

OFFICAL ORAGISM OF THE STOCKHOLM HASH

# HASH TRASH

THE ONLY SWEDISH RAG THE SWEDISH CENSORS CAN'T GAG

VOL 04

THE SH3 - JUST A BUNCH OF APRIL SHOWERS

APR 007

## BY ROYAL COMMAND



### MY HUSBAND AND I

COMMAND YOU MISERABLE PEASANT SERFS TO ATTEND  
**THE CELEBRATION OF MY BIRTHDAY**  
AT HIGH DALE  
ON THE ABSOLUT 508 @ 3 PM 21st APRIL 2007  
THOSE FAILING TO ATTEND WILL DRAGGED TO THE TOWER



After the recent earthquake in Indonesia, Osama Bin Ladan receives a text from God. "Beat that yer cunt





# The Hares Apparent

## STOCKHOLM ABSOLUT HASH

Run # 509 - 5th May @ 3pm                      Where: TBA  
*Hares: Big Brother & Big Mouth*

Run # 510 - 19th May @ 3pm                    Where: TBA  
*Hare: ESSO!*

Note: Same weekend as Ascension day

Run # 511 - 2 June @ 3pm                      Where: TBA  
*Hares: Simply Blonde & Silly Bear*

Run # 512 - 16th June @ 3pm                  Where: TBA  
*Hare: Clark Kent*

Run # 513 - 30th June @ 3pm                 Where: TBA  
*Hares: We Need You To Hare*

Run # 514 - 14th July @ 3pm                 Where: TBA  
*Hare: Hare: Floater (floater@hash.st)*

Note: Bastille Day, Décade III, Sextidi de Messidor de l'Année CCXV de la Revolution.

Allons enfants de la Patrie! Mort aux rois!

Run # 515 - 28th July @ 3pm. Where Mariehamn Åland  
*Hares: 2Swedes Kummin'*

Run # 516 - 11th Aug @ 3pm.                    Where TBA  
*Hares: The Mites*

## STOCKHOLM UNDERGROUND HASH

Run # 656 - 25th Apr @ 6.30pm                Where: Abrahamsberg  
*Hare: MaliBog & Bugs Bunnie*

Run # 657 - 2nd May @ 6.30pm                Where: TBA  
*Hare: Floater (floater@hash.st)*

Note: Combined Full Moon # 79 Run extra loop

Run # 658 - 9th May @ 6.30pm                Where: TBA  
*Hare: Magic Mushroom*

Run # 659 - 16th May @ 6.30pm                Where: TBA  
*Hare: Please Sign Up!*

Run # 660 - 23th May @ 6.30pm                Where: TBA  
*Hare: Marmite*

Run # 661 - 30th May @ 6.30pm                Where: TBA  
*Hare: Simply Blonde*

Run # 665 - 27th June @ 6.30pm                Where: TBA  
*Hares: The Incredible Flying MaliBog Brothers*

Run # 671 - 8th Aug @ 6.30pm                 Where: TBA  
*Hare: Floater!*

Run # 673 - 22nd Aug @ 6.30pm                Where: TBA  
*Hare: MaliBog's Barfday Run*

## STOCKHOLM FULL MOON HASH

**RUN # 80 - 2RD MAY @ 6.30 PM**

**(COMBINED UNDERGROUND RUN # 657)**

## STOCKHOLM LEAP-YEAR HASH

**Run # 2 February 29 2008 -**

Hare Clever Dick @ The House of the Rising Dick  
Less than a Year To Go - Can We Hold Out That Long?  
Can the Hare hold out that long????

### EXCERPTS FROM A DOGS'S DIARY

8:00 am - Dog food! My favourite thing!  
9:30 am - A car ride! My favourite thing!  
9:40 am - A walk in the park! My favourite thing!  
10:30 am - Got rubbed and petted! My favourite thing!  
12:00 pm - Lunch! My favourite thing!  
1:00 pm - Played in the yard! My favourite thing!  
3:00 pm - Wagged my tail! My favourite thing!  
5:00 pm - Milk bones! My favourite thing!  
7:00 pm - Got to play ball! My favourite thing!  
8:00 pm - Wow! Watched TV with the people!  
My favourite thing!  
11:00 pm - Sleeping on the bed! My favourite thing!

