

**AS IT WAS ON RUN 3848
KAJANG SHOOTING RANGE
(14/8/2017)**

**HARE : SIEW KAH SOON
PHOTOS BY: MICHAEL MOI**

SCRIBE BY: JONATHAN FRANCIS

Fellow Hashers! Your humble scribe is afflicted with chronically injured feet and knees, and so it is that I attached myself to the early runners' group, so that I could report on the full run.

As I set out from KL with Playboy Choo and Bull Ong, it was raining lightly most of the way down to Kajang, with ominous clouds over the hills to the south-east. However, as we approached the runsite, the road appeared to be dry, and, though overcast to the north, the sky was more or less clear overhead when we arrived.

At around 4:15 I set off with a ten-strong group of 'old farts' including John Dodgson and Roger Gregson, Ah Man, Playboy and others. Bull Ong sauntered off to 'do his own thing'. We started by going south down the asphalt road back towards the main road. Just before the tunnel under the Expressway, we turned right at a junction, following a graded road, and continuing straight, through a broad and quite pretty valley, alongside a narrow gully, and on past another left-side junction.

As we walked, I described to my Chinese companions what I was doing with my handphone, namely recording voice snippets to describe the trail. I boasted about having Google Translate on my phone, so they could not get away with being rude about me; and so we then fell into discussion on Chinese languages. Sadly, my limited grasp of Mandarin falls far short of what is needed for the Hash Run Report. Maybe next time...

A little further up the road we turned right off the graded road crossing a small bridge over the gully, and up a drivable dirt track curving uphill to the left. A short way up, the group stopped at a fork in the track, and I heard suggestions being made that a 'circular check' was possible. Paper trail continued to the right up the hill.

Following this paper about 30m, I found a sharp left. Ah Man, who was in front as usual, found a check near this junction, with paper trail joining from the other direction, thus confirming a circular check. Suddenly it became clear to me that this is a standard tactic of Mother Hash: when I've seen it before, I've always assumed that it was a mistake by the hare. I tried doing something similar in Singapore and Johor in the early days, and was generally pilloried for it!

Having established the route of the trail to the check, I didn't follow the trail round but just went back to the first fork where my companions had stopped, and took the left

branch, soon picking up paper trail again about 20m on. The others were already far ahead, and so I loped on down left into a nice little valley with smallholdings – bananas and other fruits and vegetables, then on right at a T-junction, and onto a broad road up the hill. A long hill it was, too, and the first section of proper aerobic exercise. It came out beside a very picturesque valley ending in a hillside with broad terraces. The broad road continued uphill, but trail turned off to the right, following another wide track around the end of the valley. On reaching the end of the track, the trail turned left up some earthen steps ascending the terraces.

As I climbed, I spotted a couple of SCB's ignoring the turn-off into the valley and continuing up the broad road. I shouted something rude at them, but they simply waved gaily back and continued on their way.

Half way up the terraces, I came out onto another plantation track, with John Dodgson ahead of me calling a check, which was further up the hill. Being a little behind, I decided to follow the track on the level I was on back to the broad road. Paper trail started again a little way up the road past the junction of the terrace tracks.

Another long climb, nearly ten minutes walk, brought us to a fork in the track, just short of the peak of the hill, with the trail continuing round to the left of the hill. Going downhill, a pungent and putrid smell started to become evident – nothing to do with me as far as I could tell! I couldn't identify it at first; it smelled of farmyard, or something less savoury, though there was no livestock anywhere in evidence along the steep sides of the valley plantations.

The trail continued past some washouts and small landslips along the road downhill to an intersection of five roads, where I caught up with my companions, apparently near a check. Some shouts were coming from the left, but nobody was following. It turned out that Ah Man had gone down to find Roger and bring him back. The others seemed sure that the trail would go sharp right.

And sure enough it did, as we picked up paper trail again on the broad track going downhill around the end of another small valley.

Further on, the trail followed a left fork and down through another picturesque narrow valley with a creek at the bottom. We then came to another four-road intersection, turning right and then a little further on, forked left entering a broader valley. A distance check showed that we were about

4km into the run. At this point, it seemed that the character of the run had been fully established: all broad tracks and plantation roads, with gentle but long slopes.

As we progressed, the bucolic stench was still following us, becoming if anything stronger and more pervasive. On we went, left at another intersection. The weather at this point was fine and clear, having become steadily less cloudy from the start. Then we arrived at yet another intersection in the track with a check down a fork to the left. I caught a glimpse of a lovely view to the right, over a valley and to a range of high hills beyond. The check was broken following the main course of the track and continuing round the valley.

As I loped on, I finally guessed the putrid smell must be rotting latex from the rubber trees

round about, though I had never smelt it that strong before. A little later we arrived at the fifth check, which was broken to sharp right, going downhill across a shallow part of a valley, followed by a long but gentle climb with a steeper gradient at the end, leading to what is probably the highest point of the trail. There were nice views to take in, to the left of the trail, across the valley.

Then we got to a fork where the trail went down to the left to a sixth check. Nobody – not one of us - followed down to the check; we all continued straight, finding paper again only about 30m along. I guess that being more experienced runners in our group, we are not easily taken in by the hare's attempts to break up the run. One of my companions at this point corroborated my guess about the latex stench.

