

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 2240 171 Invermay Rd Inermay Hare: Electric Eric

LH3 Hash

Weekly Bull Shit -

Run report for run 2240 Eric's Key Run at Thumbs'

An indifferent surprise awaits; Electric Eric has stepped in for Thumbs and set the run. He zigs and zags the pack through the Invermay streets before edging into Heritage Forest. You may remember from a previous Trash an accurate history of Heritage Forest that can be summarised here as millions of tons of garbage, toxic waste, heavy metals and shit stuffed into the swamp hole and capped with a bit of topsoil – grow a few trees on it and call it a forest.

It's a very popular area for exercising dogs but as one attractive young lady discovered; dogs also like hashers and no matter how much she called her pooch he remained spellbound with the testosterone scented pack. Enter Fingers; seeing the damsel in distress he picks up the playful canine and carries it to her bosom. She was very grateful and so was Fingers. Far from politically correct comments were directed towards Fingers "She's got a runaway dog did find

out if she's got a stray pussy?" "Is that the only dog you've got for her?" "Did she like ya grabbing her growler?" The shameful double entendre continued for some kilometres.

Whatever fantasies that were generated in that encounter were left behind as the pack moved onto the North Esk flood levy. A mix up in direction near the old railway turntable brought about by random bird shit revived memories of a similar event involving Rickshaw. Not sure if Rickshaw was to blame this time – probably not; as Hash Horn he does a wonderful job at the rear of the field indicating where the trail was. Continuing on behind York Park Stadium the trail led to the On-Home adjacent to the old rail bridge and concrete flood levy. Ironically, Electric Eric had independently set a similar run to that of Thumbs previous – a good run nevertheless..... especially for dogs.



ON ON:

The pack returned to a near dark On-On in Thumbs workshop. His missus is laid up with frayed fetlock, turnover is low and the margins skinny in the auto trade so Thumbs is cost saving – he's sacked the dogs and installed new LED floods around the yard but in the workshop those inefficient old flouros have to stay off, even on a Hash night. Perhaps that's why Buggy mislaid his keys - in the darkness? or did Thumbs convert Buggy's car to cash? Regardless of Alzheimer's Buggy swears he put his keys in his bag alas they are nowhere to be found. Summer is nearly here; the trailer is outside so that we might enjoy the warm evening and a beer/bbq outside (except for Buggy because he is looking for his keys) – fat chance as the sun disappears and a chilly Nor'wester blows in. Luckily Thumbs can still scratch up fuel for the workshop warmray comprising of combustible parts off of worthless Saabs – well not quite worthless as the heater is aglow and everybody is enjoying the warmth (except for Buggy because he is looking for his keys).

Goblet rings the bell (while Buggy looks for his keys) and a shape not anything like a circle forms. Blakey has the attention (except for Buggy because he is looking for his keys) and once again speaks of the run as though he was on it. Can't scrape up a joke? .

The skulls are over Now everybody is looking with Buggy's for his keys while he calls Magpie to bring the spare set. Gosh! still no keys; Magpie shows up with the spare set.

Well F#*k me – “Here they are; they were in my bag all the time!!!!”

I would not like to be in Buggy's shoes when Magpie finds out that he has found the keys.



On Downs:

-**Electric Eric** up for tonight's fine effort in Haremanship.

-**Inlet** has amassed 850 runs, some would think he has done a 1000, He's been around so long

-**Thumbs** for turning out the lights



Raffle:

Goblets' most excellent rigged raffle has finally paid off for him.

Bugsy – Bag of lollies (but he is still looking for his keys)

Fingers – Bot of bubbly

Bendover – Bucket washer

Rickshaw – WD40

Goblet – Ultimate winner of the meat

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:** Buggy, **Hash Hops:** Scary

Receding Hare Line

Tuesday 8th November 53 Newlands St Trevallyn **Hare:** Scary

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 10 th November 14 Button St Mowbray **Hare:** Leprechaun.

Joke of the Week

A man came home just in time to find his lover in bed with another man.

In a total rage, he dragged his lover down the stairs to the garage and put his penis in a vise.

He then secured it tightly and removed the handle.

Next he picked up a hacksaw.

The lover terrified, screamed, "Stop! Stop! You're not going to cut it off are you?"

The man, with a gleam of revenge in his eye, said, "Nope. You are. I'm going to set the garage on fire."



Two Lesbians

Two lesbians turn in for the night. One lesbian turns to the other and says. "I want to be frank with you." The other lesbian says "I thought it was my turn to be frank."

Daughter in Law

A woman stops by, unannounced, at her son's house. She knocks on the door then immediately walks in. She is shocked to see her daughter-in-law lying on the couch, totally naked. Soft music is playing, candles are lit, and the aroma of perfume fills the room. "What are you doing?!" she asks. "I'm waiting for Jeff to come home from work," the daughter-in-law explains. "But you're naked!" the mother-in-law exclaims. "This is my love dress," the daughter-in-law answers. "Love dress? But you're naked!" "Jeff loves me and wants me to wear this dress. It excites him to no end. Every time he sees me in this dress, he instantly becomes romantic and can't get enough of me!" The mother-in-law leaves, inspired by what she has learned. When the mother-in-law gets home, she undresses, showers, puts on her best perfume, dims the lights, puts on a romantic CD, and lays on the couch, expectantly awaiting her husband. Finally, her husband comes home. He walks in and sees her lying there provocatively. "What are you doing?" he asks. "This is my love dress," she whispers sensually. "Needs ironing," he says. "What's for dinner?"

He never heard the gunshot.

THE ASS END OF THE TRASH

Rickshaw are
those sunnies
Christian Dior



No they are Jinelle's
don't tell her that I am
wearing them. She will
kill me

