



ROYAL SOUTH SIDE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run 1755, 07th June 2007

Location: So Kon Po

Hare: **Pussyfoot**

“The following is a true record of events as narrated by Gentlemen of the Hash.”

The Pre-Run:

This was a run of with massive potential to be great or disastrous. All day long e-mails were flying around with regard to the **RA**'s ability, the hare was in a quandary and **H Mice** was fretting over his loose change and overdosing on growth pills. The **RA** was supremely confident having it on personal authority that it wouldn't rain. **Haggis** our new haberdasher with obvious pretensions to **H Mice**'s mantle took charge and usurped the Hare, **H Mice**, the **Vices** and the **RA** by moving the circle to his preferred place.



*An early wood print of a jolly time had by
ET as **HM***

The pack went berserk questions were asked in parliament and it was decided that the new haberdasher was a Celt. Having thought it through the pack came to the decision that **Haggis** was a bigger Celt than the **HM** and thus moved the circle location. Immediately the old hands commented this is going to be as bad as **ET**'s reign and that **ET** was probably a big Celt too.



ET**'s reaction when told **Ice** was **HM

The Run:

The Pack was released along with some large snails before **SOS** arrived low and behold they arrived back in front of the big blower, **DTS** was first back in having slipped all the way down from the top of Broadwood Road steps, following **DTS** like a proper Celt was **Haggis**. Of course they had short cut and the rest of the pack came round and did the course as the hare had set it. The snails cheered **SOS** home and congratulated him on his effort: **SOS** commented behind their shells “Slimy Celts”.

The Circle:

H Mice called the circle to order and Vice appointed an Amah. **SOS** immediately tried to take over the circle saying that he had plenty of down downs, **H Mice** claimed he was taller so he was in charge.



***SOS** trying to impress aliens*



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This appeased Horatio Hornblower for a moment, every time **H Mice** paused for breath Vice was in (if **Kiwi** thought he was a natural at chaos he would only get the bronze medal at the Olympics) There was lots of beer dispensed but very difficult to follow as the Phlegmatic Philharmonic kept jumping in before **H Mice** could take a lungful of air. The circle was eventually broken up in acrimony (which was odd as we had started in So Kon Po).



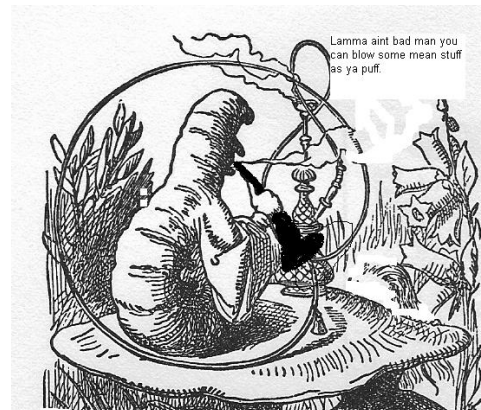
SOS before the operation

Off to the On-On at the IRC for a welcome curry and the Powerful Puffer was not finished yet. Up on his feet rose the Temperamental Trumpeter and harangued the RA for his tympanic interference who looked hurt having only tried and tried to get the assembled gentlemen interested in the Woeful Welshman to no avail. Everybody was enjoying the evening and **H Mice** directed the manly group to Small Bones' watering hole. Like a plague of locust the host descended on the favoured establishment and disseminated themselves among the interesting parties (this bit of rubbish is to protect a member). The Musical Maestro was not finished and had plenty more to say about interference.



*Well, me and **Kiwi** were in this Japanese bird's house and E said "give it a good blow"*

"Well, I had loads of material, you didn't help banging a glass in my lug ole. E didn't give me a chance, it's not funny you silly old bugger, it isn't. Go on laugh, that's what old people do when younger people are funnier. Why are you laughing like that. You made Titami sick on the boat you did. When I'm Hash Master things will be different. What do mean, HM of the Lamma hash, there's only you, you old doughnut".



SOS Blowing his Cantankerous Cornet on Lamma



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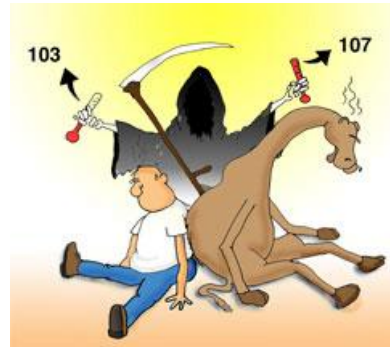


*Since SOS left, I just sit on the sofa
dreaming of the things E could get his lips
round.*

The Virtual Virtuoso was in fine form and we all hope the amount of attention he has received in these nootes will convince him that he's a clever Celt and that life would be poorer without his quick wit and brass thingy instrument.

Next weeks run

Blake Gardens courtesy of that great golfer
Camel



Camel & H Mice after golf with Puggie.

Health Warning

Hashing may offend you or affect your Health. You may die while on a Hash or as a result of associating with Southsiders or any other chickens crossing the road. The Southside accepts no responsibility for any accident, injury or death. You have been warned.

On-On, **Pugak**