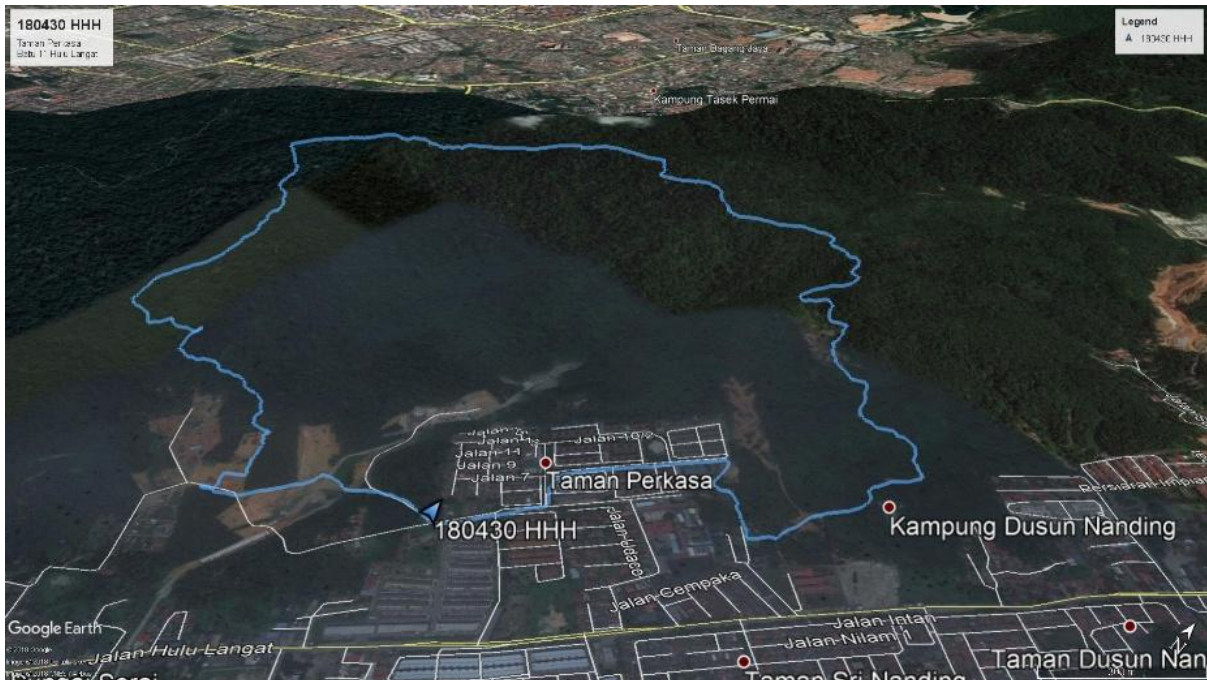


What happened at the F.A.K.E School near a R.E.A.L one?



A Tale of two Hashes by John Dodgson & Patrick Dodgson.

My son was in town visiting from Japan and desperate to run with Mother. On his birthday he abandoned his family and we set off for the Hash. What more can a son expect from his father but a run, a Mother Hash Shirt and a beer from the tub?

The run site had moved from the previous spacious area up to the entrance lane due to a newly installed boom gate. Runners tramped up and down the grass verges looking for pot holes and broken bottles before squeezing their cars on either side of the lane. Dennis had more problems getting somewhere suitable and for a time was stuck in the circle area with much waving of arms and conflicting instructions from the assembled hashers.

As I walked towards the run site many friendly hashers waved and greeted me. It turned out they were all looking for last week's shirt as they had missed the run.

The Run

Run Pack about 100; Run ± 8 km; 6 checks; FROP – 7:25pm Flyingman, Monkey, Power Foo; LROP – 8:10pm Eric Kee. Hare and co-hares : Lin Kam Cheong (Slipper Lin) and A-Meng, A-Siong, A-Lek, A-HoiLoongWong, A-Mountain Goat, A-SangKaiMai, A-Kingson, A-?

