

## *The People's Trash -Volume 1 - an alternative view*

*It's been some weeks now since McTrash was let loose upon Capital Hash to scribe the Official Record.*

*We - the people-cannot let the words of the Overlord stand unchallenged.*

*Fellow hashers, this is a man who has to SIT DOWN to scribe, sheltering in the warmth of his sweaty, trainspotting anorak. A man who only recently (apparently) discovered the wonders of the paragraph; a man who thinks Courier New is cutting edge.*

*Not content to bask in the self-indulgent haze of his myopic self-regard, he resorts to gratuitous swipes at...well, we don't know, because we can't read his non-paragraphical, Courier Nuanced blatherings!*

*Release yourself from the funk-inspired dreamings of your St Kilda poncho, Mc Trash! And, for the love of jay-zus, who wears a poncho? Next thing, you'll be brewing us a cup of your single-origin coffee, grown on the shady side of a hidden hill; shot from the backside of some rat-like, tetanus-infested quadruped and sold to smug first-worlders for slightly less than the cost of a decent bottle of red. Where is the humanity?*

*Next week's run is by Big Boy-a man who still uses what looks like a Nokia 3310. Why not just stand on a hill and beat a frickin' drum?*

*The People fear the combination of two such Cro-Neander-Mag-Tal-Men; no doubt the subsequent hash trash will be painstakingly carved in sandstone and sent by runner on a 26.2 mile journey-oh wait, we have inappropriately culturally appropriated some other peoples' story.*

*The people won't be silenced! We represent paragraphs, coherent thought, portable document formats-we support the right of hashers everywhere (well, at least in Capital Hash) to read without aid of a magnifying glass!*

*~~Viva the People!~~ (no, too Che-derivative)*

*Long live the People! (sounds a bit royalistic)*

*Go the People! (what, is this a footy match?)*

*Up with People! (come on, most of you are old enough to get the reference)*

*Yr Obd't Servant, the People! (inspiring your inner 18<sup>th</sup> century correspondent)*

*Xx oo the People! (letting our inner teen come to the fore)*

*Whatever...the People!*