



## The Great 800 Weekend!!



With lots of those blue Pills being thrown in and around!  
Beer, Sex and Song in the Sauna!  
Highest Beerstop ever  
(with the beer carried up by Hashers and not in a Cablecar!)

Runs # 799-801

Editors: Marie Tamponette + Deathwish

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**First of all,** give the organisers full credit! They did an outstanding job, the weekend was a full - and on Sunday in the boarding house a rather smelly - success and needs to be repeated ! So thank you very much to No Mercy Master, this time the mastermind, to Deathwish, his partner in crime, to King Gook, the convicted Finance Minister of the Weekend, to Munk, nobody farts sweeter than you and to Smelly Cheese, this time being outstunk by Munk.



No Mercy Master told me on Sunday that he'd sent out 240 E-Mails to put this thing together to make people COME and taken the actual number who turned up, no Schilling was wasted. It all started in the Liftpension Sonnenhof with the Registration on Friday afternoon. My Sex Energy and I arrived rather early and so there was plenty of time to shorten the pensions beer stocks before the masses arrived. King Gook in his prison uniform did an impeccable job ripping off people and collecting the thousand Schilling notes in this tiny iron box. Pump me from Beirut (she was the one who packed your goodie bags) and Juicy Headlights from Stockholm (she was the one who made several Hashers horny on Saturday eve) were there too already. Talking about the goodie bags, I really liked those torches! The two main organisers No Mercy Master and Deathwish arrived, coming straight back from the mountain top, after they carried up 48 Kg (33 her, 15 him, could be the other way round as well) of

liquid stuff to the top and stored it in a grave. There was actually one brave local hero (presumably) who wanted to be buried high up (is that another Viagra context?). Slowly but true all those participants started to arrive and there was a 1<sup>st</sup> highpoint of the weekend when JR, our Golden Great Hash Cash and Webmaster, was paying his fee to King Gook. „**A DREAM CAME TRUE! JR's PAYING ME!** (Copyright King Gook). Further on all the luggage was stored into the truck and at around 8.30 the night run up the hill started.



Rather many clever guys like me, Smelly Cheese, and some more forgot to take their torches which made it tricky to run in the complete darkness. It has to be said that the trail was a bit one-sided - **UP** - but very well marked and all those cars which passed us by gave Südautobahn feeling. The Hash luggage truck rushed by with flashed lights and beeping horn (yet no Viagra context!) and after some 30 or 40 minutes the Alpengasthof and the adjacent boarding house came in sight. The negative note of the weekend was that a German shepherd dog which belonged to the Gasthof attacked Paco de Lies' family and Deathwish, the latter was bitten and had to taken into hospital by the No Mercy Master. Result: a black eye. The dog wasn't seen anymore (or at least I didn't see it anymore) during the weekend. Evening buffet with Wurst, Käse, different soups and a huge pot of cold water helped to cool everyone down and after the check-in was completed, the remaining party moved on to the boarding house until the wee hours next morning.



The breakfast scenery on Saturday morning looked relaxed and several Hashers took the opportunity to roll down the hill with this local Scooters as advertised by No Mercy Master. Paco de Lies, Free Willy (insanely fast), My Sex Energy, the No Mercy Mistress + Son, Sheila Showitall, Gawd Almighty and some more rode it down up to three times which caused subsequent problems. As we left downhill for the 3<sup>rd</sup> time, the lift stopped and those indigenes took their lunchbreak from one to two. What we all did not knew whas that the starting time of the run had to be shifted forward by NMM due to the Gasthof'S inflexibility to shift dinner time backwards. So the run started at one, we all hopped on the lift at one, arrived at half past two at the Gasthof only to find everyone gone. Mrs.Paco de Lies thankfully pointed us the right direction, and within no time Gawd Almighty got changed, and we left the house to catch up with the bastarding rest. It took Free Willy much too long to put on his nylons so we left him behind, being convinced that he would find his

way. The trail again led uphill in a one way direction - a hill is a hill is a hill - and several hikers gave us courage („A runners group? Yes, but they are far ahead and they're all RUNNING!“). As we reached the beer stop on the Wankers trail with Munk, Stormin'Norman and Glo-Balls Gawd Almighty, with no running training in months decided to give up and just wank back down the hill but in the end my beloved Sex Energy and I managed to catch up with the pack on the mountaintop. Glorious outlooks over the scenery and an already rather drunken lot made the scene a bit surreal, even more when Mind the Gap and Leningrad Cowgirl grabbed out some beers from that grave. Due to our latecoming the winebottle which had been carried up especially for my S.E. had been emptied and within shortly the descent commenced, in sight of a heavy black cloud above our heads.