### EXCERPTS FROM A CAT'S DIARY

Day 983 of my captivity.  
My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects.  
They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while the other inmates and I are fed hash or some sort of dry nuggets. Although I make my contempt for the rations perfectly clear, I nevertheless must eat something in order to keep up my strength.  
The only thing that keeps me going is my dream of escape. In an attempt to disgust them, I once again vomit on the carpet.  
Today I decapitated a mouse and dropped its headless body at their feet. I had hoped this would strike fear into their hearts, since it clearly demonstrates what I am capable of. However, they merely made condescending comments about what a "good little hunter" I am.-----Bastards.  
There was some sort of Hash assembly of their accomplices tonight. I was placed in solitary confinement for the duration of the event. However, I could hear the noises and smell the food and beer. I overheard that my confinement was due to the power of "allergies." I must learn what this means, and how to use it to my advantage.  
Today I was almost successful in an attempt to assassinate one of my tormentors by weaving around his feet as he was walking. I must try this again tomorrow -- but at the top of the stairs.  
I am convinced that the other prisoners here are flunkies and snitches. Visiting dogs receive special privileges. They are regularly released -and seems to be more than willing to return. They are obviously retarded. The bird has got to be an informant. I observe him communicate with the guards regularly. I am certain that he reports my every move. My captors have arranged protective custody for him in an elevated cell, so he is safe. For now...

POLICE WARNING

Police are urging visitors to city centres to be especially vigilant for new gang operating a slick routine that is aimed at stealing from unwary persons. They say that the gang usually comprises four members.

While the three younger ones, all appearing to be cute and innocent, divert their "mark" (or intended target) with a show of friendliness and fun, the fourth - the eldest of this gang of criminals - sneaks in from behind the person's back to expertly rifle undetected through their pockets and bags for any valuables being carried.



The attached picture taken from CCTV operating in the inner city shows the gang in operation.

GALLOW'S HUMOIR



A passenger in a taxi leaned over to ask the driver a question and tapped him on the shoulder. The driver screamed, lost control of the cab, nearly hit a bus, drove up over the curb, and stopped just inches from a large plate glass window. For a few moments everything was silent in the cab, and then the still shaking driver said, "I'm sorry but you scared the daylight's out of me."

The frightened passenger apologized to the driver and said he didn't realize a mere tap on the shoulder could frighten him so much.

The driver replied, "No, no, I'm sorry, it's entirely my fault. Today is my first day driving a cab. I've been driving a hearse for the last 25 years."

STOCKHOLM HASH RUN No. 507.

Hares and hosts: Red Horse, Malibog and the Horrors.

It didn't seem like there were going to be many hashers left in Stockholm over Easter to attend this hash. Only six had told Malibog that they were coming.

Malibog had the bright idea to have a picnic afterwards if it was nice weather. A change of venue from the Newcastle Arms to the playground at Farstaängsskola, threw the Russians, Duty Free and Sonya off of the trail. And in spite of the fact that they used Clever Dick, who wasn't even on the run, to try and get in contact with the pact. They never found us and in the end they were left to run around the trail on there own.

The rest of us, a surprising 16, not counting the Bogs. Got off to a flying start, after the hare had told us that there were check backs. And you are On when you are On. None of these stupid, you are On after three! Right now we knew what to expect. Anyway the weather was nice and sunny.

John Cleese was really taking his new hash name seriously. He had bought a t-shirt on the web. A picture of John Cleese doing his Ministry of Silly walks walk. With two large hash feet sown on in the right places!

Mind you this didn't help him a lot, as he walked into a long false trail at the first check!

With most of the hashers not so familiar with the area around Farsta, it took a time for the pack to workout where we were heading for. Occasional glimpses of the walkers helped us a little. But most of the checks did there job of slowing down the front runners like, John Cleese, Muki, Marmite and 2 Swedes Cummin. Until the slow coaches caught up.

