

OFFICAL ORGASIM OF THE STOCKHOLM HASH

# HASH TRASH

SANTA CLAUS HAS THE RIGHT IDEA - VISIT PEOPLE ONLY ONCE A YEAR

VOL 12

ON ON TO THE CHRISTMAS PARTY  
ABOARD THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

DEC 2009



HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED  
WHY THERE ARE TWO OF EVERYONE ELSE  
AND THREE OF US?



## MERRY CHRISTMAS



Gisbertus Optime Maxime Conserva Numerum Omnium Hashium

# THE HARES DISTINGUISHABLE



## ABSOLUT HASH

**Absolut Run # 577 December 26 @ 2pm**  
**Note: Boxing Day Hangover Run**  
**Hares Marmite & Termite**  
**Where: The Mity Abode**

Absolut Run # 579 January 9 @ 2pm  
Anul New Year Hangover A2B Run  
Hare: MaliBog Celebrates 30 years of Hashing.  
From the Lae Harriettes 1980 to the Stockholm Absolut 2010

---nonon---

## THE WAG HASH

Wag Run # 43 - Jan 16 @ 2.30 pm  
Where & Hares: TBA

---nonon---

## FULL MOON BERSERKERS HASH

Berserkers BLUE Moon # 102 - Sat 2nd Jan @ 2 pm  
Hares: MaliBog/Red Horse - Note AGPU  
Where Traneberg (Minnebergs Krog) T-Bana Alvik Back  
Berserkers Full Moon # 103 - Sat 30th Jan @ 2 pm  
Hares: Laid Bird & Titan Dick  
Where: Casa Snickabacken

---nonon---

## FULL MOON IN BRIGHTON HASH

Last weekend in February with the First Full Moon UK Weekend of Running and Drinking (visiting a brewery).  
Details forthkummin'soon on net and e-mails.

## UNDERGROUND

**Underground Run # 794 - Dec 16 @ 6.30pm**  
**Where: Älvsjö Station**  
**Hares: BMV & Eye Full**

Underground Run # 795 - Dec 23 @ 6.30pm  
Where: TBA  
Hares: Little Brother & Ditch Bitch

Underground Run # 796 - Dec 30 @ 6.30pm  
Where: TBA  
Hares: Malteezeer & Stripteezer

Underground Run # 797 - Jan 06 @ 6.30pm  
Where: & Hares: Sign Up - We need you!!

Underground Run # 798 - Jan 13 @ 6.30pm  
Where: & Hares: Sign Up - We need you!!

Underground Run # 799 - Jan 20 @ 6.30pm  
Where & Hares: Sign Up - We need you!!

Underground Run # 800 Celebs - Jan 27 @ 6.30pm  
Sponsered On-Home maybe a BBQ maybe not!  
Where: A2B Live Trail in the North of Stockholm.  
Hares: John Cleese & MaliBog!!

---nonon---

## WHEEL ROYAL STOCKHOLM BASH

Bash Hash # 9 - Date TBA  
Where & Hares: TBA



# The gospel according to an Essex Chav

There's this bird called Mary, yeah? She's a virgin (wossat then?) She's not married or nuffink, but she's got this boyfriend, Joe, innit? He does joinery an' that. Mary lives with him in a crib dahn Nazaref.

One day Mary meets this bloke Gabriel. She's like 'Oo ya lookin at?' Gabriel just goes 'You got one up the duff, you have.' Mary's totally gobsmacked. She gives it to him large 'Stop dissin' me yeah? I ain't no Kappa-slapper. I never bin wiv no one!' So Mary goes and sees her cousin Liz, who's six months gone herself. Liz is largin' it. She's filled with spirits, Barcardi Breezers an' that. She's like 'Orright, Mary, I can feel me bay-bee in me tummy and I reckon I'm well blessed. Think of all the extra benefits an' that we are gonna get.' Mary goes 'Yeah, s'pose you're right' Mary an' Joe ain't got no money so they have to ponse a donkey, an' go dahn Bethlehem on that. They get to this pub an' Mary wants to stop, yeah? To have her bay-bee an' that. But there ain't no room at the inn, innit? So Mary an' Joe break an' enter into



this garridge, only it's filled wiv animals. Cahs an' sheep an' that. Then these three geezers turn up, looking proper bling, wiv crowns on their heads. They're like 'Respect,

bay-bee Jesus', an' say they're wise men from the East End. Joe goes: 'If you're so wise, wotchoo doin' wiv this Frankenstein an' myrrh? Why dincha just bring gold, Adidas and Burberry?' It's all about to kick off when Gabriel turns up again an' sez he's got another message from this Lord geezer. He's like 'The police is comin an' they're killin all the bay-bees. You better nash off to Egypt.' Joe goes 'You must be monged if you think I'm goin' dahn Egypt on a minging donkey.' Gabriel sez 'Suit yerself, pal. But it's your look out if you stay.'

