

LH3 EXAGGERATOR

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**Warning - This Publication
may contain some TRUTH**

**LAUNCESTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
A DRINKING CLUB WITH
A RUNNING PROBLEM**

RUN No 2239 167 West Tamar H'Way Trevallyn Hare: Sheila

Run report for run 2239 Sheila's One Hill Run

The pack had assembled and the fire pot was well in flames when Sheila arrived back home from setting the run. As a regular run site it can be predictable where the route will go if given some early clues so Sheila disguised the direction of his re-entry to throw the scent away from the clever hashers (oxymoron?) that might forecast the impending trail. Looking at his Rolex; "59 minutes exactly" suggesting that motley crew should be able to complete the course in equivalent time.

"Bullshit, you've been out since 4" alleged some of the outwardly spoken pack, moaning and bitching about big hills in Riverside. Sheila reassured the semi-sludge arses that there was nothing to fear and there was only one uphill in the whole run. The pack set off towards the Tailrace on the exceptionally marked dribble dropper trail. A bit of a look around the playground then saw the trail continue along the river edge towards the city. Everybody knows that NO ENTRY KEEP OUT signs do not apply to Hashers on Tuesday evening so that's where the trail went – circumnavigating the silt settling ponds

to emerge on the West Tamar Road fitness path and head back towards home. Sense a hill coming??? There it is; a raggedy easement not more than six foot wide full of prickles and onion weed with a bearing to Forest Road on a near vertical axis. Too much for Deli "F#%k this I'm heading home!" Once conquered there was more pain in store as the trail continued up the very unfriendly gradient of Cherry Road through a check to a pooncey subdivision. Relief for the calf muscles was short lived as the trail negotiated a mound of rocks infested with blackberry. It pays to always be aware of ones surroundings – as hashers struggled over the obstacle a quick scan to the right would have unlocked the easy path along the fence line bypassing the problem. Across Grenadier Court to the Transmission Line easement; finally the apex - an uninterrupted view stretching for miles; from river level to this point about 450 feet, 140 metres in elevation. Home was in sight and accordingly the bell end pointed the way. Sheila had kept his promise of only one hill and back for a beer within the hour.



ON ON:

Daylight savings is with us and the weather Gods have given us a nice evening to perch on the tessellated pavers below the tennis centre, along with the 44 Mr. Squiggle's rocket which has been fired up. The Hash Cash and his reliable companion Hash Monk have set up shop on the glass top generator table. The Hasher are amazed that Sheila has moved the ten ton garden feature across the yard to its final resting place. It is so heavy that Tyles back hoe wold not budge it. When asked how he moved it Sheila smiled and said all that ancient Egyptian history was not wasted on me at school. It was simple with levers and rollers. I may have been a pharaoh in a former life. Enough of this Crap call the Lip lets get the session under way.



ON Downs:

The Lip session began with; -

Sheila – Hare

Thumbs – Erred on the perfectly marked trail, misleading the pack

Sheila again – Rightfully took the wrap for delays with the issuing of last weeks Trash

Scary – Charge from the floor by ABBA “ya ya ya Scary ya # ya ya ya ya how ya abc ya ago ya bjorn yaya 2 019 600 000 seconds ya!!”

When interpreted to Australian meant that Scary had turned 64 recently.



Raffle:

Goblets most excellent rigged Raffle

With a secret new prize on offer Goblet did not trust Sheila to draw the raffle instead turning to Pash who drew out Blakey's number. Then Goblet reversed his prejudice and allowed Sheila to finish off proceedings resulting in;-

Blakey – family pack

2bob – WD40

Fingers – 6 pack

Pash – new offering - Bottle of Bundy

The **2016 Committee** The Committee that charges you more and gives you less

GM: Thumbs **JM:** Tyles, **Hash Cash:** Pash, **Monk:** Goblet, **Trail Master:** Fingers, **Horn:** Rickshaw, **Lip:** Blakey **Scribe:** Sheila, **Web Wanker:** Bugsy, **Hash Hops:** Scary

Receding Hare Line

Tuesday 1st November Thumbs Car Yard 171 Invermay Rd **Hare:** Thumbs

More Hares required see this years Trail Master Fingers before he **nominates you** to set a run or we will be back at Rowland Cres

LH4 Ph. 0408139601 (Magpie) <http://www.lh4.com.au>

LH4 Receding Hare Line

Thursday 27th October 8 Drummond Cres. St Perth **Hare:** Worm

Joke of the Week

Subject:

Mujibar from Mumbai

Mujibar was trying to get into Australia legally through Immigration.

The Immigration Officer said, 'Mujibar, you have passed all the tests except one.

Unless you pass it you cannot enter Australia.'

Mujibar said, 'I am ready.'

The officer said,

'Make a sentence using the words Yellow, Pink and Green.'

Mujibar thought for a few minutes and said, 'Mister Officer, I am ready.'

The Officer said, 'Good, go ahead.'

Mujibar said, 'The telephone goes; 'green, green,..... green,

green.....green, green, and I pink it up, and say, 'Yellow, this is Mujibar.'

Mujibar now works at the Telstra call centre. You've probably spoken to him.

I certainly have.

There was this man who walked into a bar and says to the bartender 10 shots of whiskey. The bartender asks, "What's the matter?" The man says, "I found out my brother is gay and marrying my best friend." The next day the same man comes in and orders 12 shots of whiskey. The bartender asks, "What's wrong this time?" The man says, "I found out that my son is gay." The next day the same man comes in the bar and orders 15 shots of whiskey. Then the bartender asks, "Doesn't anyone in your family like women?" The man looks up and says, "Apparently my wife does."



BUD LIGHT

If you noticed the beer first you may be an alcoholic!

GRIEVING

When you lose those close to you

THE ASS END OF THE TRASH

Sheila I never
got a Trash This
week



I have had writers Melt Down after
writing the superb run report for
Boongs run . I have recovered and
Rickshaws trash will be out tomorrow

