

HASH TRASH

OFFICAL ORAGISM OF THE STOCKHOLMHASH

THE ONLY SWEDISH RAG NOBODY CAN UNDERSTAND

VOL 09

THE KOSHER HASH TRASH

SEPT 007

SOLVE MALIBOG'S YOM KIPPER RIDDLE.
IT IS IN COKNEY RYMING SLANG
AS HIS HEBREW IS PISS POOR



4x2=



WELCOME
TO
MALIBOG'S
ANNUAL
DAY OF ATONEMENT



יום כיפור
YOM KIPPUR





The Hares Apparent



STOCKHOLM ABSOLUT HASH

RUNS START AT 3 PM OR 1500 HOURS UNLESS STATED

Run # 520 - October 6 - 2007 - Where: Åkersberga
Hare: John Cleese & Horney Tail!
Train from Östra Station / Directly after Stockholm Loppet

Run # 521 - October 19 - 2007
Where: TBA - Hare: Sign up!

Run # 522 - November 3 - 2007
Where: TBA - Hare: Sign up! Note: Halloween

Run # 524 - November 17 - 2007
Where: TBA - Hare: Sign up!

Run # 525 - December 1 - 2007
Where: Probably Swiss embassy, 64 Valhallavägen
Hare: Alps! (THE HASH THAT'S FULL OF HOLES)



THE WHEEL STOCKHOLMBASHHASH

Run # 3 - Saturday 27th October @ 3pm
Where: TBA
Hares: MaliBog or Clever Dick or Both

FULL MOON BERSERKERSHASH

Run # 83- 24th November @ 2pm
Where: Vallentuna Railway Station
Roslagsbanan from Östra Station
Hares: Horney Tail & John Cleese



WAGHASH

Saturday 13 October @ Västerås details TBA
Followed by a Friskis & Svettis Run 5 K on Sunday.

STOCKHOLMLEAP-YEARHASH

Run # 2 February 29 2008
Hare Clever Dick @ The House of the Rising Dick

IT'S NOT EASY BEING A BIG BROTHER

KNARKANDE BIG BROTHER BLEV GALEN AV BEGÄR

Efter att ha genomgått metadonprogram har Big Brother
Ebotats från sitt narkotikaberoende och kan snart släppas
på fri fot igen.

Big Brother är en elefant som en gång levde fredligt med
sin flock i gränstrakten mellan Kina och Burma. Men
smugglare fångade honom och matade honom med heroin
preparerade bananer för att gör honom foglig, rapportera
China Daily.

När smugglarna försökte sälja Big Brother och hans flock
greps de efter en tips från polisen. Då hade Big Brother
blivit så beroende att han gick bärsärkagång om han inte
fick heroin. Efter att ha genomgått ett behandling med
Metadon och god omvårdnad med bad och massage kan
han snart återvända hem.....TT-REUTERS

STOCKHOLM UNDERGROUND HASH

ALL RUNS START AT 6.30 PM OR 1830 HOURS

Run # 678 - September 22 - 2007
Where: TBA
Hare: Silly Bear/Simply Blonde
(blondsimplifyblond@yahoo.se)

Run # 679 - October 3 - 2007
Where: TBA
Hare: Jungle Dick George
(karllambert@gmail.com)

Run # 680 - Oktober 10 - 2007
Where: Fridhemsplan
Hare: Sonya & Duty Free

Run # 681 - October 17 - 2007
Where: TBA
Hare: Just George

Run # 682 - October 24 - 2007
Where: Solna Station
Hare: The Doggies (karenmcdougall@hotmail.com)

Run # 683 - Oktober 31 - 2007
Where: TBA Hare: Sign Upp!