So they go dahn Egypt till they've stopped killin the first-born an' it's safe an' that. Then Joe and Mary and Jesus go back to Nazaref, an' Jesus turns water into Stella. 'APPY CRIMBO

**Inside <sup>PAGE</sup> 3 Today**  
**A CHRISTMAS GIFT**



**MaliBog Performing His Anul Santa Claus Proves It's Better To Receive The Chores**

--onon--

Muldoon lived alone in the Irish countryside with only a pet dog for company. A few days before Christmas the wee dog died, and Muldoon went to the parish priest and asked, "Father, me dog is dead. Could ya' be saying' a Mass for the poor creature?"

Father Patrick replied, "I'm afraid not; we cannot have services for an animal in the church. But there are some Baptists down the lane, and there's no tellin' what they believe. Maybe they'll do something for the creature."

Muldoon said, "I'll go right away Father. Do ya think £5,000 is enough to donate to them for the service?"

Father Patrick exclaimed, "Sweet Mary, Mother of Jesus! Why didn't ya tell me the dog was Catholic?"

--onon--

Two Asian heroin addicts have injected themselves with curry powder by mistake - both are in intensive care...

One has a dodgy tikka and the other one is in a korma.

--onon--

A guy walks into the doctor's office and says, 'D d d doc, I've bbeen stttutering ffor yyyears and IIII'm ttired of it. Cccan yyyou hehehelp me?'

The doctor says, 'Well, I'll have to examine you to see what's going on.' So he examines him and says, 'Well I think I know what the problem is.'

The guy says, 'Wwwell wwwhat is it, ddoc?'

The doctor says, 'Well, it's your penis, it's about a foot long and all the down pressure is putting strain on your vocal cords..'

The guy says, 'Wwwat cccan we ddo?'

The doctor advises, 'Well, I can cut it off and transplant a shorter one.'

The guy says, 'Dddo it!'

The guy has the operation and two months later, he comes back into the doctor's office and says, 'Doc, you solved the problem and I don't stutter anymore, but I've only had sex once in the past two months. My wife doesn't like it anymore. She liked it with my long one. I don't care if I have to stutter, I want you to put my long one back on.'

The doctor says, 'Ppp-piss o o o-off. A dddeal's a dddeal!!!'

**NEWS AROUND THE WORLD**

It's the week before Christmas and two beggars are sitting side by side on a street in Rome - one has a cross in front of him; the other one the Star of David.

Many people go by, look at both beggars, but only put money into the hat of the beggar sitting behind the cross.

A priest comes by, stops and watches throngs of people giving money to the beggar behind the cross, but none to the beggar behind the Star of David.

Finally, the priest goes over to the beggar behind the Star of David and says, "My poor fellow, don't you understand? This is a Catholic country; this city is the seat of Catholicism. People aren't going to give you money if you sit there with a Star of David in front of you, especially when you're sitting beside a beggar who has a cross. In fact, they would probably give to him just out of spite."

The beggar behind the Star of David listened to the priest, turned to the other beggar with the cross and said:

"Moishe, look who's trying to teach the Goldstein brothers about marketing."

--onon--

Police in London have found a bomb outside a mosque.

They've told the public not to panic as they've managed to push it inside.

--onon--

I just had a call from a Christmas Charity asking me to donate some of my clothes to the starving people throughout the world. I told them to F\*ck off.

Anybody who fits into my clothes isn't starving.

--onon--

A twin-engine plane is heading home for the festive season when one of its engines fail, altitude and air speed are rapidly decreasing. The pilot speaks over the intercom. 'I'm sorry it had to come to this folks, but unfortunately we're gonna have to jettison baggage in order for the aircraft to remain airborne.' Baggage is thrown out, but the plane's speed continues to decrease. Again the pilot gets on the intercom. 'I hate to have to do this, but now we're gonna have to start off-loading passengers. The only fair way to do it is alphabetically, so we'll start with the letter 'A'.

