

Both dread and anticipation built as the T2H3 harriers and harriets gathered in TEDA for Hash #604. It was a sad occasion, with a farewell to Mia's Boy, and the large group size was testament to how much we don't dislike him.

Lateness is often an issue, and today it was our esteemed GM for once living up to the name "Slowpoke", along with Money Penny (why are the locals the late ones?) When they finally arrived, the pre-talk and walking commenced. Latest of all was Brajerker, who had underestimated the travel time from Tianjin and was cumming all alone until he caught the main group at the first beer stop.

Front running bastard Bitches and Moans led the pack off, as usual, but proved too smart when he failed to spot an onward marking and instead diverted across the road to follow a return mark that he should not have seen yet. Redirection by the hares got the group back on track, and OnOn! to the beer stop.

A tasty choice of beer was offered at the two beer stops and then coerced down throats at pace during the PPBS. PPBS? Well, that's something made up by two crazy Swedes that has no meaning and is an excuse to drink more beer.

Those same crazy Swedes seemed to think that enough beer had been consumed throughout the trail, offering up disappointingly meagre supplies for the circle. Was this self-preservation? Had they reached their own intake limits? Or just bad at maths? Seeing through their ruse, the switched-on RA summarily dispatched the disgraced hares to bring back a respectable amount of refreshment before being allowed to return to the thirsty group.

With newly printed, first draft song books, voices soared at circle time. Tianjin and TEDA have never witnessed such mellifluous harmony. A large group of virgins and past hashers was welcomed, in a circle of bestowments. Most importantly, Mia's Boy was sadly farewelled on his imminent return to his mother land. With fond words of ridicule and wishes for future happiness, he was given a one-of-a-kind tee shirt and the torture commenced.

The torture was an arm length of pipe to be worn as a sleeve. This required a straight arm for his down-down, with a goal to drop the ambrosia of sustenance (beer) from a height into his waiting mouth. Dropping any pretense at aiming for his mouth, Mia's Boy hilariously resorted to the "beer shower" technique. Previously called a drop line, this device needs a suitably descriptive name; please send us suggestions via the T2H3 Wechat groups. The winning name will earn its creator their own down-down at the next circle.

Fork Breaker was next, to commemorate her elderly status of completion of 100 runs. Accompanied by the gallant Just Daniel, the down-down was possibly completed in better style than her mother and she was bestowed with her own tee shirt. Finally, Nurse of the Rings choked her way through a double strength vodka down-down to receive her young "Twenty-something-runs Vessel". She would like to offer her most sincere congratulations to Beer Bitch Blanket Bummer for his consistent expertise in topping up the drink immediately before the victim of his attentions is called into the circle.

Skipping, strolling and stumbling on to the thankfully nearby restaurant for dinner, here ends this scribe's knowledge of T2H3 Hash #604: the Swedish Torture hash.