Run # 681 - November 7 - 2007
Where: TBA
Hare: MaliBog (Spike's Anul Barfday Run)



RUNNERS CORNER

Next Run will be the 10 K Stockholms Loppet
Saturday October 6 @ 12 o'clock prior to the Absolut H
Runners signed up so far:-
Bugs Bunny, MaliBog, Tripple Nipple,
Jungle George & Muci
Maybies: Pippi Long, Big Brother, Little Brother,

MIDNIGHT HASHERS

Results From The Middnattsloppet in August 2007
Didn't They Do Well

Name	Start	TIME
Little Brother	22:00	38:28
Big Brother	22:00	40:39
John Cleese	22:00	47:55
Anti-climax	22:00	49:24
Jungle George	22:20	55:25
2 Swedes C	22:20	59:35
Big Mouth	22:10	1:01:45
Trip-Nip	22:15	1:02:29
Pippi Longcocking	22:20	1:05:10
Ditch Bitch	22:20	1:08:00
Horny tail	22:15	1:16:46
Muci	22:10	forgot chip?

Times for the St Eriks Half Marathon
plus Bellmans Staffet will be printed in the next issue



**CELEBRATING YOM KIPPUR
HEBONICS...A "NEW" LANGUAGE**

The New York City Public Schools have officially declared Jewish English, now dubbed Hebonics, as a second language. Backers of the move say the city schools are the first in the nation to recognize Hebonics as a valid language and a significant attribute of American culture.

According to Howard Ashland, linguistics professor at Brooklyn College and renowned Hebonics scholar, the sentence structure of Hebonics derives from middle and eastern European language patterns, as well as Yiddish. Professor Shulman explains, "In Hebonics, the response to any question is usually another question with a complaint that is either implied or stated. Thus 'How are you?' may be answered, 'How should I be, with my bad feet?'

Shulman says that Hebonics is a superb linguistic vehicle for expressing sarcasm or skepticism. An example is the repetition of a word with "sh" or "shm" at the beginning: "Mountains, shmountains. Stay away. You should want a nosebleed?"

Another Hebonics pattern is moving the subject of a sentence to the end, with its pronoun at the beginning: "It's beautiful, that dress."

Shulman says one also sees the Hebonics verb moved to the end of the sentence. Thus the response to a remark such as "He's slow as a turtle," could be: "Turtle, shmurtle! Like a fly in Vaseline he walks."

Shulman provided the following examples from his best-selling textbook, *Switched-On Hebonics*:

Question: "What time is it?"

English answer: "Sorry, I don't know."

Hebonic response: "What am I, a clock?"

Remark: "I hope things turn out okay."

English answer: "Thanks."

Hebonic response: "I should be so lucky!"

Remark: "Hurry up. Dinner's ready."

English answer: "Be right there."

Hebonic response: "Alright already, I'm coming. What's with the 'hurry' business? Is there a fire?"

Remark: "I like the tie you gave me; wear it all the time."

English answer: "Glad you like it."

Hebonic response: "So what's the matter; you don't like the other ties I gave you?"

Remark: "Sarah and I are engaged."

English answer: "Congratulations!"

Hebonic response: "She could stand to lose a few pounds."

Question: "Would you like to go riding with us?"

English answer: "Just say when."

Hebonic response: "Riding, shmiding! Do I look like a cowboy?"

To the guest of honor at a birthday party:

English answer: "Happy birthday."

Hebonic response: "A year smarter you should become."

Remark: "A beautiful day."

English answer: "Sure is."

Hebonic response: "So the sun is out; what else is new?"

Answering a phone call from a son:

English answer: "It's been a while since you called."

Hebonic response: "You didn't wonder if I'm dead already?"

LETTER FROM A LONDON HASHER

Council tax re-evaluers want to charge us more if we live in a nice area. That ought to mean discounts for those of us who live in rough areas. We have a huge council house in our street. The extended family is run by a grumpy old woman with a pack of fierce dogs.

Her car isn't taxed or insured, and doesn't even have a number plate, but the police still do nothing. Her bad tempered old man is famous for upsetting foreigners with racist comments. A shopkeeper blames him for ordering the murder of his son and his son's girlfriend, but nothing has been proved yet. All their kids have broken marriages except the youngest, who everyone thought was gay. Two grandsons are meant to be in the Army but are always seen out in nightclubs. The family's odd antics are always in the papers. They are out of control.Honestly - who'd live near Windsor Castle?

HASHER'S LAMENT

When my ageing limbs can no longer run,
When the weekly Hash stops being fun,
If I can't sup my ale when the trail is done,
Then I'll quit.