In the case of Muki and John Cleese, they run so fast that they never notice a change in the direction of the trail, unless they fell over it. With 2 Swedes, it was more a case that he always chose the wrong way.

We slithered down a steep slope to Drevviken, where the walkers and the horrors were waiting at the beer stop. Nice place for a stop! And we could stand and watch the last rays of the sun disappear behind the thick clouds that now covered the sky. So much for the sunny weather for our picnic, that we were promised!

The rest of the trail was nice a short and straight forward. Apart for a nice sting in the tail. A long check back that caught out Marmite, Muki and of course John Cleese. This put Yvonne in the unexpected position of leading the rest of the pack on home, and she just made it back first before her panting Hubby caught her up.

We all went down to the playground and 2 Swedes Cummin, assisted by Muki, started to dish out the Down Downs. Just as they began, the two Russians finally caught us up. So Down Downs all round. Then it was time for the picnic. As neither Red Horse or Malibog were Jesus. they couldn't perform a miracle and turn the food that they had brought for themselves and the six others. To stretch for 23. Still it was a good try, and nobody went away hungry. A tasty feast of meats, sausages and smelly cheeses. Made even more smelly by hanging over night in Red Horse's socks.

Plenty of beer and a bottle of rum to help the coffee go down. Around this time a few snow flakes started to fall and people started to get cold. So it was time to say goodbye. A pity the weather put a stop to our evening. Still we are hashers and we made the best of it all. All in all it was a bloody enjoyable day!

By the way as anybody seen a pair of balls, my monkey has lost his!.....Termite

## TERRORIST THREATS

The English are feeling the pinch in relation to recent terrorist threats and have raised their security level from "Miffed" to "Peeved."

Soon, though, security levels may be raised yet again to "Irritated" or even "A Bit Cross." Londoners have not been "A Bit Cross" since the blitz in 1940 when tea supplies all but ran out.

Terrorists have been re-categorized from "Tiresome" to a "Bloody Nuisance." The last time the British issued a "Bloody Nuisance" warning level was during the great fire of 1666. Also, the French government announced yesterday that it has raised its terror alert level from "Run" to "Hide." The only two higher levels in France are "Surrender" and "Collaborate." The rise was precipitated by a recent fire that destroyed France's white flag factory, effectively paralyzing the country's military capability.

It's not only the English and French that are on a heightened level of alert.

Italy has increased the alert level from "Shout Loudly and Excitedly" to "Elaborate Military Posturing." Two more levels remain: "Ineffective Combat Operations" and "Change Sides."

The Germans also increased their alert state from "Disdainful Arrogance" to "Dress in Uniform and Sing Marching Songs." They also have two higher levels: "Invade a Neighbor" and "Lose."

Belgians, on the other hand, are all on holiday as usual, and the only threat they are worried about is NATO pulling out of Brussels.

The Spanish are all excited to see their new submarines ready to deploy. These beautifully designed subs have glass bottoms so the new Spanish navy can get a really good look at the old Spanish navy.

---oOo---

### WHY SPEAK ENGLISH?

A U.S. Navy Admiral was attending a naval conference that included Admirals from the U.S., English, Canadian, Australian and French Navies.

At a cocktail reception, he found himself standing with a large group of officers that included personnel from most of the countries.

Everyone was chatting away in English as they sipped their drinks but a French admiral suddenly complained that, whereas Europeans learn many languages, Americans learn only English.

He then asked "Why is it that we always have to speak English in these conferences rather than speaking French?" Without hesitating, the American Admiral replied "Maybe it's because the Brits, Canadians, Aussies, Kiwis and Americans arranged it so you wouldn't have to speak German."

You could have heard a pin drop.

---oOo---

### MACCA

Paul McCartney was being interviewed by the press. They asked him how long it would be before he went down on one knee again. "We're not finally divorced yet but I would still prefer it if you called her Heather" he replied.

