

**BHHH2 Hash Trash Run #1641 18 May 2024**

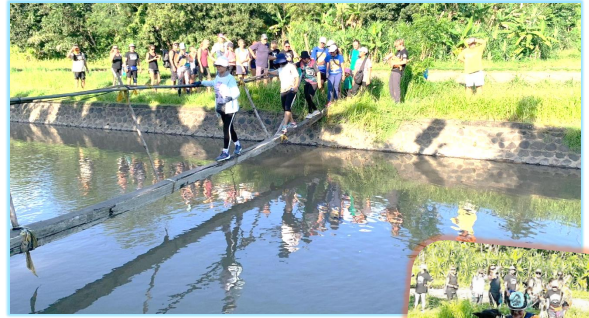
**Mambal Swimming Pool**

**Bloody Drongo Wanker!**



So, what's a "Drongo"? Well, yes it *IS* a species of bird. And an Aussie one, rightly sporting an Akubra bush hat. But this blue-eyed boy might not be the kind of Drongo that was meant when the Birthday Boy and Hare for this run was named. A drongo in Australian parlance is actually . . . a fool or no-hoper, someone who is not all there or whose 'lights are on but no-one's home'. The word comes from a 1920s racehorse that never won a single race out of 37 starts. The implication is that anyone slow-witted or clumsy is a "drongo", and was first widely used in the Australian Air Force for a raw recruit. But our **Drongo Wanker** is no turkey – he's a high flyer!

There was a test of nerve at the L/S split, and a queue waiting to assess either their sense of balance or the robustness of the local bridge construction techniques.



There's a lot to be said for only bringing little doggies to the hash! Great job, **Flaming Arseholes** – you have a friend for life now.

Thanks to the Hares for excellent trails, and well marked ones at that. *Muchas gracias!*

There was a real picnic atmosphere happening once we arrived *On In*. That very day the long grass had been slashed and the only thing missing was a real Aussie BBQ. But there was cold Prost aplenty so nothing to complain about, right **Minipom & Wooden Eye?**

To complement the cold drinks **Drongo Wanker** sponsored some tasty Hash Nosh prepared by **4X2 (Megawati)** so we could spill it all over our beautiful new shirts.



[Great job, despite the typographical error on the front!]



For this BHHH2 run there were (no surprises here!) **two!** trails to choose from: a short(er) one of 6½ clicks, a long of around 12kms. His co-conspirators in marking these were **Sheryl** and **Limpet**. "It's flat, fast and easy", they claimed.



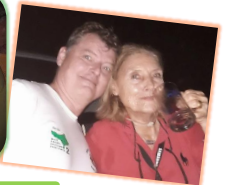
Hares throughout Hashdom are however traditionally known to be inveterate liars and so it proved – long runners clocked 13km or more on a perfect day for hashing in paradise. *On On!*



Another big mob of 125 turned out to keep the Hash cash team very busy right up to the time "**On On!**" was called.

Please **arrive by 3.30** to register.

"**Circle up!**" called our Hash Master **Mount'n Groan**. Accolades of course for the Hares, for their efforts and generosity. **Returners** this time were **Concrete Erection, 2 Melons & Long Dong Silver** after their piratical maritime adventures in the Caribbean, and from Denmark came **Danish Muffin & Muffin Eater**. Fantastic to have you all back in the fold.



Getting his cake and eating it too was the birthday boy himself. **Wooden Eye**, revered Religious Advisor, did his thing and for reasons neither of them can remember (and nor can your scribe), a "roll of the dice" saw **Drongo W** don the snorkel for a special Down Down. Happy birthday!



The usual Circle shenanigans ensued, with songs (thanks for your duet with the **RA, Flaming A**) and a notable icing of this Californian *derrière*. She showed considerable fortitude while being ritually shriven.

All in all it wasn't a bad way to spend an afternoon and evening. Some happy faces will attest . . .