When my chest gets too tight - as it's doing today,
When my glasses are broke and I can't see the way,
When I say that the Hares deserve some praise,
Then I'll quit.

When the aches have not stopped by next week's trail,
When a shine has replaced my present grey mane,
When I think the Committee are almost sane,
Then I'll quit.

Though the season gets longer, as seasons do,
And the tree stumps and branches leave me black and blue,
Will I stop while there's trash and an ON ON or two?
Not bloody likely!
(An On)

THE WAXHOLM HASH

The RA had done his bit; the weather was perfect for a hash in Vaxholm. The hare was Pippi Longcocking, who after a typical hasher's long and confusing explanation on 'hash markings' gave the pointer towards the sea.

We ran towards the sea and along the sea coast, over the rocks that are typical for this region. The sun giving us hashers undivided attention the whole stretch. The hash was promising to be a good one with perfect ingredients: of sun, many keen half-brained hashers, a well-marked trial and a promised drink-stop, that kept our pace steady and fast. Helped by the hash horn sounding loud along the trial, over the treetops and across the water.

Pippi Longcocking had done a good job; the hashers were mainly in a pack except for one FRB, Taliban who led the pack along with Big Brother. The pack consisting of approximately 20 half-brained hashers that just followed blindly, as they are inclined to do. Although there were two hashers lagging behind –namely Red Horse and Jetsex– because they smelt blueberries and suddenly blueberry picking seemed like a good pastime. Some encouragement from the RA –who caught them at it– got them moving again and back in sync with the rest of the pack.

Visions of drink of the alcoholic kind were being felt vividly by all. Taliban continued to lead the pack. King Zebra decided it was time to take a break, and stopped running, the vision of drink dissipating as an unobtainable goal. Ingrid Larsen and Clark Kent led him out of this dark hole that he was falling into, until they were on the trial again, King Zebra having lost the 'hash faith' for a passing moment came along with his two aids back with the pack!

45 minutes of running –walking for Ingrid Larsen, Clark Kent and King Zebra– and no drinks, but there was no slapping in the pursuit of drinks on this hash trial. Taliban followed the trial effortlessly, sniffing out false trials like a hound. One such 'false trial' –which meant taking a left over a bridged to the drink-stop. Unfortunately Taliban detected that the trial would track-back on itself, but he did not detect that a drink-stop sat waiting at the other end of the bridge. In other words, he failed to detect that alcohol was within reach, to the converse he continued running straight along the water's edge, and the half-brained pack just followed blindly –as they are inclined to do– in his wake.

Never trust a Taliban had never proved itself truer. One hasher within the immediate pack following Taliban even marked the trial –with good hash intentions– so that any hashers that followed would be sure to miss the drink stop by following the arrows that went straight on! And what was waiting at this drink stop was strawberry Vodka! What a catastrophe for any hash.

The pack continued to run blindly in the belief of finding drink until they found themselves back at the sea where they started. Taliban and Big Brother drinking beer, catastrophe averted, salvation was in sight. Marmite ran into the sea in a moment of simple happiness, Malibog in his

more simple way stripped off to his birthday suit and jumped in, Jetsex not to be outdone followed suit. What bliss! Beer and paradise, which self-respecting hasher could expect more from life.

The circle proved interesting with a prestigious award, acknowledgements and the usual run of down-downs. The Hare –Pippi Longcocking– received acknowledgement for a perfect hash trial, although some retribution would be needed concerning the obscure drink-stop. The Hash Shit

which had mysteriously disappeared for an undisclosed period of time –there were many rumours concerning its whereabouts, all of them probably untrue– but this was awarded to Clever Dick for no other obscure reason than he considered that the Hash Shit needed some help to disappear. Fortunately for all Stockholm hashers, Muki out on a fishing expedition found it again! He has yet to be acknowledged for this fine feat! Anti-climax was wearing NEW running shoes... thanks to Clever Dick for highlighting this fact with some 'insider information'. Anti-climax had mentioned that he encouraged her to buy new running

shoes for the hash, and he may have even helped her chose them. Clever Dick in his true chivalrous style has executed a Hash conspiracy at its height!

