

The GM pushes his luck.

Sitting on a crate near the beer wagon recovering from the run and gently sipping (gulping) my 100+ our esteemed GM suggested that co-hares were responsible for the sins and omissions of their Hares even weeks after the event. A run report would be appreciated. You owe me big time Liz Tan.

It always helps if you know upfront that you will be scribing. You then wipe the sweat out of your eyes more often and are a bit more observant. Prospective scribes are also more amenable if they have a beer in their hand rather than a 100+. Old hashers never die, they just grumble more.

I brought along a virgin hasher. A Dutch ex colleague who was in KL on a business trip. So what did the visitor to Malaysia get for his RM40 ringgits?

A warm welcome from Emelia (he was paying his dues) and a collective groan from the pack when Rambo was declared as the mastermind. Even though it was advertised as only 9KM. Great parking in a field, palm oil, rubber, orchard, market garden, secondary jungle, banana plants, bulldozed jungle (comment - global warming), fish farm (comment - can fish live in that?), bird houses, huts, villas, river crossing, misty views and the climb to get there, wide trails, narrow trails, bush bashing, and even the Kirkmans trying to lose a dog in the jungle. They failed.

In short a great introduction to rural Malaysia and hashing.

His view.....fantastic.

My view.....a great run. 9.6 km and 378m of ascent.

For those of you who struggled on the second big climb on the way home the Hare was actually kind to you. The trail chosen zig zagged up the ridge giving a gentler climb. There is an alternative track straight up through the rubber which hits an even higher point on the ridge.

Being a Dutchman my guest naturally gravitated to the other Dutchmen in the pack who made him welcome. His comment on them will have to wait for a future circle and a free beer for the Dutch!