

## **Happenings at**

### **UIAM Gombak**

**Date: 13 July 2015**

**Run No: 3737**

**Runsites: UIAM Gombak**

**Hare: Thomas Chin**

**Co-Hare: Hash Damansara: Ah Kiong; Keat; Ah Chai**

**Guests:** Denso; BG Hong; Kim Sui; Nakamura; Soon; Kit; Ah Kah 2; Ahoi; Rambutan; Lee; Kai; CY Lau; Eric Chong. Most, if not all from Hash Damansara.

**FROPS: Monkey. SuperOldMan, Bandaraya, and Reid Cooper**

**Distance: about 10km. Checks: 5**

It had been a long time since I ran with Mother and I have to say this past Monday did not disappoint.

The rain of the afternoon eventually blew through just before the run started. It must have been this auspicious sign from the gods that gave Hardy Boy the ambition to park his truck as close to Ramlee's parking spot as possible - despite there not being enough room for a Myvi. Certainly the boys were egging him on. Try and try and try – a clearer case of Kiasu never was seen (since last week when he tried the same thing).

Parking sport sorted, we started walking down the sandy road and hung a left through some sort of moon-like landscape, half quarry, half sandbox. A check was called in a far corner and sometime later at the top of a hill, quite far away from the check itself, paper was found and on on shouted out.

Up, up, and up, most walked through some newer growth forest but mainly trails until the next check was called far off to the left. Very far to the right the check was broken and the run began in earnest as we gained our legs and the will to run. There were lots of hills, and always it seems there are far more uphill than downhill – how does this happen? We continued to run on sandy roads that gave way under the feet until the next check was found in the middle of a beach. There were not too many trail options from here and Mother broke the check quickly heading, yes again, up and up with some flats through some of the nicest single track running of the day.

The paper then headed into the jungle going uphill of course and there was no option but to walk. The check was located on a faint jungle trail and we looked in all directions in the decently dense jungle. It took a while, but when the back check was found many of us had to claw our way back to the trail and hazard past walkers through long grass or just not at all. Not easy running at this point.

Most of the rest of the way to the next check was uphill – go figure – but many were running nonetheless – at least we could run. Run we did uphill to a giant circular check with no end! On and on it went through bracken, felled trees, dead animals, swampland, long grasses – the

hare really wanted to slow the front runners down! Again, not too many trail options and the check was broken relatively quickly and here we began our mortal decent. This was, for me, the best part of the run. The paper brought us down a muddy slippery slope through a bamboo forest, and there was just enough room to slip and slide all the way down (whilst dodging deadly bamboo traps and other Mother hashers along the way).

One could feel the final leg of the run coming into focus. Monkey was ahead and despite my best efforts he took off like a shot in the wind and left me far behind. Next there was Super Old Man, who I kept up with for a bit, followed closely by Bandaraya. At the very end of the run maybe 200 meters out I heard that disturbing sound of clomp clomp clomp clomp behind me getting louder, only to be passed by that competitive bastard Sotong! I got back feeling thoroughly challenged and highly content to run like a Mother hashing mother???

The beers went down well that night. Wearing new shirts given away by the hare we gathered around OnSec for the circle. First up was Ramlee for a financial contribution from all club members (except Jerry French who will pay later...) and a hearty Selamat Hari Raya! Next, kudos given to the butler who apparently was growing tired of his job despite rotating with others – doesn't this constitute grounds to appoint him butler for a year?? Next was some sobering news about Joint Master Bon, who had undergone brain surgery and was recovering in ICU. We all wish Bon a speedy recovery.

The hare and co-hares were brought up and the run was declared a success despite some grumblings about it being too short. Yes, it was on the short side, but the checks were long! It was in fact a highly satisfying run, but the hare should have had to drink Tigeritas from the bed pan anyways.

On Cash informed that Young Yap had paid his dues, which was received with raucous applause – applause even louder than Young Yap himself if you can believe it!

Hardy Boy was up next for the interhash report. Petaling had their 2000th run over the weekend and what remained of Carlo was dragged onto the box for loosing half his face on that run. Ipoh is apparently celebrating their Golden Jubilee on August 15. Now we are 21 Mother hashers going.

Lastly, OnSec brought up the remains of 12 visitors, mainly from the Damansara hash there to support their boy Thomas. One visitor, a non-Japanese named Nakamura, hadn't paid.

Next up was Bomoh Chris Tan, who immediately complained that Onsec had taken all his material. Nonetheless, charges were laid, with Hardy Boy and the hare being put on the box. Honestly, at this point, my powers of observation were not terribly efficient, but I do remember the Bomoh asking us in heightened tones "Do you know how to ???!!!!" I'm pretty sure most answered yes. Next the Bomoh created very high expectations for his run next week saying he was known for his incredible runs and was promising something very challenging – a true Mother Hash run. Well, let's see what the scribe says next week for only the scribe speaks the truth.

Thanks Reid for your excellent Scribe.