

The Joy Of S*x

*Even Apple is having problems with the Kiwi accent. Take a look at how Siri has had to be reprogrammed to distinguish s*x from s*x*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SQfBV9GdJ80>

So how on earth is Riviera Hash ever going to understand Iron Lady's instructions?

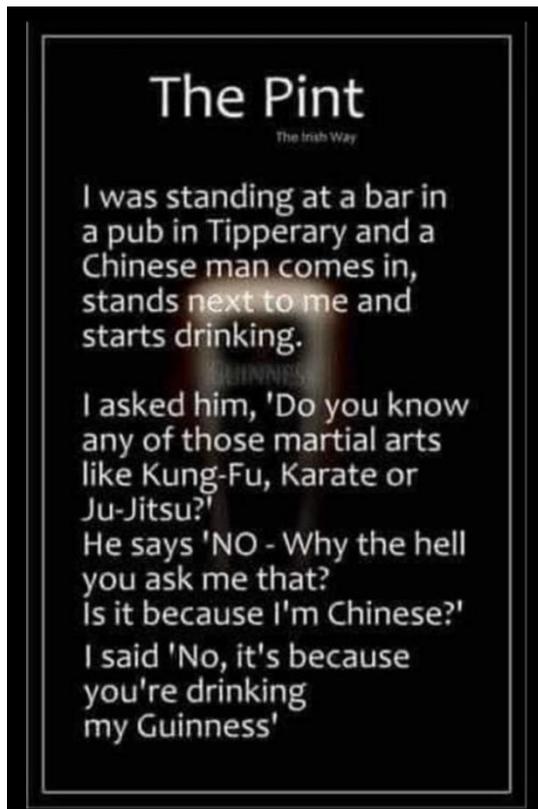
This run report comes with apologies to many and principally to Duchess, who was the tireless walkers' co-hare and restaurant organisation maestro (Italian moussaka gets my vote every time). Unfortunately, the r*n report material lends itself very strongly to focusing on Iron Lady, our resident Kiwi (and, in her accrochage recounted below, a Riviera local telling her adversary to return to whence he came).



Sunday was, indeed, Iron Lady's day and she was sparkling as only Iron Lady can. The birthday girl is just 12 months away from a big round one, or so they say. On top of that, New Zealand was in the news for liberal Jacinda's landslide election victory though, to be fair, Iron Lady seemed very unimpressed by that one. I can't quite remember the reaction but it was something very illiberal on the lines of welcoming Trump to use her as target practice. All meant in jest, I am sure, but it did overshadow the other star hare, Duchess, hence the apology above.

A good crowd turned up in Parc Carol de Roumanie in west Nice on a sunny Sunday morning. Trouble is, that crowd was not only made up of hashers and parking was very tight. So tight, in fact, that a lot of double parking was going on and not just with hashers. A space was briefly liberated and a non-hasher tried to take it. Fearless Iron Lady prevented this by ramming her car into said space before said non-hasher had a chance. A fiery debate started in which the non-hasher stated that he was there first and our intrepid Iron Lady stated that she had been there since the day before (minus a good few hours when she went home). The rest of the hash decided to watch the spectacle and witnessed Iron Lady's car being blocked in for the next hours by said man, who she told where to go to in no uncertain terms, largely because this was her big day and nobody was allowed to spoil it. Yes, she was on fire.

Minimal instructions were given at the start of the hash, save for walkers to follow Duchess and runners to follow flour and off we went, barely waiting for Finnish Fly who turned up in the nick of time and No Grappa, Buns & Coke Hound who were a few minutes late and added to the parking carnage by blocking in even more hashers and non-hashers in the tiny car park.



Iron Lady had promised 2 hours of running, but then stated that it had taken her 6 hours to lay the trail. Why this should be so is not evident, as she decided to do a live hare from her car. Flour was easy to follow, until it wasn't. Miraculously, Iron Lady was always available at the key non-flour junctions to honk us on in the right direction. Wet Patch had made a grand return to the hash and was forced to reminisce that her previous RHHH experience had been as a hare in the same direction where she completely forgot to lay any flour at all, thereby giving us the pleasure of watching Padre and Prestressed huff, puff and moan all the way to the Bellet vineyards and back whilst never being on trail.

There was clearly an improvement this time, then! That did not mean that the trail was clear. Far from it. By now, the FRBs were being set apart from the pack and encountered a big street junction with no check but Iron Lady's hooting car directing us upwards. A good distance to the top of an alley and said car turned into a beer car for beer stop 1. This allowed for a regroup and, then, the discovery that Iron Lady was unable to turn the car around such a tight spot. Fortunately, No Grappa was on hand and made an exemplary 30 point turn to allow the live hare to regain ground. This was very much needed when back at the big junction, as there was still no check nor sign of flour. What there was, instead, was Iron Lady throwing a flour covered tennis ball onto the pavement as she drove, thereby giving hints of where to go.



