vodka martini shortly after...

ON ON!

Steptoe