'Africans, any Africans on board?'

No one answers

'Ok then, 'B'.

Black people, any black people?'

Again, silence.

'C' - Coloured people, any Coloured people on board?'

Silence.

A little black boy in the back turns to his mother. 'But Mom, aren't we African?, aren't we Black? Aren't we Coloured?'

'Yes son, but for the purpose of this exercise we is Niggas. Let dem Mexicans and Muslims go first.'

--onon--

A woman in Sydney Australia brings eight-year-old Johnny home and tells his mother that he was caught playing doctors and nurses with Mary, her eight-year old daughter.

Johnny's mother says, "Let's not be too harsh on them.... they are bound to be curious about Sex at that age."

"Curious about Sex?" replies Mary's mother. "He's taken her appendix out!"

## Absolute Halloween

Absolute run #574 on the 31st of October was Halloween themed. Strangely, most of the hashers seemed to be wearing their Sunday best and looked better than usual. Termite had hair for the 1st time since his wedding and Violence was weirdly looking like a close relative. Laid Bird was two-faced and Pucko like Edvard Munch's the Scream (matching Double Dicks Oslo haberdashery).

We assembled at Pippi Longcocking's abode for the chalk talk, led by Marmite, decked out as Marcel Marseau's evil sister. At the off Jungle Dick George sprang away leading the pack in a slightly camp black sweat band to early cries of "are you?". Farting merrily as he descended the stairs at the back of Sabatsberg Hospital, JDG was probably responsible for the pale looks of many of the hashers.

The trail led us a merry dance around Vasa Parken and Vasastan. Through play grounds, across playing fields, scarring small children and worrying their parents: Hah ha ha ha! The tightly winding trail made for few checks but many check-backs, with the FRBs suffering mightily. The Stockholm (Big Mouth) and Wester Aros (Mad Swede) hash horns kept the pack more or less in touch as we wound our way through the streets. The walkers appeared regularly along the trail before diverting off along mysterious paths Muki, Mukita and Puff Ball leading the way accompanied by a manic hash hound, Drag Queen and her attachment, Laid Bird. Horny Cocodile, Junior Turd and Floater were present for what was a good turn out. Luckily they short cutted managing to make the drink-stop in good time.

The drink stop eventually appeared appropriately near V&S as the evening light started to fade. Staffed by the Longcocking extended family, it was a welcome break and chance to refuel. Sobriety was at risk of setting in. From there it was off again, into the dark, a situation that didn't particular help those wearing sun glasses (short trail my arse!). The pack was fairly well grouped as we passed by Hagagatan en route to Observatorie Lunden and *That* hill. Up we went, led by Termite and Mali. Through the park, down the other side, across to Tegnérunden, normally a good place for a drink stop (hint hint) but not today. From there it was more or less a straight run back to the Longcocking residence, joining up with the walkers on Upplandsgatan.

Back at the start Pippi led us to the sixth floor and promptly gave us packing boxes to carry to the on-home. Cheeky wench! JDG and I were led off to the new Longcocking on-home were the pack assembled having had a brief, and rather sickly, refueling stop at the old Longcocking place. Laid Bird was the RA of the day and lost no time punishing the hare for the trail. The FRBs were keen to her pay for the total of 38 check-backs run. Downdowns were awarded to Termite and Violence for their dodgy rugs, for Big Mouths make-up and costume. The hosts and the Dicks got mass downdowns as did the walkers. Everyone had a drink and duly spilt beer all over the floor of the new apartment. Which should teach Pippi not to use slave labour.....Titan Dick

## THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A businessman was preparing to go on a long business trip, over the Christmas holidays so he thought he'd buy his wife some thing to keep her occupied.

He went to a sex shop & explained his situation.

The man there said, 'Well, I don't know that I have anything that will keep her occupied for so many weeks, except...' 'The Magic Penis!'

The husband said, 'The what?'

The man repeated, 'The Magic Penis,' and pulled out what seemed to be an ordinary dildo.

