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DATE: November 24, 2012 RUN: #823 RUN SITE : Las Cuevas
HARES: Fearsome Foursome (Mountain Goat Doon and his crew) SCRIBE : Lost and Gone Forever



Is the Mountain Goat Dead?

On Saturday, November 24, 2012, an unusual event occurred. Some might argue that it was a confluence of certain smaller events. An alignment of the stars, a bit of an alternate universe sneaking its way into ours. Something...extraordinary on an otherwise normal day in the bushe. Now, to the casual hasher or to the

unsuspecting virgin, there was nothing out of the ordinary going on (at least, nothing more out of the ordinary than 150 people crashing through the bushe in the rain). No, by all appearances, this was a normal run. The hashers all arrived, more or less on time. And the hash began, also more or less on time. Those FRB's ran off (in the wrong direction, of course) and the walkers began to casually stroll up and down the North Coast Road, looking more lost than many, but not as lost as some.

The hash continued as normal. There was some rain, plenty of water (a few hashers were spotted doing their best Olympic diver impression rather than run across a rather suspect bamboo bridge). There was plenty of mud, and the obligatory razor-grass, but there was something else missing. We just couldn't put a finger on it! But as we crossed another stream, ready to run up that next hill back off Rincon Road, we realized what it was. There was no hill. In fact, up to that point, there hadn't been one yet. When we left the bushe a final time (and saw the walkers on the road, still....walking) and spotted the On-In at just over an hour, we knew that something was very, very wrong.

Now, as I mentioned before, to the casual hasher there was nothing out of the ordinary. But some of us, well, we know better. This was a DOON RUN and we expected hills. Lots of them. We expected a long, hard run through the mountains of the north coast. We didn't expect a beer stop. We expected a scramble up through pools and over rocks. Maybe a part through waist-deep mud just for good measure. But in run 823, we got none of those things.

We expected more from the Mountain Goat of POSH3. We had come to dread his runs. To mark the date on the calendar with an X or better yet, a skull and crossbones. But this run was not the typical Mountain Goat run. This one was....easy and....fun.



The Down-Down that night proceeded without incident. The beer flowed and the rum was poured (although with the absence of Reed, there may have been some left over). From what everyone was told, Devon got so excited at the thought of Fish Broth at the end, that he couldn't contain himself and decided to sample some seafood ahead of time, being awarded Poofter for his trouble. Those with new shoes were punished (even though a certain Brit with a mustache and bright white trainers escaped before his penalty) and our esteemed Hash Master closed out her second-to-last run. #823 was in the books.

There are those who said that, since it was a last minute run, the real Doon wouldn't have come out. There are those who say that Doon is just biding his time, waiting for the next opportunity to spring a deadly run upon us. But there are also those who say that Doon has lost his edge. That he's turned in his FRB shoes for a more relaxed, and leisurely hashing experience. So, you tell me, is the Mountain Goat really dead, or is he just sleeping, lying in wait for his next opportunity?

From the Office of the Iron Lady

Its Hash Saturday and to get to the run site we had to pass one of country's most beautiful beaches, complete with the back-drop of mist covered mountains.....Maracas. A particular hasher with his two able buddies were seen building a sand castle, with the intention of one of them living in it....? I hope he knows the weather conditions at Maracas is different to Diego Martin.....only on a hash.....and as hashers with a passion for nature we gathered at the run site, Mountain Goat Doon, his son, Kerry and a guy with a name from the bible (Peter or Paul) hared this run and called themselves the fearsome foursome.....Pradeep shouted out you start bad already...Well the run was a surprise for all, every turn we expected a hill....but there was none... it was still a good run, enjoyed by the walkers and virgins....but to short for the FRBs.

The circle was called, the hares got their down downs, the virgins were welcomed and a special welcome to the group of guys who are in Trinidad working on the highway project.

The birthday song sung and those who were not having beer had coke and not apple J.

Poofter award to Devon....for falling on his ass in the river and swallowing a river fish. Before he got his down down he was asked what was his best number between 1-5....he said 3....so his down down was 3 shots of rum..... well you know he could not even complete the last shot.

The after hash lime was good as usual, food, drinks, rain, the assistant hash master considering to come to the hash in the PM plane in 2013 (he and some other hashers spent about an hour changing a tyre) and plenty ole talk. Even a man who has been hashing for 28 years going around saying that committee members getting free tickets to the hash dinner....well you know ah get a email, a phone call (a earfull) the following week....lol.....thats the Life of hashing.....ON ON to St Anns.

DIRECTIONS TO THE NEXT RUN #825

DATE : December 22, 2012

HARES: HASH NEW VISION 2013

RUN SITE: Chaguaramas

Time: 3.30pm

CHECK WEBSITE FOR DIRECTIONS