## NUNS ON THE RUN

Two Nuns, Sister Marilyn and Sister Helen, are traveling through Europe in their car. They get to Transylvania and are stopped at a traffic light. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a diminutive Dracula jumps onto the hood of the car and hisses through the windshield.

"Quick, quick!" shouts Sister Marilyn. "What shall we do?" "Turn the windshield wipers on. That will get rid of the abomination," says Sister Helen.

Sister Marilyn switches them on, knocking Dracula about, but he clings on and continues hissing at the nuns.

"What shall I do now?" she shouts.

"Switch on the windshield washer. I filled it up with Holy Water in the Vatican," says Sister Helen.

Sister Marilyn turns on the windshield washer. Dracula screams as the water burns his skin, but he clings on and continues hissing at the nuns.

"Now what?" shouts Sister Marilyn.

"Show him your cross," says Sister Helen.

"Now you're talking,"

says Sister Marilyn as she opens the window and shouts, "Get the f\*\*k off our car!"

---oOo---

### NAME OF THE GAME

A red-headed hooker decided she was doing pretty well for herself, so put on a special offer. On the inside of her left thigh she had a tattoo done of Osama Bin Laden, and on the inside of her right thigh one of George Bush, then told her clients that whoever could name these two men could pork her for free.

The next day she went out on the streets and was approached by an Arab gentleman. "If you can name these two blokes on the inside of my thighs, I'm free," she told the man as she opened her legs.

"Well, the one on the left is Osama, but I don't know who the other guy is," he confessed, so he had to pay.

A little later on, an American gentleman came over. She took him to her room, stripped, opened her legs and said, "Name these two guys and you can have me for free."

"Well the one on the right is Dubya, but I haven't a clue who the other guy is..."the man said, so he had to pay.

A couple of days later a German propositioned the hooker. So she took him up to her love nest, stripped and spread her legs on the bed. "Name these two men and you can shag me for free," she told him.

The German sat there for a moment before replying, "I don't know who the guys are on the inside of your thighs, but the one in the middle with the big lips and red hair is Boris Becker".



**HOLD IT!  
SOMETHING HAS ARRIVED  
FROM THE GOVERNOR!**

## THE STOCKHOLM BERSERKERS FULL MOON HASH # 79

It was a day of cloudless sunshine with a cool easterly breeze creeping in from Eastern Siberia, originating in Jakutsk sweeping across the Ploskogorian Highlands via Novosibirsk and the West Siberia Plain passing the Ural Mountains through Kazan, detouring south of Moscow and north of Kiev and the Priphet Marches towards Vilnius and the Bay of Riga and hence past Gotland to Stockholm, keeping the temperature down, but yes, spring was definitely in the air.

Ten fool hardy souls had gathered for Termite's March Fool Moon at Vårby Gård T-ban station waiting for late arrivals MaliBog & Red Horse who as usual were on a later train.

A quick change of apparel and we were ready for the info as the hare gathered us together and in quick 'Spit and Polish Military Fashion' were treated to a demonstration on how the marks should be read and how not to get lost. Ha Ha!

It is a well known little known fact that once in a past life Termite did in fact serve the Queen in a military capacity.

As a professionally full-time unemployed school-leaver by trade he had fallen for the blandishments of a recruiting poster:

<<< JOIN THE ARMY AND SEE THE WORLD >>>

Here and there he signed on the dotted line and took his shilling to the local pub and thought about how he would get himself promoted to General and how he would order his men over the top and be awarded the VC for devotion to duty and singing God Save The Queen every day. Alas he never got the VC, but he got close, VD. You could hear his screams from the Coast. A few days later a buff manila arrived marked OHMS. At first he thought it was his dole money but no it asked him to report the 'Royal Essex Foot and Mouth Fusiliers' depot at Colchester at fifteen hundred hours. 'That would be difficult thought Termite, my watch only goes up to twelve.'