At this stage, I began to feel that the run would have benefitted from a few more checks (yes, really!) to hold the front runners back a little; Ah Man agreed with me. There followed a long slope downhill, with karst outcrops appearing across the valley, and housing estates just beyond. It seemed we were finally on the in-trail. At the bottom of the slope, we passed through a small open area with a couple of houses. We could hear a hash-horn across the other side of the valley as the pack made their way along the out-trail behind us. We then passed by a broad creek with little water flowing, over a concrete dam with a narrow slot, falling to a narrower creek.

Finally we came out into a broad basin, the other side of which was the runsite. I had to stop and get a photo of a tree with a couple of weaver-bird nests hanging from the branches – wonders of nature! I soon established that we were in fact back on the out-trail going in. I felt mighty relieved to get back and rest my aching feet. I clocked my distance as 11.7km, having missed out all the checks – including the circular ones. I checked the actual run distance with the main pack when they got in: the consensus was around 12.5km.

We early starters expected the first runner from the main pack to come in at about 19:20, considering that it was a classic 'runners' run', with zero difficult terrain, and only some easy checks to slow the pack down. It was with some surprise therefore that we greeted the front runner – none other than Dutch newbie Erik Blokhuis – in at 19:40! Hot on his heels came a whole group of the usual FRB's, including Ah Kah, Super Old Man, Ah Meng, Sotong, and Flying Man.

Then I heard a funny story from Tanman, who couldn't make the '4:30' group, so came at 6 and did the whole run. He found and brought back Playboy Choo's torchlight, which PB had left on the trail for him in case he got stuck in the dark! What an exemplary pair of hashers! I had heard PB say on trail that he would leave a marker to show Tanman how to break the first check, but I didn't expect him to leave his hash torch!

At last, the Guinness bar was announced as open, and the second part of the evening's business got under way...

Circle report

At 20:20, with his trademark plaintive sound of an Unmentionable farting, the OnSec bugled the pack to attention, and called the Circle to order.

Now, many have tried, but few – if any – have succeeded in scribing anything like an accurate report of the Circle proceedings. If nothing else, beer wins over correctness every time. My best shot at it is to give you a precis of those down-downs I could both hear and remember:

- Virgin Hare Siew Kah Soon gets his Mother Hash weskit. Huzzah!
- OnSec: Senior hash members running in front of the OnSec before the first check, including Monkey, Opera, Kenny Soh, Ah Soo, Ah (Fei Zhai) Long. Shame on them!
- OnSec: Pack not calling when they should: “Check!”, “False Trail!”. You ignorant Mothers!
- Cloggie’ Erik Blokhuis: announces next week’s run: fuck-up! - not at Ulu Langat, but at the Thai Temple near the Ostrich Farm at Semenyih. You idiots!
- Two guests on the box. .
- OnSec: Both hash honkers followed the OnSec all the way! Double dereliction of honker duty!
- Ninja: Private parties at the back of the Circle called out. Young Yap named and shamed – as usual - on their behalf. Thanks again for the laugh, Young Yap!
- Ninja: announced five items of Interhash business, as described in the Interhash section of this newsletter. Supported by Steven Leong.

Interruption by caterpillar: some hashers trying to decide if it was edible, and how best to capture and cook it. More ge-de-bak ge-de-buk from Ninja.

- Bomoh Erik: good run, plenty of running and climbing;
- senior member says such a good run, “just how it should be”, but not wearing MH3 t-shirt – Steven Leong;
- hashers don’t show good dress sense, but Melaka Teh looks like a white knight – where is his white horse?;
- one wannabe boss, Thomas Chin, who ‘cannot come’ to the run - substituted by Kannot Kan;
- at the first check, four lazy bastards texting UM instead of trying to break the check – Hardy Boy, Young Yap as a stand-in, two more, plus KK as the titular head of the club;
- Erik’s new Asian food discovery - Drunken Sotong; Sotong was called but Ah Meng gatecrashed his down-down!;
- Dennis Khoo made it to the first check on the KLFM Pub Crawl; OC took it upon themselves to look after him, by making sure he got to every check and had a drink at each one!
- Ninja charge: KLFM second check, Ah Chai put everybody on the short cut. Bastard!
- Hardy charge: Hong Leong calling out those who hadn’t paid run fees, but called out one who had paid! Bastard!!
- Ninja: thanks to all who went to KLFM Pub Crawl; called Eric Tan, brought 3rd party UM to run; today admitted he got caught – UM put her visit in her FB page – Eric had to sleep on the doormat!
- OnSec announcement: club running a deficit, because of beer consumption. Please rein in consumption or accept increase in subs, or token system. At 21:31 the Circle was called to a close, and the pack retired to the on-on at Restaurant.

Statistics and key data

Date: 14 August 2017

Run #: 3848

Trail rating: 4.6 stars

Runsite: Kajang Shooting Range

Hare: Siew Kah Soon (Virgin)

Co-hares: Soh Bee, Ah Chai, Dexon, Leng Zhai Chew

Runners: ~95

Distance: ~13.5km

Checks: 6

Guests: 2

Butler: Flying man

FROPS: Erik Blokhuis, Ah Kah, Super Old Man, Sotong, Ah Meng, Flying Man

Beer man arrived: 17:30

Circle start: 20:20

Bomoh: Erik Blokhuis

On on: Restoran Sg. Jelok

Damage: FOC

THANK YOU JONATHAN FRANCIS