

AH3 = ADELAIDE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

A drinking club with a Running Problem

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Hash Trash - 23 December 2024



\$10 sign on for Non-Drinkers - \$20 for Drinkers

AH3 Committee

Grand Master	Bigus Dickus	
Religious Advisor	Bus Stop	0415 276 608
Hash Cash	Inherendo	
Hash Trash	£oo\$e C\$hang€	
Trail Mistress / Facebook	Olive Oil	
Keg Master / Hash Splash	Mc Taf	0419 288 101
Hash Horn	Chesty	0412 368 340
Memorabilia / Hash Haberdash	Unstoppable	0403 053 800
Choir Mistress	Betty Boop	
Web Master	Mo-Ped	Not a committee member, but a bloody legend

Disclaimer:

The numbers in italics are fictitious.

Any resemblance to real sex line numbers is purely coincidental - yet highly likely. Phone at your own risk.

RECEDING HARELINE	HARE	RUN LOCATION	COMMENTS
Run 2574 30 December 2024	Olive Oil	Mitcham Reserve	Old Belair Road cnr Norman Walk Mitcham
Run 2575 1 January 2025	Bearded Clam	Tilley Reserve 435 Yatala Vale Road (Behind the Tennis Courts)	IRON MAN

RUN NUMBER / DATE	HARE	RUN LOCATION
Run 2573 23 December 2024	Bearded Clam	41 Laburnum Drive, Greenwith

Who knows how many. All I know is that Loose Change wasn't there.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Many thanks to Bearded Clam for taking on the Hare duties for this run with very little notice. At this time of the year, it's very hard to squeeze everything in. (That's what she said 😊)

I was not able to attend yet another of Bearded Clams runs. I have yet to make it to one of his runs. He's going to think I don't like him. I don't. 😊

Due to the fact that it's a busy time and I wasn't there, this will be a very basic Trash (one version only). In fact, it's Christmas Day as I type this, and I will be giving myself a gift in not scouring the internet for boobs.



I'm assuming the following happened:

Ran/walked trail (no map provided)
 Circle (no charges provided)
 Beer
 Nosh
 Beer
 Beer

Merry Christmas all. I will leave you with my favorite Christmas Carol, as sung by the beautiful lyricist; Kevin Bloody Wilson.

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Hey Santa Claus - Kevin Bloody Wilson

Quite often I get to thinking how as kids we got by
 Like at Christmas time at our house we couldn't even afford a fire

But we made do with what we had back then when I was young
 Dad used to suck a peppermint and we'd all sit around his tongue

We couldn't afford no sparkling tinsel for our Christmas tree
 So we'd just wheel old Granddad in and make the old c**t sneeze
 (ahh-CHOO... wheel him round the other side nanna)



But things changed pretty bloody quick, I've got kids now of me own
And I heard 'em unwrap their pressies, last night when I got home:

*Hey Santa Claus you c**t, where's me f**kin' bike?
I've unwrapped all this other junk and there's nothing that I like
I wrote you a f**kin' letter and I come to see you twice
You worn out geriatric fart, you forgot me f**kin' bike*

*If I'd a' wanted a pair of bloody thongs, I would have bloody asked
And this cowboy suit and ping pong set you can shove right up your arse
You've stuffed me bloody order up, it's enough to make you spew
But it's not just me who's snakey, me sister's dirty too*

*Hey Santa Clause you c**t, where's me f**kin' pram?
You promised me you'd bring me one, you remember who I am
Cause I'm the little girl what you made sit right on your hand
I'll give you f**kin' ho ho ho, you forgot me f**king pram*

*Next time I come to see ya I'm gonna punch you in the guts
And I'll let your f**kin' reindeer go and kick Rudolf in the nuts
You just wait til next year, when you get back to that store
And me and me little sister come stomping through the door*

And we'll say, yeah you wait for it:

*Hey mum's and dad's you smell his breath and check his bloodshot eyes
And don't listen to him boys and girls cause he tells f**king lies
He's just a piss tank and a pervert, and he's not even very bright
Cause the old f**kin' wanker forgot me f**kin' bike*

*Hey Santa Claus you c**t, where's me f**kin' bike?
I've unwrapped all this other junk and there's nothing that I like
I wrote you a f**kin' letter and I come to see you twice
You worn out geriatric fart, you forgot me f**kin' bike*