There were some new comers, and two hash returnees: Jetsex and Taliban. Since they have moved out into the Archipelago –three summers ago– attending a hash has become a bi-annual event. The effort to organize the journey to the mainline is more than they can manage between them on a normal week, owning only half a brain each sometimes does prove to be a handicap. Fortunately this time they received an SMS from Big Brother –both received an individual SMS to their individual mobile phone, because sometimes Jetsex ignores her mail and her mobile phone– to remind them that the hash was only five minutes boat ride from them, much to the delight of Jetsex and Taliban because they like journeys in deep and unknown waters.

King Zebra got a down-down for sitting down to 'take a rest' during the hash, and Ingrid Larsen and Clark Kent got down-downs for their roles as 'Florence Nightingale'. Red Horse and Jetsex (again) got called up for Blueberry picking on a hash; Malibog and Jetsex (and again) got called up from scaring the fish by bathing naked.

The Hash circle closed, and it was time to eat, and drink the strawberry vodka that was missed on the trial. All was well, another good hash on another beautiful day outside of the hashers well-loved town of Stockholm.

Announcements: Next Absolute Hash was announced to be on the second of September. And the question still hanging in the air –that Taliban has been thinking over with much intensity since– is 'which second'? Taliban considers himself as the first hasher to see with some clarity that there are in fact many seconds in September.....

Hash Scribes: Jetsex & Taliban



BUT THEN THE BLACK DEATH WASN'T FUNNY EITHER

Thank you and welcome to another edition of 'The Hash Trash Trots Out More Old Jokes'.

Not the most scintillating of introductions is it? My original title was going to be 'The Hash Trash Entertains' but that sounded more like something describing a Blue Movie and I'd probably be done under the Trades Descriptions Act. Which is the sort of publicity I can ill afford.

Once again I am not exactly the flavour of the month here at the Stockholm Hash. Monday morning I got an official summons from the Comptroller of the Hash Mailing List. He's got this sumptuous office on the first floor, it used to be on the second floor but they moved it so he wouldn't have so far to reach for the lift button after a bad night out.

To be honest I always get nervous going into swish offices and I did rather blot my copybook on this occasion.

I somewhat thoughtlessly barged straight in, only to find he was having lunch with Ingrid Larson and Pucko!

And there was Pucko tucking in to her bowl of tripe.....

So I said 'I knew you'd eat your words sooner or later.'...

Now I don't know why I said that. To get a cheap laugh I suppose. Not unnaturally it got off to a shaky start.

After they had left the comptroller beckoned me back in; he said 'Sit yourself down Malibog, anywhere on the floor will be fine among the piles of old newspapers.' There he sat puffing away at a cough lozenge for several minutes, until he finally got the wrapper off. I think he's a bit out of condition myself. He lent back in his power-assisted swivel-chair and said 'The fact of the matter is Malibog, it's these messages you have been sending out on the mailing list, I've been getting complaints. According to the aforementioned you have been breaking the rules by posting notices about running!!!

It seems you are encouraging members of the Hash, by way of the mailing list, to have a good time and enjoying each others company by participating in running and biking and in the process becoming considerably fitter so promoting a longer healthier life. Now either you buck your ideas up or I'll send you straight back to where you come from – as a stunt man for the Nicoret anti-smoking company. So as to make sure you are in the clear in this issue I've decided to let Pucko and Ingrid Larson select the main joke for this issue, any subject they like and they will mail it to you, just print it!

Which is a pity really as I was going to write about the golfer who one day turns up at the clubhouse brandishing this new golf ball. 'You are here looking,' he says, 'at the most ingenious golf ball ever produced. It is absolutely impossible to lose. If you hit it into some long grass it will automatically emit a very loud, high-pitched bleeping noise.

If you hit it into a river or a lake it will immediately rise to the surface and start flashing bright orange.

And if by accident, you should slice it into a clump of bushes or a tree, a miniaturised digital recorder inside will blare out - 'I'm over here you fool!' Well on hearing this, the assembled company at the bar are dumbstruck.

'Well I never,' they say... and 'Bless my blinking sole!' and 'Don't Cry for Me Argentina.' One of them gets up and says 'That is the most incredible golf ball I have ever come across in all my life, where on earth did you get it?'

