

Wheel of Death Stolen!



Run # 849 March 15, 1999

Hares: PoleVault & Flat

Location: River Inn, Bowness

If only all OnIn locations had equally good beer prices!
Hares Remember...NEGOTIATE DOWN;
at Least To \$8.00 per Jug

Breaking News...WetOne/Fuckawee Lose it.

Late Monday night, after most of the hashers had returned to their Dreary existence, or to a late dinner with Mom, the infamous Wheel of Death apparently vaporized in a green mist, out the back door of the River Inn. Wet One, having already allowed Fuckawee to leave, was alone in her panic and grief. Her Baby was gone. That chattering, spinnny offspring of her most vile thoughts and desires was now probably in the hands of some sideshow freak; but who? In other news...

The circle formed up only to be confronted with two white hatted, totally corked hares. The air fairly reeked of sheepshit, as Polevault and Flat, his long lost partner in sheep fetish crimes, told us where to go. And so 53 flocked off. West along Bowness Road. First one, (your loyal scribe), then two (Dastardly) were running on trail alone, the rest of the flock of sheep having followed the smell of greener grass to God knows where. Believe me, I am NOT used to fropping so long. It's very lonely at the front, but at least that aggravating BAAAing of the pack is avoided, thus allowing quiet enjoyment of the evening.

Eventually two sub-flocks managed to catch up, dazed and confused, led by King Shit. Then Right Buns caught up. And thus ended this evening's fropping experience, for as I tarried along after her, she looked for a new, shorter route to Seattle. Having come to my senses, and realizing she was a bun short of a full load, we parted, and I joined Bag Lady's sub-flock, including the horny Dreary and ACD. And verily (I use "verily" because it sounds sophisticated), after leaving Golden Acres void of all plant life, this flock flocked counter-clockwise towards the Bowness Bridge. And out of the dark...

Right Buns! And a subflock led by 007. We never saw them again.

I Like Beige was bright yellow for all to see, except for the driver who almost hit him at the crosswalk. But then, maybe the driver thought yellow meant he could hit the pedestrian, but he must hit him *carefully*.

Wandering OnIn with Black and Blue Nuts, I was only able to grimace as he related his weekend adventures skiing glaciers in Roger's Pass, while I was painting my basement. To sum up the night: 53 Hashers, 10 subflocks, 1 trail, and 6-7 who did it all without shortcutting.

- Down Downs:
- Choir: Chokolic, Lakey, Thong Q, I Am
- Hares: Flat and PoleVault
- MOONSHINE welcome back from Kiwi fruitland!
- New Boot: Jay
- At this point the Hares were made to settle on their knees, for acting like themselves.
- Crusty drinking out of his new shoes.
- Shack Shock settled on her knees for yapping.
- OnIn and RagHead for the obvious Hasher/Formal Diner comparison of attire.
- Lakey filling in for Shadow (drinking on all fours)
- Jay: Named VERTICAL PIPE



Hacked, hacked, and hacked again; along with Tiny Bubbles, and I Like Beige for getting hit on by the wrong people.

24 Hr. Relay

Pledge your best for it.

Run in it.

Be a part

of a winning team.

Party!

Lost It got off at PoleVault's and HOTDog's house! By Herself!

Holy Shit, at this point the Hash was made aware of the undeniable fact that Any Cock'le Do, Does Not...have a life! What she does have is a new sweatshirt for 250 Runs! She readily agreed to take the old off and put the new on. Then Pyro showed up; Bashing without Hashing. And for a good reason too. It seems that Pyro and Tiny's daughter Miranda had just been presented with the Most Outstanding Player in City Basketball award for the year, and a substantial scholarship. Congratulations to the Morgan family, and especially Miranda (Pyro forgot his daughter's Hash name) Midol finally got to relieve himself of the Hash Shit, to none other than Fuckawee, our illustrious RA, who had earlier spilled beer on his cohort. But, he did not have it for long, as ClutchBag was in the crowd. And we all know how much she likes attention. I wonder if she likes the attention the Hash Shit gives her. She is truly an RA's nightmare. However, that was not all she got, for it was ClutchBag who was last seen to spin the WHEEL OF DEATH. Then, trying to be a good sport, she flashed the crowd. Applause.

In other news...

There was momentary panic within the bartending staff when they realized that the Hashers had drained the keg. Resourceful and accommodating as they are, they came up with a solution. Bottled Big Rock at excellent prices.

Stranger is back from his brief trip to Auz.. with a sailing tan, the prick!

Nobody had whiter legs than Whalewanker tonight.

Quote of the week:
"Doesn't everybody when they're in Bowness?"
Smirk to a local kid who asked him why all the people were running.

Ode to Beer

Of all my favorite things to do,
The utmost is to have a brew.
My love grows for my foamy friend,
With each thirst-quenching elbow bend.
Beer's so frosty, smooth and cold--
It's paradise--pure liquid gold!
Yes, beer means many things to me...

That's all for now--I gotta pee!

On On!

LumberJack

Useful Phrases To Know When Travelling In Yemen

If you're ever travelling in Yemen, you may find it useful to know these simple phrases.

Akbar khali-kili haftir lotfan.
Thank you for showing me your marvelous gun.

Fekr gabul cradan davat paeh gush divar.
I am delighted to accept your kind invitation to lie on the floor with my arms above my head and my legs apart.

Shomaeh fekr tamomeh oeh gofteh bande.
I agree with everything you have ever said or thought in your life.

Auto arreregh davateman mano sepaheh hast.
It is exceptionally kind of you to allow me to travel in the trunk of your car.

Fashal-eh tupehman na degat mano goftam chee shayeh mohemara jebekheshvarehman.
If you will do me the kindness of not harming my genital appendages, I will gladly reciprocate by betraying my country in public.

HELP LUMBERJACK FORGET HIS FIRST 50 YEARS!

YES, I'm having a Birthday party! And why not? There will be a keg of beer, and once again, back by popular request...A Martini Bar!!! Food, also served, but pot-luck appreciated, as there will be a lot of people, and we all know how Hashers eat. See Pelvic Thrust (down tonight from Edmonchuk), or Lost It (who may reference you to someone else) for pot-luck requirements.

THE PARTY IS AT: 2025 24A St. S.W. PHONE: 217-0071

DATE: March 27, 1999 (Yes, same day as the 850th run, so come on over after it)

TIME: Anytime after 19:00 Hrs (7:00 p.m.)