Hash 1 (by the 'fah-je')

On Sec set off promptly at six o'clock and we crossed the usual run site to start the climb to the ridge. The first check was broken quickly leaving OnSec trailing behind as we started our usual route up. As we got to the end of the dusan and the second check in the jungle Zurich Bee was seen contemplating whether to go on our return. He chose wisely.

Being at the back of the pack the traverse between the dusan and the ridge path was slippery with many of the handholds ripped out by the preceding pack. Once we hit the ridge path Bas and your scribe looked up hill and then at the inviting trail going downhill in the vague direction of the runsite. We both compared notes on our previous attempts to short cut and being out late at night but decided the risk was worth it. We congratulated ourselves on the nice easy walk until the main path

dropped down the right hand side of the ridge. The run site was left and there was a narrow trail heading along the ridge and down so we followed that. The path got narrower and less distinct until we ended up bush bashing down into a valley. The valley turned out to be flooded and the only way out was up. What to do? B*gg!r Turn back and bush bash up to the ridge path again. At 7.15 we met Steven Leong and Kenny Soh both looking for an easy way down. It did not take much consultation to decide to take the safe option and retrace our steps and reverse out. B*gg!r. We slipped and slid back through past the 2nd check and headed home.

After 5 kilometers and 250m of ascent the short cutters arrived back at the run site after the front runners, B*gg!r.

Hash 2 (by 'zee gud son')

My second ever run with Mother Hash started with a slightly foreboding conversation. Asked if my first run was long I nodded warily expecting to be told this run would be longer. My relief at being told it was going to be shorter was snatched away as quickly as it was given as I was pointed in the direction of the reason it would be shorter, a ridge rising steeply up in front of us. Determined not to be intimidated I began focusing on my running mantra "*just keep running*" as we set off. The first couple of rises I jogged up slowly but steadily finding my pace occasionally leaping a pot hole or broken log.

The first check broken I tried to make my way up the pack and was doing quite well when we hit the beginning of the ridge. My mantra lasted about the first 100 meters then it was thrown to the wayside as it was replaced by my new mantra "*this won't last forever*". Now hiking as fast as I could up the ridge I was passed frequently by runners who I was holding up. They were all very gracious and offered words of support and advice but I was beginning to question my fitness.

Finally, the ridge started to subside a bit and I had even managed to break into a light jog when I was met by a runner coming the other way telling me we had hit a false trail. The front runners appeared from ahead soon after him all marching back and forth trying to find the trail but nothing seemed to appear. One runner told me it was certain to be to our right but as I looked into the thick weave of fronds and trees I could see no point where we could penetrate at all. By this point the wildlife had taken an interest in my sweaty legs as flies the size of moths battled for position. Unenthused by this I decided I needed to keep moving and decided to head up the path to where the false had ended. We'd been searching for some time now and a glance at my GPS told me that I was averaging over 12mins a kilometer. Fingering the head torch in my pocket I began to wonder if we were going to be able to break the check when I heard from the right the shout of "on call!" as expected from somewhere to the right. Everyone dived into the jungle in the direction of the shout and soon we were on paper. I felt like a private at boot camp broken down only to be built up again and feeling charged up to find paper I began to run faster and faster. Suddenly, I was running faster than my feet and I began to realize I was not running but falling at speed. My first couple of attempts to slow myself down by grabbing at foliage were met by prickly ratan and handfuls of dog

sized ants. I was not going to be able to run this. My feet weren't getting enough clearance and soon my only option was a mixture of walking and leaping. I could feel my abdominals aching from raising my legs up to leap the logs and soon I was being passed again. As the light began to fade I began to focus on keeping someone within line of sight but I was struggling people would pass me only to disappear from sight seconds later.