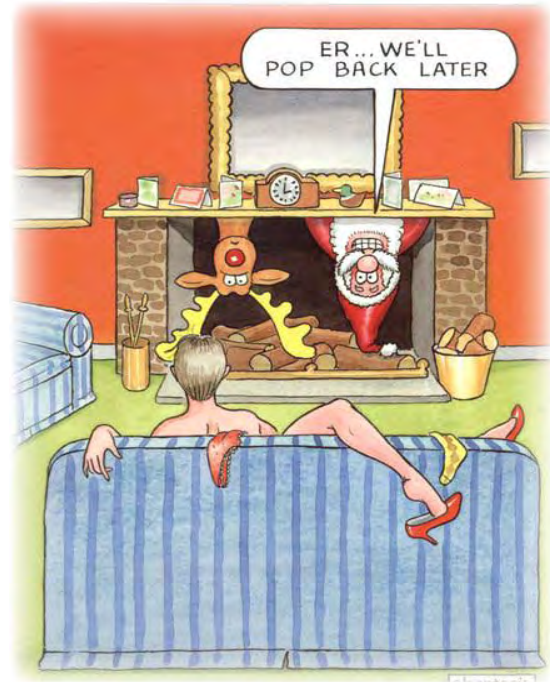
The husband laughed, and said, 'It looks like a dildo!'

The man then pointed to the door and said, 'Magic Penis, the door!'

The penis rose out of its box, darted over to the door and started pounding away at the keyhole. The whole door shook wildly with vibrations. Then the man said, 'Magic Penis, return to box!' and the penis stopped & returned to the box.

The husband bought it and took it home to his wife.

After the husband had been gone a few days, the wife was lonely and remembered the Magic Penis given to her by her husband.



She undressed, opened the box and said 'Magic Penis, my crotch.' The penis shot to her crotch. It was absolutely incredible. After three mind shattering orgasms, she became very exhausted and decided she'd had enough. She tried to pull it out, but it was stuck. Her husband had neglected to tell her how to turn it off. So she put on her clothes, got in her car and started for the nearest hospital.

On the way, another incredibly intense orgasm made her swerve all over the road. A police officer saw this and immediately pulled her over. He asked for her license, and then asked how much she'd had to drink.

Gasping and twitching, the woman said, 'I haven't had anything to drink officer. You see, I've got this Magic Penis thing stuck in my crotch and it won't stop screwing me...'

The officer looked at her for a second, shook his head and replied, 'Yeah right.... Magic Penis, my arse...!'

The rest, as they say, is history...

## **HEALTH AND SAFETY CONSIDERATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS SONGS**

### **'Jingle Bells'**

Dashing through the snow  
In a one horse open sleigh  
O'er the fields we go  
Laughing all the way

A risk assessment must be submitted before an open sleigh is considered safe for members of the public to travel on. The risk assessment must also consider whether it is appropriate to use only one horse for such a venture, particularly if passengers are of larger proportions. Please note, permission must be gained from landowners before entering their fields. To avoid offending those not participating in celebrations, we would request that laughter is moderate only and not loud enough to be considered a noise nuisance.

---non---

### **'We Three Kings'**

We three kings of Orient are  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain  
Following yonder star

Whilst the gift of gold is still considered acceptable - as it may be redeemed at a later date through such organisations as 'cash for gold' etc, gifts of frankincense and myrrh are not appropriate due to the potential risk of oils and fragrances causing allergic reactions. A suggested gift alternative would be to make a donation to a worthy cause in the recipients name or perhaps give a gift voucher. We would not advise that the traversing kings rely on navigation by stars in order to reach their destinations and suggest the use of RAC routefinder or satellite navigation, which will provide the quickest route and advice regarding fuel consumption. Please note as per the guidelines from the RSPCA for Mr Donkey, the camels carrying the three kings of Orient will require regular food and rest breaks.

Facemasks for the three kings are also advisable due to the likelihood of dust from the camels hooves.

---non---

### **'Little Donkey'**

Little donkey, little donkey on the dusty road  
Got to keep on plodding onwards with your precious load

The RSPCA have issued strict guidelines with regard to how heavy a load that a donkey of small stature is permitted to carry, also included in the guidelines is guidance regarding how often to feed the donkey and how many rest breaks are required over a four hour plodding period. Please note that due to the increased risk of pollution from the dusty road, Mary and Joseph are required to wear face masks to prevent inhalation of any airborne particles. The donkey has expressed his discomfort at being labelled 'little' and would prefer just to be simply referred to as Mr. Donkey. To comment upon his height or lack thereof may be considered an infringement of his equine rights.