And the chap says 'I found it.'

However on to the Trash main joke and I must apologise if it doesn't seem all that funny but it was submitted to me by the aforementioned so you can't expect wit. But then the Black Death wasn't funny either. So for better or worse here it is. Apparently this is based on a story that actually happened a few weeks ago when Pucko was over in New York. She was staying at one of those incredibly posh skyscraper hotels, elevators with in-flight movies, Jehovah's Witness in every bedside cupboard and if you fancy a sudden blast of hot air you just press a button and a clone of George Bush comes up to read your fortune.

Anyway one night she was sitting in the lounge having a drink with her best friend, herself, when she noticed a little scene between two men at the hotel lobby bar.

One of them was an Oriental Gentleman, the other was a Jewish ice-cream manufacturer, who worked on sundaes. Well, as the Oriental gentleman is leaning across the bar he accidentally knocks over the Jewish gentleman's drink, and he immediately gets very upset.

'My life already!' he says. 'First Pearl Harbour. Now this. That's just the sort of thing I'd expect from your people.'

The Oriental Gentleman says 'Pardon me, but I happen to be Chinese, and it was the Japanese who bombed Pearl Harbour.' The Jewish chap says 'Chinese, Japanese what's in a name?' And promptly picks up a nearby soda siphon and squirts it all down the Chinaman's shirt.

'Typical!' shouts the Chinaman. 'Well that's the sort of thing I'd expect from you people. First you sink the Titanic and now this.'

The Jewish fella says 'Sink the Titanic??!!

What are you talking about? That was nothing to do with the Jews. That was an iceberg.'

The Chinaman says 'Iceberg, Goldberg, what's in a name?'

---OnOn---

Which, as a matter of fact reminds me of the time I first heard the name 'Hash House Harriers' while journeying in Papua New Guinea 27 years ago. My first ever run was with the Lau Hash House Harriettes on Thursday Eve.

It was here in PNG I became acquainted with the History Of The Hash from a couple of old retired hashers from the balmy days of KL during the late 1940s.

The "Hash House" was the mildly derogatory nickname given (for its unimaginative, monotonous food) to the Royal Selangor Club Chambers in Kuala Lumpur by the British civil servants and businessmen who lived and dined there between the two World Wars, when it had become something of a social centre of the times.

To Quote: From the original 1938 charter of the Kuala Lumpur Hash House Harriers

To promote physical fitness among our members

To get rid of weekend hangovers

To acquire a good thirst and to satisfy it in beer

To persuade the older members

that they are not as old as they feel.

The early harrier groups in Malaya were based on English public school "paper chase" or "hare & hound" runs, which date back as far as the 18th Century.

(To boot, running is the name of the game).....MaliBog

IT'S A LONG WAY FROM SILVERSTONE

Former Formula One Champion Damon Hill and his wife were vacationing in Europe, as it happens, near Transylvania. They were driving in a rental car along a rather deserted highway. It was late, and raining very hard. Damon could barely see 10 feet in front of the car. Suddenly the car skids out of control! Damon attempts to control the car using all his skill he learnt from the tracks, but to no avail! The car swerves and smashes into a tree.

Moments later, Damon shakes his head to clear the fog. Dazed, he looks over at the passenger seat and sees his wife unconscious, with her head bleeding!

Despite the rain and unfamiliar countryside, Damon knows he has to carry her to the nearest phone. Damon carefully picks his wife up and begins trudging down the road.

After a short while, he sees a light. He heads towards the light, which is coming from an old, large house.

He approaches the door and knocks. A minute passes.

A small, hunched man opens the door. Damon immediately blurts, "Hello, my name is Damon Hill the former F1 Champion, and this is my wife. We've been in a terrible accident, and my wife has been seriously hurt. Can I please use your phone??"