On the great day rain started to fall as Termite, although he wasn't known as Termite in those days but Alan, carried his cardboard suitcase and wound his way to the great depot where he was to swap his second-hand West Ham football jersey for the Khaki of Her Majesty's cannon fodder.

Gradually the soaking rain permeated the suitcase and unaware the bottom half had disintegrated Termite was left clutching the handle as he entered the depot of the famed 'Royal Essex Foot and Mouth Fusiliers'. At the gate he was stopped by a gorilla in uniform. 'Oi' it yelled. 'where yew fink yew is goin'?' Termite pointed to the sign 'I've come to join them', he smiled. 'Oh', said the gorilla with an evil grin and a twist of a waxed moustache, 'yew is a very very lucky lad, we 'ad only one vacancy left and we bin keepin' it for yew'

After eight weeks terrible training where his name was changed to 'Yew 'orrible little man'. he was sent to 'See The World'. Arriving in N Ireland he thought the only world he'd be seeing would be the next. All was not lost however, he was promoted to 'Private Gaoler 2nd Class' and sent to Spandau Prison to guard Loony Bin Nazi Rudolf Hess for the rest of his days.

And so ended Termite's illustrious career in Khaki although he did retain some fond memories, there were the women who fell for the uniform, that knee-trembler Tesco cashier in Colchester, what was her name? That knee-trembler Derry lass, what was her name? That sleazy barmaid in Hamburg, what was her name? And that burning pain when he did pee, he knew that name!

After the pre-hash foreplay the twelve odd (and I do mean odd) bodies set out looking for the trail which led us first in the opposite direction of last week's trail thro' a game reserve and under the main E4 arterial road into the Masmø forest and a check where almost everyone managed to over-run a falsie. Meanwhile wiser members of the pack (and by wiser I do only mean by comparison to other hashers) doubled back and found the trail jinking into the wooded areas where we promptly lost our bearings again. There were more checks with a few falsies and as the season was still without much greenery certain hashers were trying to take honourable shortcuts but found themselves out on the proverbial limb.

We climbed up a small hill to find a check with a multitude of trails and after taking all of them found that the trail led us back down towards and over a muddy creek. Just as Red Horse who picking up the rear was halfway over and balancing on the dead tree stump the on-back was called and we all had to navigate the creek on the return journey only to see the Termite smirkingly indicating 'you didn't need to have gone down there'.

The pack was being kept together in an efficient manner as we came to a check near the Lake Gömmaren and then on to the next stopping point - a large DS. This stood for the Beer Stop but as usual after being given very good instruction on how to find the beer, (a yellow and red plastic marker hanging from a tree) we didn't and had to wait for Termite's arrival. There were however certain members squatting very close to where the beer was hidden. Are there no standards I ask?

After the well-earned drinks we were soon our way again with Big Brother taking a detour to find some GPS marker and Little Brother bringing up the rear staying with his beloved Ditch Bitch as he didn't wish to pull his ankle before running the Barca Marathon the following week.

The pack trudged up one more hill and then just to make it fun all the way down the other side again and after a shiggy trail trudged up yet another hill and then just to make it fun again all the way down the other side through some more shiggy as we rounded the north end of the lake and entered the woods leading toward Sergeltorp. We soon realized we were entering 'Mite County' as we climbed another hill which seemed rather familiar from a previous run and drink stop and behold it was. Plastic cups were handed out filled almost to the brim with an alcoholic beverage which warmed us well as we sat around the hill top basking in the rays of the early Spring Sun.

We were told it was about one K to home so we all set off at a blistering sprint to the finish of what was to be a 11,3 kilometre trail as measured by Big Brother's mobile GPS toy.

And an excellent first-rate trail it was too.

A circle was held where everyone received a praiseworthy down-down including first-time Berserkers, Magic Mushroom & Muki, followed by Red Horse, Anti-Climax, Marmite Bienvenue and Pippi for all doing a girly thing and taking a piss instead of actually finding the said Piss at the Drink Stop.