### **'The Rocking Song'**

Little Jesus, sweetly sleep, do not stir;  
We will lend a coat of fur,  
We will rock you, rock you, rock you,  
We will rock you, rock you, rock you

Fur is no longer appropriate wear for small infants, both due to risk of allergy to animal fur, and for ethical reasons. Therefore faux fur, a nice cellular blanket or perhaps microfleece material should be considered a suitable alternative.

Please note, only persons who have been subject to a Criminal Records Bureau check and have enhanced clearance will be permitted to rock baby Jesus. Persons must carry their CRB disclosure with them at all times and be prepared to provide three forms of identification before rocking commences.

---non---

### **'Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer'**

Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer  
had a very shiny nose.  
And if you ever saw him,  
you would even say it glows.

You are advised that under the Equal Opportunities for All policy, it is inappropriate for persons to make comment with regard to the ruddiness of any part of Mr. R. Reindeer. Further to this, exclusion of Mr R Reindeer from the Reindeer Games will be considered discriminatory and disciplinary action will be taken against those found guilty of this offence. A full investigation will be implemented and sanctions - including suspension on full pay - will be considered whilst this investigation takes place.

---non---

### **'While Shepherds Watched'**

While shepherds watched  
Their flocks by night  
All seated on the ground  
The angel of the Lord came down  
And glory shone around

The union of Shepherd's has complained that it breaches health and safety regulations to insist that shepherds watch their flocks without appropriate seating arrangements being provided, therefore benches, stools and orthopaedic chairs are now available. Shepherds have also requested that due to the inclement weather conditions at this time of year that they should watch their flocks via cctv cameras from centrally heated shepherd observation huts. Please note, the angel of the lord is reminded that before shining his / her glory all around she / he must ascertain that all shepherds have been issued with glasses capable of filtering out the harmful effects of UVA, UVB and Glory.

---non---

### **'Away in a Manger No Crib for a bed'**

Contact Social services.

## THE CHRISTMAS SEASON OF SILLYNESS IS UPON US

I don't wish to appear a bit of a Scrooge but this is the time of the year when there are countless 'give us your money for the starving children' celebrations bleating out on the commercial channels.

When it comes to disasters, starvation and genocide, your local commercial stations are like pissed Uncles: forever making wild promises they have no intention of keeping.

The current in Sweden is the 'Faddergalan' where you are induced to send in as much money as your pockets can stand for a rubber wristband. This is held at the Globen Stadium, which isn't cheap, with hoards of second rate 'Stars' including that revolting lisping Finnish poofter and pictures of Carola visiting some African mud village decked out in a designer outfit the cost of which would keep this village in food & substance for at least 6 months.

Preceded by expensive full page adverts in the national papers, the gala goes on and on all night where a bunch of second rate performers try to grab a few brownie points for pretending to be good. Plus all the rest of the fucking ball-shit associated with this type of show with countless 'Stars' being so charitable at the same time picking up a sizable reimbursement plus expenses.

The Crown Princess is usually in there somewhere, flashing her chin and bloating of her goods deeds for charity, what else is the lazy feudal parasitical bitch gonna do, why can't she do a normal job like working in the local supermarket, changing car tires or as an assistant in a sex appliance shop. When it's all finished the cast head off to Grand Après Banquets and a visit to a yuppie nightclub to the early hours of the morning expenses paid. Fucking cockroaches.

And it's not only second rate entertainers out for a quick handout of your charitable contributions. Cherie Blair, you remember her, the Original Blair Witch Project, was asked to lend her name to the Save The Children Fund last year, her fee £100.000, what was left for the children, about £50.000.

You can't even trust Oxfam nowadays with the latest report saying less than 5% of the contributions actually find their way to the poorer countries, and a large lump of that falls into the pockets of fat fuckers. When we at the Angeles Hash collected cash when running charity runs we made doubly doubly sure that ALL the monies went into the hare lip operations we sponsored. And we bought our own beer. So if you really feel you should give this Christmas remember, for the cost of keeping an Poor African Village in food and water for a year you could keep me in beer for a whole month.

