



# Trinity Hash Trash



Run No. 1953

[WWW.TRINITYHHH.ASN.AU](http://WWW.TRINITYHHH.ASN.AU)

## Run 1953 – Modnoc’s Moorool Mischief

A good sized pack of 23 hashers made the climb to Moddy’s abode in Moorool heights for Tuesday’s run. The pack included visitors Pointy Nipples and Super from Top End Hash, and a return visit from Skiddy Mk.II from Darwin Hash. Returnees Metro, No Knickers, Not Yet and Mole also helped to improve the numbers.

We were given the usual nonsensical briefing about hills, shiggy and how the trail was marked before we headed downhill to the less affluent parts of Moorool. The run was uneventful with different trails for runners and walkers which converged before the drink stop. The drink stop was where it got interesting because Moddy had forgotten the cups. These were the cups that Moddy had asked two separate Hashers to buy for her and then left at home. The pack mulled around for a while wondering how to drink without getting boy/girl germs from the bottle before heading on-home, hoping along the way that Moddy had not forgotten anything else important – such as Nosh or where she lives.

Back at Moddy’s the pack did the usual drinking and standing around talking crap before GM called circle. Visitors and returned runners had their customary down-down and Moana gave the walkers report on the trail and a score of 5/10. Gangbang then gave the runners report, but because he had only run half the trail only gave half the score – 2.5/10. Some voodoo mathematics was then used to mysteriously derive a score of 5/10. Moddy had her Hare charge, followed by an award for completing 450 runs, followed by being awarded the shirt by Mistress for telling fibs about hills and shiggy on the trail, followed by being charged for the forgotten cups incident. Luckily her man-friend is a handy cook because Moddy spent more time fronting the circle than she did in the kitchen.

There was a mob of other hashers also charged for various misdemeanours and raffles drawn sometime during circle but I didn’t win anything so I didn’t take much notice of the winners (was it MoFo and 49’er?). GM gave us a final run-down of about the 1950th run on the weekend then circle finished with

a joke from Helmet and what Royal T assured us was a joke but we couldn’t be sure.

Nosh was a delicious curried chicken, rice and a pasta dish which was well received by all (except me because it had too many carbs!). Overall it was a good, fun night of hashing!



## On On, Gangbang

## HASH HISTORY



The original 'Hash House' in Kuala Lumpur, circa 1938

## STUPID HASH JOKES!

- *My wife is a sex object.* Every time I ask for sex, she objects.
- *Impotence:* Nature's way of saying "No hard feelings".
- *Panties are not the best thing on earth:* but next to the best thing on earth.
- *There are three stages to sex in a person's life:* Tri Weekly, Try Weekly, and Try Weakly.

Trinity Hash House Harriers Cairns, North Queensland  
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**RUN HOTLINE**  
0419700603—Jughead

## A Horse, A Chicken & A Harley:

On the farm lived a chicken and a horse, both of whom loved to play together. One day the two were playing, when the horse fell into a bog and began to sink. Scared for his life, the horse whinnied for the chicken to go get the farmer for help! Off the chicken ran, back to the farm. Arriving at the farm, he searched and searched for the farmer, but to no avail, for he had gone to town with the only tractor. Running around, the chicken spied the farmer's new Harley. Finding the keys in the ignition, the chicken sped off with a length of rope hoping he still had time to save his friend's life.

Back at the bog, the horse was surprised, but happy, to see the chicken arrive on the shiny Harley, and he managed to get a hold of the loop of rope the chicken tossed to him. After tying the other end to the rear bumper of the farmer's bike, the chicken then drove slowly forward and, with the aid of the powerful bike, rescued the horse! Happy and proud, the chicken rode the Harley back to the farmhouse, and the farmer was none the wiser when he returned.

The friendship between the two animals was cemented: Best Buddies, Best Pals.

A few weeks later, the chicken fell into a mud pit, and soon, he too, began to sink and cried out to the horse to save his life!

The horse thought a moment, walked over, and straddled the large puddle.

Looking underneath, he told the chicken to grab his hangy-down thingy and he would then lift him out of the pit.

The chicken got a good grip, and the horse pulled him up and out, saving his life.

The moral of the story??

***“When You're Hung Like A Horse, You Don't Need A Harley To Pick Up Chicks!”***

Where to be on Tuesday evening at 6pm

Date	Run#	Hare	Venue
27/09/2016	1954	Wanker	
125 Grafton St, Marquis Apts, Cairns City			
4/10/2016	1955	Moana	
Coral Towers, 255 The Esplanade, Cairns			
11/10/2016	1956	Lesson	
TBA			
18/10/2016	1957	GangBang Pythagorarse	
TBA			
25/10/2016	1958	Hare	
TBA			
1/11/2016	1959	Hare	
TBA			

*If you have not set a run within the past 4 months please talk with MOANA (0410 582 038) about a date and venue for your next run. Or E-Mail Scribe at trinityhhh@gmail.com*

## Fishery Falls Celebration Run 1950th (More photos on Website—Thanks Dunno)



### Other Cumming Hash Events

- 21–23 October – Mackay Hash Beach Party
- 12-13 November 2016—Cairns 2100th Celebration Run—MULGRAVE MADNESS!
- February 2017 - Ballarat NashHash

### International Events

2017 February NZ Nash Hash at Bay Of Islands, 29<sup>th</sup> April Borneo Nash Hash at Kuching, 26 May Pan Africa Hash at ...

### TONIGHT'S SCRIBE

Please email to PYTHAGORARSE by FRIDAY.  
Email to: [trinityhhh@gmail.com](mailto:trinityhhh@gmail.com)