After this we were all treated to a sweat in the Bastu followed by Marmite's delicious Soup De Jour and home made bread, fine wine (Casa Uncle Mite) coffee and chocolates. And so we retired contented after a splendid red-carpet run and a most pleasurable On-Home.....MaliBog

# SEX AND THE CITY

## MORNING SEX

She is in the kitchen preparing to boil eggs for breakfast. He walks in. She turns and says, "You've got to make love to me right now".

His eyes light up and he thinks, "This is my lucky day."

Not wanting to lose the moment, he embraces her and then gives it his all right there on the kitchen table.

Afterwards she says, "Thanks," and returns to the stove.

More than a little puzzled, he asks, "What was that all about?"

She explains, "The egg timer's broken."

---oOo---

## LOST SEX

Anna had lost her husband almost four years ago and her daughter was constantly calling her and urging her to get back into the dating world.

Finally, Anna said she'd go out, but didn't know anyone.

Her daughter immediately replied, "Mom! I have someone for you to meet."

Well, it was an immediate hit. They took to one another and after dating for six weeks, he asked her to join him for a weekend in Vermont.

Their first night there, she undressed as he did. There she stood nude, except for a pair of black lacy panties.

He was in his birthday suit.

Looking her over, he asked, "Why the black panties?"

She replied: "My breasts you can fondle, my body is yours to explore, but down there I am still mourning."

He knew he was not getting lucky that night.

The following night was the same. She stood there wearing the black panties and he was in his birthday suit but now he was wearing a black condom. She looked at him and asked: "What's with the black condom?"

HE replied, "I want to offer you my deepest condolences"

---oOo---

## SEX AFTER 60

As my wife, and I are approaching our 63rd and 65th birthdays, respectively, we scheduled our annual medical examination the same day, so we could travel together.

After my examination, the doctor said, "You appear to be in good health. Do you have any medical concerns that you would like to discuss with me?" "In fact, I do," I said.

"After I have sex with my wife the first time, I am usually hot and sweaty. And then, after I have sex with my wife the second time, I am usually cold and chilly."

"This is very interesting," replied the doctor. "Let me do some research and get back to you."

After examining his wife, the doctor said, "Everything appears to be fine. Do you have any medical concerns that you would like to discuss with me?"

She replied that she had no questions nor concerns.

The doctor then asked, "Your husband had an unusual concern. He claims that he is usually hot and sweaty after having sex the first time with you and cold and chilly after the second time, do you know why?"

"Oh, that old idiot!" she replied. "That's because, the first time is usually in July and the second time is usually in December."

## CHINESE WEDDING NIGHT SEX

A Chinese couple get married - and she's a virgin. Truth be told, he is not too experienced either. On their wedding night, she cowers naked under the sheets as her husband undresses.

He climbs in next to her and tries to be reassuring. My darling" he says, "I know dis yu firss time and you berry frighten. I pomise you, I give you anyting you want, I do anyting juss anyting you want. What chou want?" he says.

A thoughtful silence follows and he waits patiently (and eagerly) for her request. She eventually replies shyly and unsure, "I want to trysometin I have heard about... numbaa 69."

More thoughtful silence, this time from him. Eventually, in a puzzled

tone he queries... "You want... Chicken wiff broccori ??"



## DOLLY SEX

A man and woman had been married for more than 60 years. They had shared everything. They had talked about everything.

They had kept no secrets from each other except that the little old woman had a shoe box in the top of her closet that she had cautioned her husband never to open or ask her about. For all of these years, he had never thought about the box, but one day the little old woman got very sick and the doctor said she would not recover.

In trying to sort out their affairs, the little old man took down the shoe box and took it to his wife's bedside.

She agreed that it was time that he should know what was in the box.

When he opened it, he found two crocheted dolls and a stack of money totaling £95,000.

He asked her about the contents. "When we were to be married," she said, "my grandmother told me the secret of a happy marriage was to never argue."

She told me that if I ever got angry with you, I should just keep quiet and crochet a doll."

The little old man was so moved; he had to fight back tears. Only two precious dolls were in the box. She had only been angry with him two times in all those years of living and loving. He almost burst with happiness.