Alternatively find an address and send old clothes or send money through a bank direct. This way you can at least help one or two families knowing you are not paying for the Levingoods & Corollas to lisp their ways through a pink lady and countless bottle of champers and at the Spy Bar..

TIP: When you receive a large prepaid B letter, carefully open the envelope down the side with a sharp knife, place a few of old T-shirts or whatever inside, reseal with glue, address and a blue priority stamp over the B and post it.

I use this method all the time and they nearly all arrive at my Philippine addresses.

One or two that don't, probably end up at another poor address anyway so makes no difference.....MaliBog



### AN OLDIE BUT GOLDIE CHRISTMAS JOKIE

A burglar broke into a house one night. He shined his flashlight around, looking for valuables when a voice in the dark said,

'Jesus knows you're here.'

He nearly jumped out of his skin, clicked his flashlight off, and froze.

When he heard nothing more, after a bit, he shook his head and continued.

Just as he pulled the stereo out so he could disconnect the wires, clear as a bell he heard

'Jesus is watching you.'

Freaked out, he shined his light around frantically, looking

for the source of the voice.

Finally, in the corner of the room, his flashlight beam came to rest on a parrot.

'Did you say that?' he hissed at the parrot.

'Yep', the parrot confessed, then squawked, 'I'm just trying to warn you that he is watching you.'

The burglar relaxed. 'Warn me, huh? Who in the world are you?'

'Moses,' replied the bird.

'Moses?' the burglar laughed. 'What kind of people would name a bird Moses?'

'The kind of people that would name a Rottweiler Jesus.'

# HALLOWEEN

It was the morning of Halloween. The streets of Stockholm were shrouded in mist and silent. Suddenly out of the mist appeared this strange figure with a painted white face and a trilby hat pulled low over her eyes. She looked secretly around her, before reaching done and drawing a white arrow on the pavement beside the nearest building. She resumed her way and disappeared round the corner and into the next street. Briefly stopping to scrawl another arrow in the direction she had gone. A black crow broke the silence as it suddenly shriek as it hopped around on the street looking for road kill. After ten meters, the strange figure again stopped and stooped down to write something different, C B 8, and an arrow pointing backwards. The figure lifted her head and a mischievous smile lighted up her face and chuckle broke from her painted lips. With that she disappeared quickly the way she had come, leaving only the small signs to say that she had ever been there at all!

In the afternoon the mist had cleared and the drizzle had stopped. An assortment of strangely dressed people started to gather outside a block of flats. The mysterious figure was back, this time with company. As they talked, they referred to each other in strangle names. One was Clever Dick, but he seemed quite normal compared to Big Mouth. Who had really gone to town, with her vampire costume and make-up. She certainly scared a little girl, leaving the flat. There was a running skeleton with a Titan Dick, and a Laid Bird. Who was carrying her mother on her back. She in turn was being dragged around the garden by a ferocious hound. A brother and sister with painted faces and long black hair, called Violence and Termite. There were a couple of synchronized gurkas called Mad Swede and Double Decker. And the rest of the pack seemed to have sprayed their hair with green paint. The mysterious women, whom the called Marmite, started to draw more strange signs on the pavement. She gave an explanation of what they meant. One sign in particular brought a loud cheer from the crowd. Then she drew one more arrow pointing away and off everybody ran or walked. Shouting out strange words as they went!

This strange collection of characters, ran around the grounds of a hospital and into a large park. It was here that Titan Dick and Jungle George, who were speeding out in front. Encountered one of these strange signs C B 6. With lots of muttering in low voices, they started to backtrack passing the confused people behind them.

Now the hashers who had been at the back, suddenly found themselves at the front.

That was until they found something called a check at the corner of Odengatan. Here confusion reigned as hashers ran all over the place looking for new signs of the trail. Those lazy ones just stood still and waited. Clever Dick, not being so Clever, and still forgetting that after 98 years in Stockholm, cars still come from the left. Ran out in front of one, to check on the other side. It was a pity he didn't have his horrible orange wig on today, to make himself most visible. The trail was found back in the park. And our gallant band of colourful hasher's, brought many looks and laughter from the children playing there. In the there were several more

check backs. This was the norm for the day. Check backs keeping everybody together. So one minute Titan Dick was in the lead, then Mad Swede. Then Violence and suddenly Pippi! Even Termite stayed on Trail long enough to have the lead at one stage.

