

## The end of the world as we know it?

No worries, I feel fine.

One year ago I wrote my first hash trash, drenched and quivering after a deluge of biblical proportions brought on by no less than the ascension of Crying Dick as Religious Adviser. It has been my privilege to report on our goings-on this past year, my goal to be informative, entertaining and (where possible) brief.

Alas, this will be my last hash trash, as, for my punishment, I am to be the RA for the coming hash year (nudge, nudge, wink, wink). And, while it is a given that women are able to do more than one thing at a time, it would hardly be fair for me to be both hash trash and RA. So this will be my last missive to you all—try not to weep over your keyboards as you read, for that may cause some serious technological problems.

Along with the Founders' Run, the AGPU generally attracts a big turn-out—no log is left unturned, and you never know what may crawl out, among them:

Gnash; Gerbils; Richard Gere; Dickhead Too; Premature Ejaculation (amazingly, he did not arrive half way through the run!); Pop Tart; Dangles; Squatter; Crying Dick; Date Diver; Drunken Tiger; Hidden Flagon; CountHerFeet; Gobbles; JR; Suellen; Poo Shooter; Crash and Burn; Scarlet; Weatherman; Weatherdog; Friskies; Soft Centre; Big Boy; Buns; Infallible; Sex Change; The Pimp; Easy; Meat; Grease Nipple; SixPence; PeePing Pervert; Party Pie; Phallus & Vomit; Sir Lance A Slut; Dickhead; Furballs; Duckhead; Fluid Movement.

**Returnees:** Freezerballs; Greenfinger; InCider; Many Tongues; Dicky Knee; Queen Latrine (the latter of whom apparently had the 'shins' kicked out of her)

**Only made it to the drink stop:** Horse

**Cameo Appearance:** Babbling, at the drink stop, where she had *only a ginger beer and not too much fun*

**Couldn't be bothered with the run:** Rambo

**The run/walk:** Speaking for the latter, we had a nice lakeside stroll, on into Campbell, and thenceward to the drink stop near the Olympic Pool. The AGPU, like the Founders' Run, is not the place to break in new hasing territory, but it was still enjoyable—despite the occasional whinging of PeePing Pervert that it was boring!

**It's old, small and requires a lot of digital manipulation:** on the way back to the circle, Big Boy showed me his phone. No, really, he showed me his phone. It appeared to be some sort of 20<sup>th</sup> century relic, small and tiny (I'm still talking about his phone) and hard to activate. Wouldn't it be easier if he just carried a couple of tin cans and a length of string?

**The Circle:** It was the Last Gasp for Sex Change and Crying Dick; outgoing GM and RA, respectively. There was some good-natured grumbling in the delivery of the walk and run reports and then (I know you've been waiting) Weatherman did not disappoint in delivering a couple of 'Weatherverses' to the hare song:

'She met up with Crying Dick/it looked like a candlewick'

'She met up with Sex Change/he crunched on her hairy mange'

'His wife was Drunken Tiger/he stuck his c—K in side her'

‘It’s why she was called Buns/to give him a lot of fun’

Um, we’ll just leave it there, shall we?

**New Committee:**

GM – Sir Lance A Slut

Trailmaster – Sex Change

RA – Frizzy Lizzy

Hash Cash – Hidden Flagon

Hash Drivel (Trash) – McTaf

Hash Dray – Crying Dick / Crash and Burn

Webwaster – Squatter

Hash Haberdash – PeePing Pervert and Party Pie

Hash Horn – Grease Nipple

Hash Flash – Suellen and Centrefold

Hash Mugs – Pop Tart

Hash Orgy – Furballs

Hash Pyro – Anklebiter and Phallus & Vomit

Hash Historian – D2HD and Mixo

Hash Dogsbody – Rambo

With the transition to the new committee, it was fair game for the retiring GM et al, and we did not disappoint in finding reasons to charge Sex Change (i.e., ‘hashing while Scottish’).

May I just take this opportunity to note, for the record, that the weather remained fine and clear throughout the transition?

There was a lot of trash talk and charges both spurious and well-deserved; if you weren’t there, well—you bloody missed a good night!

Without too much further delay, the circle was flocked and it was on to the BBQ, organised by Furballs—a fantastic repast, once again.

Thanks for putting up with my ramblings, and see you next time!

And that’s all, she wrote.