"but what about all of this money? Where did it come from?" Oh," she said, "that's the money I made from selling the dolls."

# THE ST VALENTINES DAY RUNS PARTs 1 & 2

A good-sized pack assembled at Mälars Dalen's station for the first Valentine run which wasn't actually on Valentine's Day but who's counting. This had been emphasized by the Harriettes beforehand as a 'Think Pink Run' with the result that everyone came in pink. There was pink and there were shades of pink you never knew existed from an orange shade of pink, a black shade of pink, a white shade of pink to a whiter shade of pale. At the start the pack thought they had two newcomers joining the hash but alas it was not to be as it was soon noticed they were no other than Clever Dick in a pink & blue wig and MaliBog in an orange Pippi wig. Mind you they would not have looked out of place on an American Cruise Ship out of New York.

A few words from the Hares and Little Brother & Muki led us off to the first check. Well I say led us off, they first of all went the wrong way missing the Hash Cardinal Rule, when there is a hill in sight, that's where the trail goes. Tearing up the hill the other front-runners missed the right turn back down the hill and kept going. This had the pack spread out over the whole area until another check managed to get us all together again, all except for Termite of course, who was doing his own thing. Of course we couldn't pass Jakobs Ladder but for a time it seemed like the trail went straight past without climbing the steep stairs but alas it was none other than an on-back and up to near heaven we ascended. We set off across roads and alleys and a the park passing through the checks (cos we could not see them!) and headed up yet another hill. The trial led us up to a winding road where we could see the Mälars radio mast in the distance. However going by the age old adage of 'hashing is always uphill' the exhausted pack wheezed up the radio mast and were much relieved to find a check and that from here on it was only down as we had run out of hill. Reaching the ground floor again we meandered thro' another park until we arrived at the drink stop at the children's playground in Västertorp. Drinkies were given out and our hashers indulged themselves on the swings, round-a-bouts and slides. There was confusion leaving the drink stop as everyone decided to take of in different directions each believing they were on, some finding the trail backwards, some forwards and some not at all but all well that ending well and we all eventually found the On-Home just over the bridge in Fruängen. Down-downs were given for the outlandish running garments & to all the Harriettes involved in the making of this run. Well done Gals and look forward to next year. So we retired to the 'other' restaurant in Fruängen for more beer and food.....MaliBog

The 2<sup>nd</sup> Valentine day run was actually on the Wednesday the 14th hared by Marmite and this time we were back to the Karlavagn in Fruängen. We headed out into the chilly evening heading due south thro' the wooded areas towards the old mental hospital. Cold feet followed pretty quickly: friendly locals waved and said "goodnight" (it was only 6.45.pm!) as they wondered what these totally mad individuals were doing thinking perhaps we were former inmates visiting their previous dwellings. On thro' the streets of Långbro we drudged our feet getting wetter and wetter in the half melted snow and after a long curve entered the Hospital grounds and headed back to the starts. Down downs were given in the car park to all that deserved them and to all that didn't. Which is just aswell as there is no such thing as not deserving a down-down. And then it was down the steps the the restaurant for the beers and free pop-corn. Another well done run, I just wish I could remember more of what happened.....MaliBog.

---oOo---

It is well to be remembered that Valentine Runs are held all over the globe by various hash kennels and has become a enjoyable tradition to be up-held. Unfortunately certain idiot fascist cretins in the name of their religion, (the one that embraces compassion and tolerance of other religions of the book, or so I have been led to believe), have taken to the streets in hoards to protest and burn the concept of St Valentine and all it stands for because it's Western.



However I'm sure their wives and daughters would be more partial to a box of Milky Way or After Eights and a taste of freedom instead of a fist in the gob or a kick up the arse for transgressing their shithouse religiofascist chauvinist rules.

## ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD

Gary Glitter to be the new Dr Who with two new assistants K 9 and Stacey 11.