We kept seeing the walkers, who had been given their own map by Marmite. Not that that helped Floater of course! He finds it hard to reads maps! They were with

us when we ran into the grounds of a school, to be met by Mummy Pippi and another Mummy swathed in bandages.

This was a place of Great Rejoicing. A 'Drinks Stop', or should we say a 'Marmite Stop'. Marmite's renown 'Pepper Shots'. They went down a treat!

The pack continued their hiccup way around Stockholm, forward, check back, forward, check back. I think Jungle George and Titan Dick ran 38 check backs! They passed some scenic places like Observatorielunden and Tegnerlunden. Unfortunately there were no more drink stops until they returned to Pippi's bird nest size apartment. There they each received an obnoxious concoction passing as a drink. In return for carrying a box over to her new villa villekulla size apartment!

Now began more fun and games in the form of "Down Down's". Punishments and rewards for things that happened on the trail. Drink a glass of beer, while

the rest of the pack sang funny songs to you!

This was followed by everybody stuffing themselves on Pappa Pippi's excellent food. And getting slowly drunk on Pippi's beer and obnoxious concoctions as well as Christening her new floor with spent down-down beer. A Good Time was found by one and all. Luckily I didn't find anymore of Marmite's check backs as I rolled home!.....Termite



**IN THE HEAT OF THE ON-HOME WE MISSED PIPPI'S BASTU BATH**



## THE WANDERING HASHER A SINNER'S TALE

Gather round kiddies, and I will tell you the story of the Wandering Hasher!

Once upon a time there was the first Essex hash, and the original few hashers were gathering somewhere on the common at Danbury. The Grand Master and the On-Sec were the hares. Off they set, leaving the hounds under one of the few trees, sheltering from the rain!

They had set a fine run along paths through the bracken and gorse. With sneaky checks outside the old racecourse, and beside a pig farm, where you would never think to look. They had two backtracks, with a view over the three lines to the valley and the river.

The hares returned to the start feeling pleased with the trail. Only to find all the hounds still lolling under the tree. The Grand master was speechless! He opened the cooler to take out a beer, and found they were all gone! "Where's the Beer?" he croaked through parched lips. The hounds ignored him. "Where the beer?" he roared. The hounds giggled and farted and made rude gestures.

Finally, one naughty little hound, smirking, explained that he had suggested they stay under the tree, out of the rain. They had not run, but had finished all of the beer!

How kiddies, you know that it is very wicked to drink the end-of-run beer before the run. And even more wicked to drink it before the hares have sunk a couple. Hares have a much greater thirst than hounds, because of the enormous weight of flour and pieces of chalk they have to carry to mark the trail.

So when the Grand Master heard what had happened he was very cross. His brow grew dark and his eyes flashed and he cursed a great curse on that wicked little hound. "By the sacred bob-tail of the hare, you shall neither rest, nor eat, nor drink more beer. Until you have checked every check of this our first run, and found every turn mark and every backtrack!"

Pale and trembling, the wicked little hound, who had caused all the trouble, staggered to his feet. And stumbled off on the trail, whimpering and burping to himself. Then the hound started to run. But it was too late kiddies, for it was raining. He barely found the first check and the rain had already washed out the rest of the trail. But he was held in the grip of the terrible curse, and was doomed to check the first check of the first run forever! He will run over marks that are no longer there, and backtracks that he cannot see till the end of time.

You don't believe me? Well sometimes on a still day you can hear a mournful cry, "Checking". Where there is no check.

And sometimes you will see a ragged figure disappearing down a path that has no trail. It is the Wandering Hasher! Yes hashers, there is a moral to this tale.

If you steal the hare's beer, then say it was someone else who did it.....Termite.

## To the Guy Who Tried to Mug Me in Downtown Savannah night before last

I was the guy wearing the black Burberry jacket that you demanded that I hand over, shortly after you pulled the knife on me and my girlfriend, threatening our lives. You also asked for my girlfriend's purse and earrings. I can only hope that you somehow come across this rather important message.

First, I'd like to apologize for your embarrassment; I didn't expect you to actually crap in your pants when I drew my pistol after you took my jacket..

The evening was not that cold, and I was wearing the jacket for a reason. My girlfriend had just bought me that Kimber Model 1911 .45 ACP pistol for my birthday, and we had picked up a shoulder holster for it that very evening.