"I'm sorry," replied the hunchback, "but we don't have a phone. My master is a doctor; come in and I will get him." Mike brings his wife in. An elegant man comes down the

stairs. "I'm afraid my assistant may have misled you. I am not a medical doctor; I am a scientist. However, it is many miles to the nearest clinic and I have had a basic medical training. I will see what I can do. Igor, bring them down to the laboratory." With that, Igor picks up his wife and carries her downstairs, with Damon following closely. Igor places the wife on a table in the lab. Damon collapses from exhaustion and his own injuries, so Igor places Damon on an adjoining table. After a brief examination, Igor's master looks worried. "Things are serious, Igor. Prepare a transfusion." Igor and his master work feverishly, but to no avail. Damon and his wife are no more.

The Hills' deaths upset Igor's master greatly being a great fan of car racing. Warily, he climbs the steps to his conservatory, which houses his pipe organ. For it is here that he has always found solace. He begins to play, and a stirring, almost haunting, melody fills the house.

Meanwhile, Igor is still in the lab tidying up. As the music fills the lab, his eyes catch movement, and he notices the fingers on Mrs Hill's hand twitch. Stunned, he watches as Damon's arm begins to rise! He is further amazed, as the wife sits straight up! Unable to contain himself, he dashes up the stairs to the conservatory.

He bursts in and shouts to his master: "Master, Master!!.... The Hills are alive with the sound of music!"

AND A LONG TIME FROM RHODESIA

Mugabe dies and goes to heaven. When he gets there, St. Peter tells him that he is not on the list and he does not belong in heaven. Mugabe must go to hell. So Mugabe goes to hell where Satan gives him a hearty welcome and tells him to make himself at home. Then Mugabe notices that he left his luggage in heaven and tells Satan, who says "No problem, I'll send a couple of little devils to get your stuff." When the little devils get to heaven they find the gates are locked. St. Peter is having lunch - and they start debating what to do.

Finally one comes up with the idea that they should go over the wall and get the luggage. As they are climbing the wall, two little angels see them, and one angel says to the other, "Oh My, look at that!"

Mugabe has been in hell no more than ten minutes and we're already getting refugees!"

---anon---

A Israeli doctor says: "Medicine in my country is so advanced that we can take a kidney out of one man, put it in another, and have him looking for work in 6 weeks."

A British doctor says: "That is nothing; we can take a lung out of one person, put it in another, and have him looking for work in 4 weeks."

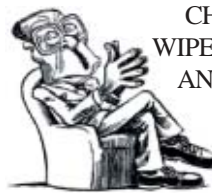
A Canadian doctor says: "In my country, medicine is so advanced that we can take half a heart out of one person, put it in another, and have them both looking for work in 2 weeks."

A Zimbabwean doctor: not to be outdone, says: "You guys are way behind... We just took a man with NO brain, made him President, and now the whole country is looking for work!!"

ZIMBABWE

THE ONLY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD
WHERE THE LARGEST NOTE \$500
CAN'T BUY A ROLL OF 1-PLY TOILET PAPER
WHICH COSTS \$1000

THERE ARE APPROX 72 SECTIONS ON AN AVERAGE ROLL
SO IT'S CHEAPER TO TAKE YOUR TWO \$500 NOTES,
CHANGE IT INTO \$10 NOTES
WIPE YOUR ARSE ON 72 OF THEM
AND STILL GET \$280 CHANGE



Robert Mugabe and his chauffeur were rolling down the highway when Suddenly they hit a pig crossing the road. They killed it instantly.

Robert tells his driver: "Go to da farm over dere and hexplain to da honer of da pig what happenen."

One hour later, Robert sees his driver coming back from the farm, his clothes all wrinkled, a bottle of wine in one hand and a cigar in the other.

"What happen to you?" Mugabe asks.

"Well, de farmer gave me a cigar, his wife gave me a bottle of wine and their 19 year old daughter made da wild passionate love to me."

"My God! What did you tell dem?" asked Mugabe.

The driver answered: "Good evening, I am Robert Mugabe's chauffeur and I have just killed the pig."

Hash House Hansard

~~ The Official Organ of The Royal Kimbe Hash House Harriers ~~

RUN REPORTS FROM THE FROZEN NORTH

STOCKHOLM UNDERGROUND HASH RUN, WEDNESDAY 27th June 2007

Hares 'The Incredible Flying MaliBog Brothers'

All Stockholm Underground Hash Runs start at a friendly pub / café close to a railway station, and this run started at the Kryddan Pub and Pizzeria.