Eventually, the path cleared up and I began to run again now with nobody in front or behind me. Suddenly I was faced by two paper trails unsure which one to take I headed down the one that seemed more run down. The path was fairly flat and not too obstructed so I began to run just as I heard the calls of checking. The split! Someone must have filled the check but been far enough for people not to hear! I dived back down the path and down the split calling to the runner behind to let them know I thought I'd found the paper. Sure enough! The paper continued and we were heading downhill fast the path getting ever clearer and wider until suddenly we seemed to be running through a small Kampong. I was finding my stride but the path was still a little rough and I was

running carefully but quickly. A couple of runners passed me and I resolved to myself to catch them up once it flattened out. Soon it was road, familiar territory! I began to speed up ready to catch the front runners but I could not make any ground, these guys were fast! I thought I'd be better on road but I'm used to Japanese country roads with infrequent cars but here bikes would pass with inches of me with little regard. I needed to watch my back as much as the runners ahead. Soon a runner came up to pace with me and I met his stride as we could see the run site below us. We charged the last 100 meters and were met by warm handshakes and pats on the back with plenty of "good runs". It was a birthday well spent and now I was ready to imbibe the calories I'd spent and add a few more.

Thank you John Dodgson and son, Patrick, for the fun read.

OnSec noticed that Peter Cushion has nowadays completing most of the runs while Ninja has also caught the 'good disease', might have brought on by Kana!

The Circle

Circle started around 8:45pm with Chuah Leong Un as the Butler.

All members are aware that the beer crates are not to be used as seats outside 1 meter of the beer wagon, Babeloo Yap who was quite often not around, was not aware of this and got OnDowned.

Co-hare A-Siong called up earlier to ask OnSec to announce that the area has its own 'caretaker', all members are to take care and advised all SCBs to turn back on paper. Chai Kin Sang was the first victim, he felt someone was choking him even while having tea out at the coffee shop!

Illusive thoughts, it was only his singlet worn back to front!

The hare Slipper Lin, the mastermind A-Meng, the co-hares A-Siong & gang were called. It was a good run, everyone thought the same. A song was given for the hare and gang to see the bottom of their pisspot and glasses.

OnCash Soh announced that the 'Chow Khar' list on Q2 still have a list of names, 34.

Guests were Patrick Dodgson, Tet-Ng-Tet & Tiger Prick (MKH4), SiHamChai & No Fuck (Mantin H4), Danny (PJH3), Mike (PH4).

Bomoh Time by Johan Van Geyzel lookalike (Shanmugam)

In just at an instant, the Bomoh jumped up to get an arousing welcome. The welcome brewed into a noisier circle which the Bomoh silenced by hauling guys from different corners.

HoiLongWong from the front, Young Yap from the back, Cannot Kan from far left, Kenny Soh the back too and Zurich B from the far far left. They were charged for calling the Bomoh bangla, leaving beers on Bomoh's car, asking for water be reserved to shower but got showered first from others, left the Bomoh on the trail and trying to affect the Bomoh not to finish.

A-Meng was a sport when Bomoh have already told him to speak English while on the box, perfect! Bomoh was trying to request help from him but you won't know how little English can be used to refuse.

Charges from the floor:

- JM Kau brought Young Yap for looking lowly on OnSec's running abilities;
- OnSec showed what a real handyman SiYehWah is when OnCash was lost when the lights he brought had a fused fuse – use your car keys!; brought Mountain Goat for forgetting to wear club vest on a last Monday of the month after all he was the initiator; Eric Ng was shown Ninja and Won Tian Haur on the box as one looked alike to the datuk bangla, where now he is 'bangla pendek' (short);
- Bastian got the politicians who appeared on TV shouting something sounded like CCB while Mike Moi looked like N the MO1 and questioned OnSec on what was the CCB about?

Announcements During The Circle

Dennis Khoo invited all members to his 77th birthday run coming Thursday, 3rd May @ No Man's Land next to RSC Kiara with a proper dinner and beers in RSC with Thursday's Hash.

Ninja requested all members to not throw away all beer bottles from Ramli's wagon when taken away from run sites and return the bottles another week. This help our club save money.

On On

Big Shirley Restaurant in Batu 14 Hulu Langat with 6 tables, a subsidised meal for rm10 each.

Beers flowed till about 2:30am with A-Meng, Super Oldman, Mountain Goat, Tiger Prick, Tet-Ng-Tet, Mike Chang, Power Foo and Steven Leong on one table while Dennis Khoo, Barry, Won Tian Haur and OnSec on another.

Thank you Slipper Lin!