

Konggang was the destination for T2H3 Hash #613. For those who work there and don't know it, is the airport area. Making a triumphant return after an eternity, Lao Baozi and Salt Shaker set an entertaining trail, with the shortest first leg in history. Having marked the trail on "a knee bike", the markings varied in size, spacing and even in colour. This kept hashers on their toes and we only got lost a few times. Biggest faux pas of the trail was a missing mark to point around the corner to the first beer stop. Luckily a suspiciously hare-like voice called the turn before the group could trek on in thirst, ignorance and beer deprivation.

A well-dressed diminutive harriette arrived in new shoes for a second consecutive Hash. Her boyfriend refused to back her excuses, claims and denials, and she was suitably punished. Could that be why he was put forward for a hare and naming at next Hash?

It appears that a new position in the T2H3 kennel has emerged: that of cheerleader. The role was sublimely filled on this occasion by our Hitchhiker, with virgin attendee Just Eddie (is that even his name?) also showing promise.

Advice from the hares was that the day's facilities included only one true pee stop, with the additional option of any number of suitable trees and shady bushes. However, this trail passed every public toilet in the area, including the most clean, beautiful and well maintained ever seen and made gleeful use of. Even those who didn't need to squeezed out a few drops just to experience the comfort and pleasure.

A beer stop next to a playground is inviting, and unsurprisingly Blanket Bummer took up the unspoken gauntlet. Waiting for an opportune moment, he joined the kiddies mounting the ladder and took position at the slide's lofty summit. With the finest "yi – er - san!" ever uttered by a madcap Brit, he launched himself down the slide and fortunately but very inelegantly avoided knocking over the small person who preceded him. It's the sight I've never known was missing from my life.

Another longtime returner was Poke Around, whose "happy birthday" and smile have been missed. With much excitement the group learned of his own recent birthday and with more gusto than talent chorused his signature tune back to him, on the usual knee and with middle finger fervently raised. Poke Around accepted the adulation with equal enthusiasm.

Memorable quotes from the evening of frivolity and idiocy that followed:

"I've never had a cock in my mouth" - Blanket Bummer

"Are we dancing in front of the toilet?" - Lao Baozi

"If I'm walking a little funny, it's because I cut myself shaving" - Spermbank

On that note, and the mental image that we can never unsee, here ends this scribe's knowledge and belated imparting of T2H3 hash #613, Hash of the Toilets.