This was close to Björkhagen (Birch Field) Underground Station

The two hares, the Incredible Flying Malibog Brothers ventured out to the pub late afternoon in the pouring rain and spent the next 2 and a half hours trudging through the forests of the Hellasgården National Park in Nacka south/west of Stockholm. A wonderful trail it was too, and one which the hares were confident will delight the pack later in the day.

By the time the two Malibogs returned to the pub, it was just about time for the hash run to start, so they didn't even have time for a beer, and they were off again retracing their steps of earlier. And it was still pissing down with rain. And it was still bloody windy. And it was still bloody cold, even though it is supposed to be summer here in these lands of the almost midnight sun.

The Kimbe brigade were dressed somewhat different to how they would usually dress back home in Kimbe. Here they were out running wearing long pants and parkas. Gloves even !!! It was really cold, so they could be excused. What a difference it was to run through a forest with fir trees as opposed to the tropical rain forests and oil palms that the Kimbe hashers usually encounter.

The run slowly made its way through the forest, and then went through the Nacka old cemetery past Dammtorpssjön (Dam Thorps Lake)

It was a great trail, with lots of checks and many a false

trail. The beer stop was well positioned deep in the forest, overlooking the lake.

After this well earned refreshment stop, the trail went back into the forest, before finding the small wooden bridge which was greeted with lots of Oooos and Arrrrs by the now most appreciative hashers. You could tell they were really appreciative, just by listening to their comments. Remarks like the run is too long, too wet, too cold, too hilly, too flat, or just too shitty. Oh well, at least they'll remember it. But it really was bloody wet ... and cold!!

OnOn through the San Remo Golf Course Sorry, I meant the Björkhagens Golf Course, and before you could say "when is all this going to bloody well end?", it ended !!!

Back at the finish, we conducted a circle where all the Kimbe hashers received DownDowns. They were also seen stuffing their little faces with the wild blueberries they had picked along the trail.

After the circle, it was inside the pub and then it was a race to the little rooms to get out of all these bloody wet clothes. The beers ran well, (too well in fact as we exhausted the supply of one particular brand!), and the pizzas were just right. Good wine as well !!!

All in all, a wonderful hash and one which certainly put the name of KIMBE in the record books of the Stockholm Underground Hash.

Great to see all the visitors from the Royal Kimbe Hash House Harriers

Malibog (of the South Seas), Muddy Waters, Gumi Girl, Turbo Chunda, Dragon Lady, Yetti, Inspector Rex, Mr. Darkie, Madame Lash & Toy Boy.....*MaliBog of the South Seas*

THE NEGLIGEE

A husband walks into Victoria's Secret to purchase a sheer negligee for his wife.

He is shown several possibilities that range from \$250 to \$500 in price, the more sheer, the higher the price.

Naturally, he opts for the most sheer item, pays the \$500 and takes it home.

He presents it to his wife and asks her to go upstairs, put it on and model it for him.

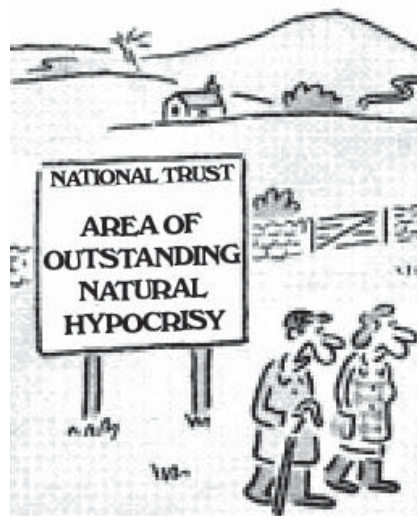
Upstairs, the wife thinks, 'I have an idea. It's so sheer that it might as well be nothing. I won't put it on but I'll do the modeling naked, return it tomorrow and keep the \$500 refund for myself.'

She appears naked on the balcony and strikes a pose.

The husband says, 'Good Grief! You'd think for \$500, they'd at least iron it!'

He never heard the shot.

Funeral on Thursday at Noon. Closed coffin.