Beer stop 1. The photo does not do justice to the steepness and tightness of the road.

Unfortunately, the hints were not greatly appreciated, as the direction was up, up and further up into the skies. Not as far up as the fateful hash last December, but pretty far all the same. Iron Lady was for ever on hand in her car with handy tips, such as the one to go through a gate that led to...the road from which we were ushered just metres previously.

But then, but then...FRBs had really been sorted from the lame, sick and lazy. Why, even Sadist, who again was walking the runners' trail, was ahead of much of the pack. Cumalot, are you listening? Meanwhile up front, FRB Jobsworth (for it was he) came upon the first of the hieroglyphic hash markings that were ever so slightly confusing. Iron Lady was no longer anywhere to be seen and the check was a circle with (BS) written in the middle and an H directly in front. Logic stated to go straight on. But no beer car in sight, no flour in sight. How peculiar. Fortunately, this little ruse allowed the slower runners to catch up. Finally, it dawned on us that (BS) stands for "Back Check" in Kiwi...it certainly wasn't back 5 blobs, because had we done that, we would not have seen the turning to flour leading to the second beer stop.

A short mountainous view allowed the pack to reconvene before setting off to view the next set of Egyptian hieroglyphics, kindly loaned by the British Museum to Iron Lady for the hash.



MCAL hieroglyphics, as viewed by a mystified Finnish Fly.

Next to these and in a different direction was written "XCAL". What the heck? Fortunately, Supermarket Trolley was on the ball and followed MCAL to flour, allowing Finnish Fly, Buns and Jobsworth to trail in her wake. Less fortunate were Sadist and No Grappa, who chose the XCAL route and all they got for their effort was a late arrival back to the circle.

When quizzed after the run, Iron Lady professed to having no idea what she had written. The next day, she messaged Cumalot to explain but the explanation and even that was wrong. The best we can give is "XC" for extra calories (more fool No Grappa and Sadist) and "MC" for minimal calories.

From here on in was downhill. But Buns decided that she did not want to let Iron Lady hog the run report, so she was seen blocking a car and taking a photo of it and the driver. Should Tight Wad be concerned about his wife's behaviour? Well, maybe...she was altercating with the man because he had thrown a bag of garbage out of his window and into a ravine right in front of her. Greta would have been impressed!

And so the run wound back to the start point and waiting walkers, who had been walking a completely different trail to the runners (hence no mention of them). The car park was even fuller and overflowing, due to kids being taken out on a sunny day. Double parking and blockage was a worry, with Pullitt wondering how ever she would ever get home without driving cross country to get out.

Reunited with our hare Iron Lady, the fun was not yet over. Duchess, ever the organiser, advised the RA that we only had 20 minutes for the circle due to resto constraints. Iron Lady was duly asked to prepare the drinks. Did she do any of that? No, she was high on her success, chatting and, very kindly, providing snacks (didn't her mother teach her not to spoil her appetite?). Meanwhile, the RA was getting exasperated, not least when a further delay was endured due to appearance of the G&T (from the RAs car, but that is another issue).



Yes, the RA was that exasperated. And ineffectual.

Eventually, with 10 minutes to go before the restaurant, the RA took a different approach and shouted to the hares "Open the f*ing beers, stop f*ing chatting and get into the f*ing circle". That did it. Sort of.

And so the shortened circle yielded the following crimes:

Hares – Iron Lady and Duchess for a very memorable hash.

Returners – Finnish Fly, Wet Patch, Buns, others I am sure.

Birthday girl – Iron Lady

Numerous hare offences including the rule of s*x, NZ elections, hieroglyphics that even she could not decipher, using her horn on trail and more – Iron Lady.

Latecummers – No Grappa and Buns.

Garbage Police – Buns.

Time was tight for the SoW nominations, although Philippe made himself a late contender by not having admitted to his birthday. However, it was won hands down by Wet Patch for marking her return to RHHH after 10 months on exactly the same spot where she completely lost the runners the previous time.



And so to the resto, a small Greek one serving excellent Moussaka and well organised by Duchess. The food was followed by birthday cake for Iron Lady and the authorities will be pleased to know that the rule of s*x was well and truly enforced by the owners.

Many thanks to the hares for a great and eventful hash. OnOn to the next!



Scottish Banter

5 h · 🌐

When marijuana is legalised in Scotland

