

LH3 EXAGGERATOR

VOLUME 44 ISSUE 2

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**Warning - This Publication
may contain some TRUTH**

**LAUNCESTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
A DRINKING CLUB WITH
A RUNNING PROBLEM**

RUN No. 2576 171 West Tamar H'way Trevally Hare: Sheila

Run Report:

Not to be outdone by Buggy or 2Bob Sheila had lit his rocket ship fire pot full with months of accumulated fuel. The composting vegetation, discarded petroleum, medical waste and decaying roadkill had ignited to cause a blanket of acrid smoke to drift over the arriving Hashers in the easement car park. After fighting their way to clear air another reportable event occurred; a loud bang and crashing, glass breaking, fender dragging was heard coming from West Tamar Road (WTR). Had Derby's Mario Cart dropped a step ladder on cornering? No, late arriving Hashers and possibly the worry of impending bushfire had startled the local fauna forcing them to attempt an escape across WTR. Unfortunately this corresponded with the trajectory of an innocent young lady P plater, the resulting impact causing considerable damage to her small economical city sedan and death of the sizeable macropod.

The ensuing commotion of Hashers jostling for a vantage point and the incident coinciding with 6:30 kick off turned the start of the run into a proverbial schmozzle. Normality soon returned to the proceedings as the run doubled back on the opposite side of West Tamar Rd at the Pomona Road lights allowing the crash audience to make up ground by simply crossing the road at the BP servo. Meanwhile the marsupial lay deceased as the young P plater gathered various bits and pieces of her beloved first car that were strewn around the fatal scene. That's about the most notable event as the run was Sheila's "go to" vanilla run. The only chance of excitement was avoided by the pack shunning the section of the run that went into Inlet's front gate around the garden paths, into the laundry and exited through his driveway, this omission also deprived Mrs Inlet the opportunity to lambast and berate those who should trespass on her estate. The remainder of the run traversed the usual Tailrace Park pontoon, boardwalks, lookouts and pathways. Nests of dog shit were kindly given warning arrows to help avoid accidental entry by unsuspecting Hashers reeboks. The ON HOME was found in the darkness of the settling ponds. The home run revisiting the accident scene; the corpse laying motionless on the road and the P plater waiting for her dad next to the damaged entry level small sedan.



On On:

The rocket ship had transformed from a military sized smoke bomb to a 360 litre mass of red hot energy by the time the front runners returned and it stayed that way until late afternoon of the following day. The new switched on committee performed their duties with expert precision and professionalism. SloMo raffle again with most salubrious prizes - New Hash Lip Bendover taking no nonsense or backchat handing out many charges and awarding record amounts of skulls - Hash Cash well on the way to completing his shack within the financial limits of the club but turned down Philip Lowes offer of a position on the RBA - Trail Master 101 calling next weeks run for the convenience of Easter break - The way Buggy handled the missing email affair (Trashgate) proving his experience and prowess in the field of technology and media - GM already talking big about next function and everything else - JM has streamlined footy tipping like nothing else known. This committee only on the job a few weeks and killing it Has anyone seen the Hash Horn?. A few ON DOWNS tonight the triplets birthday, Rainbow, Electric Eric and Groat, followed by the hare Sheila and top tipster from last week Thumbs. The last to skoal is Derbs frightening the kangaroo out of the Hydro easement and jumping into the path of the on coming car , even though there is some debate weather the kangaroo was startled by the car lights or it was escaping from the smoke emanating from Sheilas fire pot.

Top raffle prizes again this week Rainbow taking home a six pack and a bottle of leg opener and Rickshaw winning an axe for Janelle to cut the winter fire wood

Next week we are back at sheils then on the 18th we are at the Boags Brewery Tour centre





Our New GM has pulled his Finger out Early and Organized a Boags Brewery Tour on April 18th at the Old Tamar Hotel in William Street being the Boags Tourist Centre. Tour Start at 6.30PM PROMPT..... IF YOU ARE LATE, YOU WILL MISS OUT as it will take 1.5 Hrs.

No Dress Restrictions.... No Alcohol for Start of Tour. Token Cost. BBQ on Site at Conclusion of Tour.

More Details will be Advised







The 2023 Committee The Anti Corruption committee

GM: **inlet** JM: **Boong**, Hash Cash: Sheila, Monk: Slo Mo Trail Master: Electric Eric , Horn: Tyles , Lip: Bendover, Scribe: Run report is now done each week by the Hare, Web Wanker: Bugsy,

Receding Hare Line

Tuesday 11th April 171 West Tamar H'way Hare: Sheila

LH4 Receding Hare Line

Thursday 13th April 53 Newland St Trevallyn Hare Tight Spot

Joke of the week

The big game hunter walked in the bar and bragged to everyone about his hunting skills. The man was undoubtedly a good shot and no one could dispute that. But then he said that they could blindfold him and he would recognize any animal's skin from its feel, and if he could locate the bullet hole he would even tell them what calibre the bullet was that killed the animal. The hunter said that he was willing to prove it if they would put up the drinks, and so the bet was on. They blindfolded him carefully and took him to his first animal skin. After feeling it for a few moments, he announced "Bear." Then he felt the bullet hole and declared, "Shot with a .308 rifle." He was right. They brought him another skin, one that someone had in their car trunk. He took a bit longer this time and then said, "Elk, Shot with a 7mm Mag rifle. He was right again. Through the night, he proved his skills again and again, every time against a round of drinks. Finally he staggered home, drunk out of his mind, and went to sleep. The next morning he got up and saw in the mirror that he had one hell of a shiner. He said to his wife, "I know I was drunk last night, but not drunk enough to get in a fight and not remember it. Where did I get this blackeye?" His wife angrily replied, "I gave it to you. You got into bed and put your hand down my panties. Then you fiddled around a bit and loudly announced, "Skunk, killed with an axe."

[A woman was suspicious in the loyalty of her husband for a long time and she decided to make him jealous. "My love, what would you say if I was having sex with your best friend?" "I'd say you're a lesbian!"](#)

The lesbians next door bought me a Rolex for my birthday. I think they misunderstood when I said I wanna watch...

THE ASS END OF THE TRASH



I thought Buggy and Two Bob had the worst fire pot