"I THINK ANNMARIE LUNDHOLM LIVES AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE"

JOB OFFER

At the end of a tiny, deserted bar is a huge Aboriginal bloke, 2 metres tall and 150 kilos. He's having a few beers when a short, well-dressed and obviously homosexual man walks in and sits beside him.

After three or four beers the gay fella finally plucks up the courage to say something to the big Aboriginal.

Leaning over towards the Aboriginal he whispers, "Do you want a blow-job?"

At this the massive aboriginal leaps up with fire in his eyes and smacks the man in the face, knocking him swiftly off his stool.

He proceeds to beat him all the way out of the bar before leaving him bruised and battered in the car park, then returned to his seat at the bar.

Amazed, the barman quickly brings over another beer. "I've never seen you react like that", he says. "Just what did he say to you?"

"Im not sure", the aboriginal replies, "Something about a job...."

THE



END



OF THE ABSOLUT TRASH CATECHISM, JEWISH STYLE



Dr. Laura Schlessinger is a radio personality who dispenses advice to people who call in to her radio show. Recently she said that, as an observant Orthodox Jew, homosexuality is an abomination according to Leviticus 18:22 and cannot be condoned under any circumstance. The following is an open letter to Dr. Laura penned by an east coast resident, which was posted on the Internet. It's funny, as well as informative:

Dear Dr. Laura,

Thank you for doing so much to educate people regarding God's Law. I have learned a great deal from your show, and try to share that knowledge with as many people as I can. When someone tries to defend the homosexual lifestyle, for example, I simply remind them that Leviticus 18:22 clearly states it to be an abomination. End of debate. I do need some advice from you, however, regarding some of the other specific laws and how to follow them:

When I burn a bull on the altar as a sacrifice, I know it creates a pleasing odour for the Lord - Lev.1:9. The problem is my neighbours. They claim the odour is not pleasing to them. Should I smite them?

I would like to sell my daughter into slavery, as sanctioned in Exodus 21:7. In this day and age, what do you think would be a fair price for her?

I know that I am allowed no contact with a woman while she is in her period of menstrual uncleanness - Lev.15:19-24. The problem is, how do I tell? I have tried asking, but most women take offence.

Lev. 25:44 states that I may indeed possess slaves, both male and female, provided they are purchased from neighbouring nations. A friend of mine claims that this applies to Mexicans, but not Canadians. Can you clarify?

Why can't I own Canadians?

I have a neighbour who insists on working on the Sabbath. Exodus 35:2 clearly states he should be put to death. Am I morally obligated to kill him myself?

A friend of mine feels that even though eating shellfish is an abomination - Lev. 11:10, it is a lesser abomination than homosexuality. I don't agree. Can you settle this?

Lev. 21:20 states that I may not approach the altar of God if I have a defect in my sight. I have to admit that I wear reading glasses. Does my vision have to be 20/20, or is there some wiggle room here?

Most of my male friends get their hair trimmed, including the hair around their temples, even though this is expressly forbidden by Lev. 19:27. How should they die?

I know from Lev. 11:6-8 that touching the skin of a dead pig makes me unclean, but may I still play football if I wear gloves?

My uncle has a farm. He violates Lev. 19:19 by planting two different crops in the same field, as does his wife by wearing garments made of two different kinds of thread (cotton/polyester blend). He also tends to curse and blaspheme a lot. Is it really necessary that we go to all the trouble of getting the whole town together to stone them? - Lev.24:10-16.

Couldn't we just burn them to death at a private family affair like we do with people who sleep with their in-laws? (Lev. 20:14)

I know you have studied these things extensively, so I am confident you can help. Thank you again for reminding us that God's word is eternal and unchanging.....Your devoted fan, Jim

FOLLOW UP ON SHOE ARTICLE

I earlier mentioned that whilst picking up a run number I happened to see they were selling Puma Running Shoes. On the side of every box in small letters on the left hand corner was written 'Average Contents 2'.... Hummmm! Does that mean one could find 3 if one looked hard enough. Now what makes me think they are made in China???

Thanks to Theresa from the Brighton Hash for pointing out that in fact the average number of legs per human being is 1.9 something!.....(other comments gratefully received)