



Words

25 March 2018

***The Vancouver Hash House Harriers***

Run No. 1600 & something

Dear Recipient,

### **The Australipicanthan Caper in Central Park**

**Tool Hand Luke**, bronzed Brisbane surfer-dude, Kokanee lover, habitu  of private label liquor stores and the flour shelf at 7-11, truly a giant amongst pygmies, emerges playfully from the trees a flour bag the size of three-year old's purse clenched between forefinger and thumb, and a tin can. A group of men searching for Uranus and positively aching for a glimpse of the Dark Star gaze lustfully upon those lean sculpted legs, while a group of homeless people cheer noisily from the middle of the car-park, but wait, they aren't homeless dudes, that's the hash.

Mountme, Plunger, 3D, Shagger, Beheader, Christine, and DSF, Dangler, Banshee, Porno Prick, Special Needs, Pylon and the ineffable Mr.P, Goat Fucker (after the event) and not forgetting visitor Ring Picker visiting from "North of Cairns", where he runs a sanitarium for injured Fruit Bats. While the wife patches bat-wings 'Picker is "on holiday" with the wife's sister. I wonder just how much of change there has to be for a change to be considered as good as a rest?

The weather is windy and lumpy, I don't know why, but that makes me think of Goat Fucker. Off we chug across Boundary, heading West, curving gracefully to the South before swinging East in unison to the tinkle of Men At Work beating-off in our ears. Before too long the fringes of the Dark Scary Forest are in sight and the ever so faint hum of a didgeridoo can be heard - in the twink of an eye Special Needs and DSF are vying for 1st in. Special Needs seems to be the whiner, but as DSF says, "you have to let 'em win the first time." Ring Picker has retired to the pub, injured, but everyone else is at the beer check where beer does flow and men chunder, enjoying their just desserts, especially Tool Hand Luke. DSF is named but only she can divulge it. All in all a brilliant bit of work followed by happy munching at the pub. Sincerely yours,

Mr. Prick