

Early arrivers to the meeting point were disappointed on emerging from the subway to find only a quiet old housing community. Great for an authentic cultural experience, but devastating when hungry or needing coffee. The hares were Rentboy, CCOC Up and Nurse of the Rings. The day was warm and overcast and thanks to latecomers Slowpoke, Poke Around and Hitchhiker, T2H3 Hash #588 finally got off to a delayed start with the promise of a short walk and three beer stops. Dubious drinking enthusiasts did not believe this, with rebellious muttering of "missed beer stop" and "poor marking" dominating the conversation.

Setting out, the houses were antique, the laneways narrow, and an odour of something long neglected completed the experience. Strolling through busy market streets, past duck pens and hens with chicks under their skirts, harriers and harriets were entranced by the charm and authenticity. Almost before setting out, the first beer stop materialised, with eager participants devouring ice cold beer and water - so cold that even the Brit could not complain. He did, though, complain about the lack of snacks for a hungover stomach.

The well constructed trail continued, leading participants past frothy waterfall, over stepping stones, through manicured parkland and past a bustling, flapping pigeon market. The delights continued after the second beer stop, meandering amongst peach trees and along a riverbank. Miraculously, no beer stops were missed, despite the front runners and even the hares overshooting marks with monotonous regularity. The hour was late on locating the third beer stop, intended to be a "splash n dash" but in reality more like a sip and linger. As the conversation turned to enemas and sugar daddies it became clear that it was long past time to move on.

Wildlife, in the form of Mosquitos, abounded throughout, and appeared attracted to rather than repelled by the bug spray provided by Nurse of the Rings. This scribe counted 23 bites on just one leg.

Further festivities followed on reaching "home" and the beer top up arrived just in time.

However, the emergency cup team had to be deployed after seriously depleting cup reserves throughout the multiple marvellous pit stops. That allowed our newest virgin, Just Hank, time to study the rules, as he became the first this scribe has seen to be tested on ability to recall the rules. Passing with flying colours, he was rewarded with a celebratory down down.

Congratulations to the apprentice beer bitch, Just Cullen, on admirably filling the role and our cups - why don't you take a down down for that, as well?

Finally, after being further feasted on by famished mosquitoes it was time for our own feast.

Here ends this scribe's knowledge of T2H3 Hash #588: the Wildlife Party hash. On On!