

And lest we forget, Mark Simpson has provided the following piece on the 500th run:

They gathered outside the "Great Hall of the People" in the "City of Six Million "Ah So"s, and the innocent gawped and "Aye-ah"ed and "Wah"ed. Was it part of a "Miss Hong Kong" Pageant?/ No! Soon the ladies were surrounded by an army of disreputable-looking males who hustled them into a convoy of unmarked, un-air-conditioned charabancs, and they were driven off through the concrete oven of Mid-afternoon Hongkers to meet their fate in a suitable remote area.

Down below the dam wall they debussed and derobed, and then the chase began: tootin', hootin', and rootin' through bushes and bebarncled rocks, chicken-bones and petrocarbon waste towards the obelisk erect on the hill, and the Dragon's Back. Your scribe and latterday hare of pendulous paunch was soon left far behind, and, whilst you enjoyed your fertility dance around that stone totem-pole and furgled frosties at the start of the Dragon's Back, he shortcutted along a black and slippery pipeline trail which took him through the Dragon's arsehole, one hundred metres of clammy and malodorous orifice in which snakes slurped, frogflesh squelched slimily underfoot, and bats blinked and bleeped inverted from their perches in the dripping green slime overhead. Splash, splat through under the coaches where the sensible were already sipping St. Michael's nectar and steaming in the seats, through the prison compound to the closed road where those sadistic Grand Master hares had left their tell-tale spoor. On, on, to the end of the road for a quiet kip in the sun 'til you caught up, lead-runner Polson pulling out all stops to keep ahead of LH4's "Trajn Concept" challenger and her Pam and Aza back-up crew, and then the ~~shameful~~ shameful stragglers doing the coolie-shuffle in Indian file along behind. It was a long run along the catchment to the headland for the gully-grovel descent into Big Wave Bay's saline marinade which retuned overheated muscles as well as any Shanghai Mamasan's toes.

The advance guard had already erected a stockade of crated Tiger to protect our everfaithful Queen's Cafe provisioners from the Blue Berets, the Lifeguards and Sonny Sales's Sanitary Enginners who for some unaccountable reason had decided that the Hash's co-educational, two hundred strong army should use the prescribed barbecue pit just like everyone else, and it worked. The forces of law and order were repelled, and, in accordance with Rule No. 1 of The Civil Servants' Guide, decided that as there was no simple solution to the problem it was best to pretend that it did not exist. Soon, thanks to St. Michael we too began to believe that we did not exist or that we should no longer be there. Founder members John Beavon and Jim Stewart did a chugalug and we staggered or crawled back to the coaches for the final ritual of H4's 500th Run orgy, on the subject of which my recollections are hazy - there were clothes flying through the air, there were a few mounds of naked flesh exposed from time to time as the coaches cornered and the beer on the floor swilled from side to side, there were horrible noises, and the Police received a report about an elephant which had been sticking its trunk out of the window and spraying the streets with some foul-smelling liquid.

Thank you, former Grand Masters, for contriving to create chaos, confusion, and suffering in the finest tradition of the Hash, and, whilst I consider it my privelege to agree with those who complained that "eight miles is too bloody long", you may read this and tell the scribe to belt up because he is an SCB and he doesn't seem to know the difference between Tiger in his tank and St. Michael down his gullet; but he still wants to come back to the Hash.

*Mark Simpson*

If anyone is looking after a case of 500th mugs and T-shirts please