Obviously you agree that it is a very intimidating weapon when pointed at your head, isn't it?! I know it probably wasn't fun walking back to wherever you'd come from with that brown sludge in your pants. I'm sure it was even worse

walking bare-footed since I made you leave your shoes, cell phone, and wallet with me. [That prevented you from calling or running to your buddies to come help mug us again].

After I called your mother or "Momma" as you had her listed in your cell, I explained the entire episode of what you'd done. Then I went and filled up my gas tank as well as those of four other people in the gas station, — on your credit card. The guy with the big motor home took 150 gallons and was extremely grateful! I gave your shoes to a homeless guy outside Vinnie Van Go Go's, along with all the cash in your wallet. [That made his day!].



I then threw your wallet into the big pink "pimp mobile" that was parked at the curb ... after I broke the windshield and side window and keyed the entire driver's side of the car. Later, I called a bunch of phone sex numbers from your cell phone. Ma Bell just now shut down the line, although I only used the phone for a little over a day now, so what 's going on with that? Earlier, I managed to get in two threatening phone calls to the DA's office and one to the FBI, while mentioning President Obama as my possible target.

The FBI guy seemed really intense and we had a nice long chat (I guess while he traced your number etc.). In a way, perhaps I should apologize for not killing you ... but I feel this type of retribution is a far more appropriate punishment for your threatened crime.

I wish you well as you try to sort through some of these rather immediate pressing issues, and can only hope that you have the opportunity to reflect upon, and perhaps reconsider, the career path you've chosen to pursue in life. Remember, next time you might not be so lucky. Have a good day!

Thoughtfully yours, Alex

(Reprinted from an article in a Savanna Newspaper)

# THE



# END

OF THE STOCKHOLM HASH TRASH



**What would have happened if it had been the three Wise Women instead of three Wise Men ?**

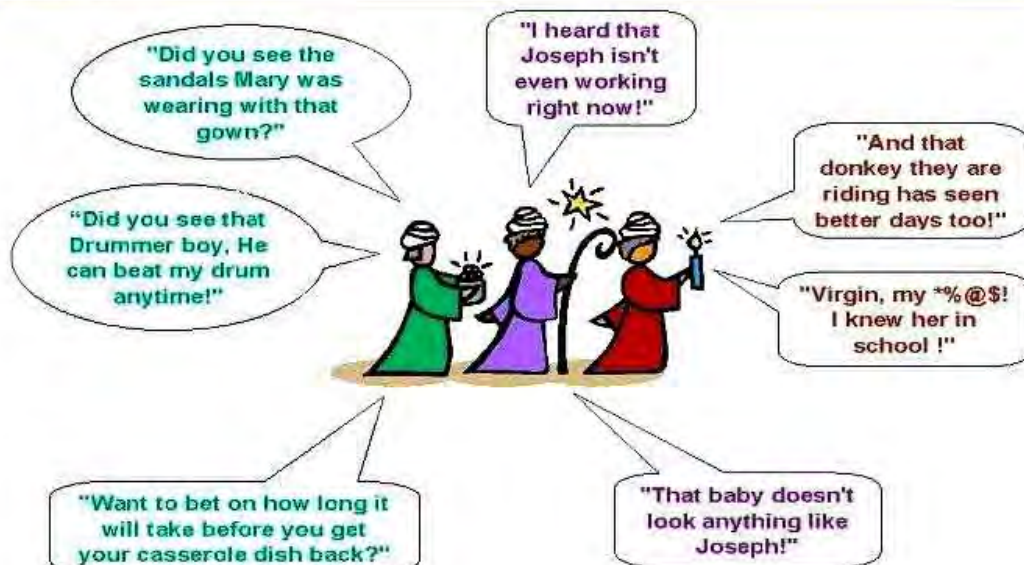
- ⊕ They would have asked directions ...
- 🕒 arrived on time ...
- 👉 helped deliver the baby ...
- 👑 cleaned the stable ...
- 💰 brought practical gifts ...
- 🍲 and made a casserole



- ◆ But what would they have said as they left...?



**As they left, they would have said.....**



**STOCKHOLM ABSOLUT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**



**The best saying of the decade (if not the century)!**

*'If women are so perfect at multitasking , how come they can't have a headache and sex at the same time?'*