

T2H3 Hash #611 will henceforth be known as the best marked of all trails. It was agreed, at least by the hares if no one else. The group set off almost on time, which itself is an achievement. Latecomers easily caught up in time for the most comfortable beer stop ever, thanks to such admirably clear marking.

Rumour has it that for Money Penny it was not the lure of the trail, nor was it the delicious cold beer that drew her to this hash. Our sweet, angelic Money Penny was only there to get the hares drunk. She was ably supported by our GM, Slowpoke, who looked suitably bereft without Poke Around to poke around with.

Although certain group members worryingly disappeared, on reaching the second beer stop, the search party was called off. Front running bastards Bitches and Moans and Shaft Greaser were kicking back relaxing. Obviously, we need not be concerned if in future we can't see them in the group. Everywhere we turned was Just Henrik, with his camera. The payoff was some stunning shots the next day. How did he manage to make Tianjin and dishevelled harriers and harriets look so appealing? A great personality of T2H3 staged a reappearance, wearing fabulous hash socks, orange and knee high, and spreading warmth through the group.

Tianjin wildlife briefly appeared for the party, with a poor lone hedgehog fending off curious Hash paparazzi and a cameo by an exotic bird of the feathered variety getting cameras flashing.

Thanks to apprentice beer bitch Slips Inside and ruthless assistant Just Lee, the hares were messy and the circle was merry. Although our songbird, Always Dripping, was occupied as hare, the songs were loudly and suitably messed up by Shaft Greaser, who could be in the running for apprentice songbird in future. Secrets started to spill as the day went on... which hash group member only drinks water after sex? Considering that we need 8 glasses a day, I hope that person is having sex at least 8 times a day. Although Shadow Max was punished/rewarded for actually laughing, this fellow Kiwi concurs that he does laugh, you just need to know what Kiwis look like when they laugh.

This was a circle of unsupervised minors, with the apprentice beer bitch being led astray before his mother finally skulked in at the last second to face the circle and punishment. One also wonders whether certain parents have finally educated their children on "What is masturbating?", or whether they will continue to ask the all-knowing circle for answers.

And here ends this scribe's sketchy knowledge of T2H3 Hash #611, the hash of the exquisite marking.