

10th. April 2016, Hash 813 - Le Rouret

Hares – Procul, No Grappa  
Scribe - Alison Wunderland

And now for something completely different;

The RA, might not have turned up but he sent us a day of good weather. Merci, especially after the rain on Saturday!

## The Run/Walk

(Apart from Louloup what is the difference, Ed?)

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat: "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

– Lewis Carroll, Alice in Wonderland.

The walkers all set off, armed with walking sticks to climb to the Camp Romain and holy hilltop antenna.

No Grappa provided an extra set of sticks but I can not remember who she gave them to, only that the recipient said they were too fast for her.

Meanwhile, there was a little bit of Alice in Wonderland storyline going on with the runners. It all depends on how you look at things.



They saw a White Rabbit in a blue and white striped rugby shirt. Fascinated by the sight, they follow the rabbit down the hole.

They lost sight of the White Rabbit and were on their own and soon came to a junction and Pilchard said.

“Why it's simply impassible!

Perpetual Motion: Why, don't you mean impossible?

Pilchard: No, I do mean impassible. Nothing's impossible!”

(O.K. Pilchard try nailing Jelly to the wall. Ed.)

Since nothing was impossible, they took a left turn off the runners trails as there was a big White W. They did not know that they had entered the Rabbit Hole again and were soon to be tossed out onto the Walkers Trail, which had white blobs on it. They thought they were runners but they had been tricked into entering the surreal walking world.

So now the runners, who were now walkers, came to a check where they met a Caterpillar sitting on a truffle.

Caterpillar: Who... are... you?

No satisfaction: I- I hardly know, sir. I've changed so many times since this morning, you see...

Caterpillar: No, I do not 'C.' Explain yourself.

No satisfaction: I'm afraid I can't explain myself sir, because I'm not myself, you know. I was a runner and now I am a walker.

Caterpillar: I do not know.

No satisfaction: Well, I can't put it any more clearly, sir, for it isn't clear to me.

Caterpillar: You? Who ARE you? ARE YOU??

No satisfaction: ON ON

Meanwhile, on the actual runners trail, Louloup is very cross with his 12 crosses.

Either he figures he needs a work out and is running false trails on purpose, or he has lost his Hashing compass.

He did say though that it was very good run with a wonderful view of Courmettes and surrounding area.

The Walkers were also privileged to observe the wonderful Alp Maritime scenery, and I going to say without as much effort as Lou Loup, but having observed them arriving at the view stop I am not so sure. Some of them looked as if a ski lift would have been a more favourable option.

“My dear, here we must run as fast as we can, just to stay in place. And if you wish to go anywhere you must run twice as fast as that.” Queen of Tarts ( Was that Paedophil? Ed.)

He said he was running twice as fast but still behind everyone. (It might have been because everyone else was taking a short cut on the walkers trail. Ed.)

Perpetual Motion, another runner turned walker, continues his trek through the woods. In a clearing he comes across a little house and shrinks himself down enough to get inside. It is the house of the

Duchess; but Perpetual Motion thinks he must be really lost as the Duchess couldn't make it to the hash as it is the school holidays and is in Spain. So he turned around and kept checking.(Eh? Curiouser and curiouser, Ed.)

Next Prestressed came across the Cheshire Cat, sitting in a tree-

Prestressed: Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?

The Cheshire Cat: That depends a good deal on where you want to get to.

Prestressed: I don't much care where.

The Cheshire Cat: Then it doesn't much matter which way you go.

Prestressed: ...So long as I get to the beer stop.

The Cheshire Cat: Oh, you're sure to do that, if only you walk long enough."

(That is not fair, he was under the impression he was running. Ed.)

And so the walkers and runners turned walkers carried on the trail, all the way to the beer stop for some Cold beer (vs warm or non existent beer to come – or not come – later).

Once the hashers got back to the car park, there was Biggles, "in the form of another White Rabbit wearing a leather motorcycle jacket and boots and smoking a cigar."

We said - What happened to you? Another runner who didn't turn into a walker but turned around? This is all madness!

"Alice thought to herself "I don't see how he can ever finish, if he doesn't begin." (He did leave the car park though. Ed.)

## – Lewis Carroll, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

And then it was time for the DOWN DOWNS but not DOWN a rabbit hole this time.

Hash Down Downs - " If you drink much from a bottle marked 'poison' it is certain to disagree with you sooner or later." Or . "Off with their Heads."

Head? Who said Head?

Hares; No Grappa and Procul

Un (?) competitive running; Farty Bum who threw her beer over our illustrious R.A. (Shurley a S.O.T.W. nomination there.Ed.)

Short Cutting; Pilchard, Prestressed, No Satisfaction, Biggles, Fairy Plunger, Padre, Perpetual Motion; Tessa.

Returners; Biggles, Assesaguy, Road Runner, Squeelia, Louloup, Harley Davidson, Ann, Tessa, Raphy, Spanish Fly, FlyMe, Cum Cum, Dancing Scrubber.

Shit of The Week nominations, ? ? and Farty Bum.

I can not remember the first nomination but as Farty Bum threw here beer of our esteemed R.A. there was no need to vote.

Revenge is sweet. As Farty Bum was drinking her well earned punishment LouLoup gently poured the contents of his mug over her head.

Head? Who said head?

## **The On In at the Hollywood Pizza -**

Eric and his mate welcomed us, which certainly felt like we were still in some sort of mad world.

The local hashers started talking and Dire Rear was saying,

“Speak in French when you can’t think of the English for a thing--  
turn your toes out when you walk---  
And remember who you are!”

She was lost when asked to translate; O,O,A,Q,I,C,I,8,2,Q,B,4,I P.

Meanwhile down the American/Canadian end of the table the conversation was going something like this -

“Speak English!” said Ruth. "I don't know the meaning of half those long words, and, what's more, I don't believe you do either!" (No Grappa and Farty Bum ignored her)

Then some red and pink juice appeared on the tables and the hashers drank from a bottle called DRINK ME

And they didn’t grow so tall (like Alice would have) but they grew louder.



Next the topic of discussion turned to Paedophil, not behind his back as he was sitting with his front forward. Is he a little insane, someone asked?

“You know what insane people are, Semen Monster?” Fairy Plunger, says. “They are just sane people who know too much.”

Or as Padre so succinctly put it;

**SOMETIMES I SIT QUIETLY  
AND WONDER WHY  
I'M NOT IN A MENTAL ASYLUM...  
THEN I TAKE A LOOK AROUND AND REALIZE....  
MAYBE I ALREADY AM.**

As the coffee came someone said -

“Well that was the silliest hash party I ever went to! I am never going back there again!”

“I don't want to go among mad people,” Farty Bum remarked.

“We're all mad here.” Confirmed the Cat once again.

ON ON

One important Birthday we did not celebrate and she will be rewarded with a Down Down the next time she runs with us.



(P.S. I want two glasses of whatever it was the scribe was drinking when he or she wrote this. Ed.)