



WORD FROM THE GM.

Never trust the Germans! How often can I say it?!! We taught them a lesson in 1918 and they've hardly bothered us since then, right? But once again, Marco Polo didn't bring back my grandpa's bicycle, so that was a bad start to the run right there! Furthermore, cockhare collaborator Schweizer was missing in action for the run he helped set – never a good sign! Well, the rest is history – no question the toughest run of the last couple of years. Great stuff, Marco, you outdid yourself this time even tho you wussed out on the SAR team! Hats off to the other SAR team members for their courageous night-time efforts to find Ong. Never leave a Hashman behind!! (Except Get Lost Bala USM, but he's a special case!) On a more serious note, we really have to consider having one or more sweepers for such long runs. Problem is, we only have a

handful of people doing the whole run in the first place... Volunteers step forward or the GM will just make appointments! Please bear in mind that the safety of runners is NOT the responsibility of the club or the Hare. You are your OWN responsibility! Don't blame anybody if something happens to you. Nobody's forcing you to do the run. If you think it's too dangerous or too long, turn around! Marco's Revenge Run had announced it as a "monster" run well in advance, so be prepared or be worm food! One torch is never enough. Make sure you bring two LED torches. They weigh practically nothing and last a long time. Bring a handphone and make sure you've stored the h/p numbers for all committee members and the Hare. Next week's run is Dr Gopi's at Bayee Pass – prepare to turn your head and cough!

HASH FLASH

Interhash Perth:
22/23th of March.

Malaysia Nash
Hash: 9/10/11th of may. Langkawi

Ball Breaker in KL
by the full moon hash:
18th of may

Hash Challenge
KL: 16th of August get you ass in shape

Philippine Nash
Hash 17 -19 Oct 08.

YOU'RE STEEMED COM-

Hash C®ash: Rudru 012 482 7154

Ass Hash C®ash: David V
012 486 2878

Hash Pro: Dr Gopi Defib Exec

Webmeister: Guppy h/p
+6421741046

Grandmaster: Shark 012-4075420
sjaakl@mac.com

VGM1: Ong Hock Keong 012-4837477

VGM2: Lim Peng Hong

On Sex: Kan Ni Lak Tau 012-4282552
bob@escatec.com



INFO@PENANGHASH.COM.MY

Safe and happy Hashing –
ONON!
Shark

Run nr. 2307 Air Itam Dam
Hare: Marco Polo
Scribe: MiniSausage

Revenge Revenge Revenge??

Monday runs are normally not that hard on the Hashers as we are a bunch of seasoned runners with some young eager chaps in the middle.

But things can turn out differently if it's a revenge run – especially when the runsite is at Air Itam Dam and the revenging Hare is a kwai-lo!

As usual I came too late to the runsite due to some slow bastards on the Penang roads and a guy crawling up the dam in front of me. I arrived at around 6:15 and needed to load all my gear as the Hare was gone and our Barry told me RONG LUN! I checked if my water was OK and whether my torchlight worked (not that I need it but you never know) and off I dashed to the usual entrance down to the bottom of the dam.

The old fart BRBs (who all really deserved a good REVENGE run) escaped harm as they didn't even bother to go into the jungle but instead just had a leisurely stroll around the dam returning early to the beer wagon for their weekly ration of Tiger.

It appeared that Marco Polo and cockhare Vincent "Horny" Schweizer tried to find a novel

on-up by crossing the river and going up on the right-hand side, whereas normally we go up on the left-hand side of the river. After a few hundred meters the Hares crossed back and started the on-up on the more familiar track, headed diagonally toward the ridge of Tiger Hill. At this point I caught up with the back runners and an thoroughly befuddled Dildo was calling for help to find paper somewhere off track. Maybe he had a fellow Hasher kneeling in front of him as I found his behavior quite suspicious.

Then as we went up in the river the back part of the pack appeared in front of me with Uncle Ong, TiT Yeoh, Porky, and Jaya. I gave Uncle a hand to get up the slippery rock and then made my way forward to see if there were more runners to cover the whole track. I passed most of them and was actually preparing for the turn when I caught up with our GM who had for this occasion burdened himself with a handbag as a convenient excuse relax and not to get over-exhausted as he wanted to save his energy for a rescue party – just in case!!! I told him to hurry up a bit as we did not make the turn and that it would be dark before he would be out.

