

The Hash Trash

and now, Diki-a\$\$-leaks...

On returning to Wadi Hash (sorry, Wadi Degla), the Hash was thrilled to find the gates open. So, apparently, were a veritable cornucopia of non-hashers. More than one of the faithful, remembered fondly the days when, this little nature reserve was a mystery to all but a chosen few.

Spongebob Squareboobs and Gay Dancer set a righteous run, leading the speedier herd up and down the cliffs of the Wadi. They were so committed to their efforts that they did not finish setting the trail until half the hashers had arrived at the RV. No complaints were heard from the runners.

Their dedication stands in stark contrast to one Texas YeeHaw who failed to show up either to hare or to fulfill her role as Haberdasher. It seems that she was not responding to phone calls in the wake of the Arabian Night and when finally reached could not be persuaded to leave her bed.



The Hash soldiered on with a repeat of last week's highly successful team of walking Hares. Monkey Boy, Happy Hour and yours truly (who may need to change his name to Third Wheel) set a stellar trail, by which I mean the

menfolk wandered along and chatted while Happy Hour did all the work. In the circle some hashers complained that the



walk needed more hills. A strange complaint indeed, as I can assure you there ARE no more hills. Useless Semen seemed pleased, at least I think that's why he could be heard singing that old favorite, The Grand Old Duke of York.

It was an important day in the career of one of our oldest (I mean in terms of



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participation in the hash, of course) hashers.

Bad Bastard celebrated his 500th run with CHHH. There is something appropriate that Bad Bastard's special day came on April Fool's Day. Maybe his 500th hash name should have been April Fool, but the GM decided to put it to a vote. Lurpak asked the assembled hashers and harriets to bring up relevant facts about the former RA. Strangely, no one mentioned feet or toes. Perhaps the Hash was showing discretion, no...wait... Hash showing discretion? never mind.

Rule one of the Hash is that there are no rules. Every hasher and harriet knows this. In spite of this, it is amazing how many folks seem to think they can exploit our customs as if they were rules.

Someone (Scott) who shall remain nameless (Scott) or not (Scott) thought



that he could avoid a Hash Baptism by never haring. What a sad misconception. While it is true that we normally postpone naming until one has fulfilled their hashly duty to hare, it can't be called a "rule,"

and even if it was, it would be superseded by rule one (see above).

Somehow, and I have no idea how, word



of this unnamed person's (Scott's) plans leaked (note the ironic word choice and dramatic foreshadowing) to the RAs and the GM. So in the grand tradition of the Cairo Hash this unnamed person (Scott) was Baptized as is appropriate by our customs. Now this unnamed person (Diki-a\$\$-leaks) is a full member of the Cairo Hash House Harriers and can get about the business of haring once in a while, you lazy (Diki-a\$\$-leaks) bum.

Part of the duties of the Hash Trash is the clarification of the more subtle parts of the Hash ethos to the uninitiated. Long ago in the misty reaches of Hash history the Hash was divided into two parts, two paths if you will. One path is marked with flour, the other in lentils. Some may wonder why one half is called the "run" and the other is called the "walk." Here is the secret: the "walk" is for those who plan to walk, and the "run" is for those who plan to run. This might be something worth remembering.