What's two foot tall and stands at the end of a little girls bed? Gary Glitters Boots

---oOo---

Gary Glitter arrives home in Vietnam to discover his girlfriend is packing her bags."What's going on?" he asks.

"I'm leaving", she screams, "I have just found out you are a paedophile".

"Bloody hell" he says, "that's a big word for a 10 year old"

After being sentenced to the death penalty in Vietnam last year Gary Glitter asked to be cremated and his ashes put in an etch-o-sketch, that way little kids can still play with him.

---oOo---

Gary Glitter and Michael Jackson ended up on the same cruise. Second day in, they're playing badminton on deck and Gary slips and falls over the side.

Jacko shouts, "Hold on, I'll throw you a buoy",

Gary replies "I haven't got time for that, I'm fucking drowning!!"

# THE



# END

## OF THE ABSOLUT TRASH



### THE FOLLOWING ARE ALL LEGITIMATE COMPANIES

That didn't spend quite enough time considering how their online domain name might appear ... and be misread.

These are not made up. Check them out...

Who Represents is where you can find the name of the agent that represents any celebrity.

Their Web site is: [www.whorepresents.com](http://www.whorepresents.com)

Experts Exchange is a knowledge base where programmers can exchange advice and views at:

[www.expertsexchange.com](http://www.expertsexchange.com)

Looking for a pen? Look no further than Pen Island at: [www.penisland.net](http://www.penisland.net)

Need a therapist? Try Therapist Finder at: [www.therapistfinder.com](http://www.therapistfinder.com)

There's the Italian Power Generator company: [www.powergenitalia.com](http://www.powergenitalia.com)

And don't forget the Mole Station Native Nursery in New South Wales: [www.molestationnursery.com](http://www.molestationnursery.com)

If you're looking for IP computer software, there's always: [www.ipanywhere.com](http://www.ipanywhere.com)

The First Cumming Methodist Church Web site is: [www.cummingfirst.com](http://www.cummingfirst.com)

And the designers at Speed of Art await you at their wacky Web site: [www.speedofart.com](http://www.speedofart.com)

---oOo---

On Middle Eastern Religions, President Bush was asked whether he knew the difference between Sunni and Shia.

He replied "I'm not sure which one's which, but I remember they had a great hit with 'I've Got You Babe' "

## THE HIGHWAY PATROL SCHOOL REPORT

Three blondes were applying for the last available position on the Highway Patrol. The detective conducting the interview looked at the three of them and said, "So you'd like to be cops?" The blondes all nodded. The detective got up, opened a file drawer and pulled out a file folder. He opened it up, pulled out a picture, and said, "To be a detective, you have to be able to detect. You must be able to notice things such as distinguishing features in a suspect." He stuck the photo in the face of the first blonde, and withdrew it after about two seconds. "Now," he said, "Did you notice any distinguishing features about the man?"

The blonde immediate! Lay said, "Yes, I did. He has only one eye!"

The detective grabbed the photo, shook his head and said, "Of course he has only one eye in this picture. It's a profile of his face. You're dismissed!" The first blonde hung her head and walked out. The detective then turned to the second blonde, stuck the photo in her face for two seconds, pulled it back and said, "What about you? Notice anything unusual or outstanding about this man?"

"Yes," said the second blonde. "He only has one ear." The detective put his head in his hand and exclaimed, "Didn't you hear what I just told the other lady? This is a profile of the man's face. Of course you can only see one ear. You're excused, too!"

The second blonde sheepishly walked out of the office. The detective turned his attention to the third and last blonde and said, "This is probably a waste of time, but let's try this again."

He held the photo in front of her for a few seconds and withdrew it, saying, "All right. Did you notice anything distinguishing or unusual about this man?"

The blonde said, "I did! This man wears contact lenses." The detective frowned, took another look at the picture, and began looking at some of the papers in the folder. He looked up at the blonde with a puzzled expression and said, "You're absolutely right. His bio says he wears contacts. How in the world could you tell that by looking at this picture?"

The blonde rolled her eyes and said, "Duh! With only one eye and one ear, he certainly can't wear glasses."