Then I heard in front Ka Ni Lak Tau shouting "on paper" up ahead which made it clear to me that the Hare didn't make a turn but would go straight up to the track up on the ridge and from there he would go down back to the beer wagon. Just short of the top I

RECEDING HARELINE

February 4th, 2008

Run 2308 Dildo Marvista Watersports centre

February 11th, 2008

Run 2309 Dr. Gopi Bayee Pass

February 18th, 2008

Run 2310 CHINESE NEW YEAR RUN Sungai Ara?

February 25th, 2008

Run 2311 Bala Gimbo

March 3rd, 2008

Run 2312 Goh Soon Gee

March 10th, 2008

Run 2313 Bill Howell, Francis corner Batu Ferringhi

March 17th, 2008

Run 2314 Snowy

March, 24th 2008

Run 2315 Jaya

March 31st, 2008

Run 2316 Kali

April 7th, 2008

Run 2317 Rubber Kock

April 14th, 2008

Run 2318 Gila Ho

blew past Bob, who was drenched with sweat, bleeding from multiple thorn wounds and looking thoroughly shagged. Minutes later, at about 7:20 PM, I hit the high point of the run at 700m (not a bad climb from our runsite at 200m!) and then galloped down the ridge trail. Amazingly the Hare (or more likely the cockhare) had found the on-down through the fern tunnel we'd created during our 2300 run.

It took awhile before all runners were out. Kan Ni Lak Tau came out at 8:30 licking his wounds, having suffered a torchlight battery failure and relying on SK Chew, Khor and Playboy to laminate the way. The Shark & his 18-yr-old Dutch guest Alex made it back about 8:45, followed by Jaya and some other stragglers about 9PM. TiT Yeoh didn't emerge from the dark until at 9:45 – but we still one Hashman missing in action. TiT had left Old Man Ong behind just before the boulders, and we all started to get more and more worried about him as the evening went on and the empty beer bottles started piling up.

At 10.30 the GM assembled two Search & Rescue parties and, as usual, assumed the Base Camp Commander role next to the beer wagon. SK, Rudru, yours truly, and Marco all volunteered to go back in search for our MIA Uncle Ong.. Black Lee put his pickup in service to ferry the

SAR team to the jungle entrance (this seems to be becoming a habit – maybe he can claim petrol from the club).

One team went the reverse way up the Tiger Hill trail and the other team entered at the creed and followed paper. After shooting our throats dry (maybe we'll get a beer from Uncle today), me whilst crawling up through the fern tunnel and Rudru whilst wending through ferns up the path, we reunited on the track. Neither of us could find any trace or even a whisper from our MIA Hashman....

At that point Marco just completely ran out of gas and was too shattered to continue (or was it the 12 beers he'd had already?). SK wisely decided to stick with him and turn back, so we split the teams up. Marco and SK followed another track down, and Rudru and myself sucked it up and resolved to go all the way back up to the top and around on the reverse. Once out in the jungle above Air Itam you are on your own as there is no phone coverage. We went all the way back around in reverse, peering into every hole and cave and over every cliff, calling ourselves hoarse, but no trace of Uncle Ong.

At 2:30 AM we finally emerged from the jungle and hoped that everybody was safe.

When we returned at the runsite we saw to our delight that Uncle had returned! He'd simply

walked out on his own at 2:10 AM. His torchlight batteries were long since flat, but he'd stumbled his way blindly out somehow – asked where he been and where he'd come out he answered “no idea!”.

Marco, SK, and Kali were still waiting to welcome us back but there was no sign of our stalwart base camp commander. He'd been called home by a worried home secretary as the family couldn't afford another smashed car, specially not with CNY around the corner. As a Reward for the SAR effort the f***ing GM asked me to write the burst, which I do in any case with pleasure.

Marco's Revenge Run will not soon be forgotten by any of us dozen or so members who actually went all the way – and especially by those of us who had to do it twice! It was one of the toughest runs in recent club history and good experience for us doing what turned into a night run! To mark the occasion we all have Marco's very cool Revenge Run black hash shirt with the immortal words CHOW CHI BAI ringed around the waist so that none of us can forget what we'll call him every time we think of this bloody run in the future! Marco you're truly a Hashman and a Bastard through and through!

ONON
Mini Sausage