As the first ones reached those Forststraßen again, the overpowered FRB's (Viagra-context?) took it downhill, just to find that they were wrong and had to come up again. Long slopes thru that lovely forest are, over some shiggy and swamps made the way back fast. A little rain was setting in and at soon as that finished the male dogs made up for that by pissing at a Checkpoint, no less than four in a row. The piss Check was turned into the Songcheck at once by Sheepless from Prague H3. Some kilometres later the On Home sign came up and it was no problem to get back to the boarding house. Queenie with her flower addicted dog and Rowdy Tom made just short appearances and left later on. Before the Circle started King Gook's Philippine Goulash soup with a little big dog in it was highly honoured, accompanied by Cheesy breads (Viagra?) and bananas. Visiting Hashers came from Prague, Munich, Stockholm, Beirut, Zagreb, Pescara, Salisbury and Washington. The most spectacular Down Down was awarded to Juicy Headlights when she licked Tequila from King Gook's muscular chest. Viagra pills were awarded then to most of the male ones and all those 10-9-8-7 Tequila Down Downs started to knock me out so the end of the circle I remember only vaguely. The Vienna Viagra Hash was honoured by a visit from the the Holy Virgin Mother of Poke who, going by the hash Name Sister Mary Elephant, appeared at the circle to consecrate the proceedings and offer her blessing to the participants who were about to receive the holy blue substance. A quick down down was given to No Mercy Master and Monk for not honouring her arrival, and then Sex Energy was blessed with the Fertility Award, a statue presented to the Holy Virgin Mother by the Royal Milan & Bordighera Hash. Sex Energy earned the right to receive the fertility icon by reportedly humping her dog. Various sins were punished with down downs, most notably a Zagreb Hasher for completely misunderstanding the aim of the weekend and puking instead of poking on the Friday night all over the threshold, and NMM for pissing during the circle and

desecrating a religious proceeding. Then, the most important part of the weekend took place - the awarding of Viagra, along with a tequila down down to all. It was given to those with partners such as Missionary Man who spent most of the weekend very firmly attached to Bottoms Up - except for the run when he deserted her to be an FRB - to those with absent partners, to one female visitor from Prague who the Holy Virgin Mother in her cosmic wisdom foresaw would have need of one by the end of the night, and to those who the Mother saw were so lame (or is that limp?) that they would need the magic blue substance to get past first base. NMM told the circle that he had confessed to impotence in order to obtain the viagra on behalf of the hash, and in sympathy (or was that anticipation...) the Holy Mother gave him two tablets and the obligatory tequila down down. Her duties at an end, the Mother retired from the circle and it was closed with the hash hymn. Somehow some Hashers made it into the sauna where beer and tequila was either drunk or poured over those stones. The last thing I remember was No Mercy Master and me lying alone in the Sauna, completely done. Smelly Cheese took me back to the Gasthof later (thanks again, man!) and I only came back hours later, differently than No Mercy Master who passed out for the rest of the evening.



Next thing I remember was that firework at night and me stumbling thru the darkness trying to find a way in (Viagra?) to the boarding house. The party was in full movement with those Spicy Girls dancing on the tables (including Rowed Runner, again being coronated Frau Staatsmeister, CONGRATS, Hedonit, Juicy Headlights, my Sex Energy and Mind the Gap (Chief Spice?) The latter hurt his head on a nail which stood out of the ceiling but that only occurred to me the next morning. Again some of us made it back into the Sauna, this time it were eight H3 (Hash House Homos) and Juicy Headlights. Some more beer and tequila was drunken and spilt and the Salisbury Hasher wanted to take a shower with Juicy H.L. right after (Viagra?). Of course she refused and so all those poor males went upstairs again, continuing the party which lasted until 3 o'clock the next morning. Upon Smelly Cheese's idea I took Paco de Lies, who had one drink too many, back to the Gasthof which proved to be quite complicated. Carrying a drunken man in the windy darkness back to another house can be tricky, especially if this guy starts singing as soon as you enter the house in the middle of the night. He couldn't even remember who took him back the next morning. IT WAS ME, MATE!



Sunday morning breakfast was silent and surprisingly the No Mercy Master looked as fit as he hadn't had stress in a month, amazing! Deathwish and him left later on to set the Hangoverrun. Some guys had left already and others couldn't find their way out of bed and so it was a comparatively small crowd which left at 11 sharp for a one hour run round the woods with some gorgeous outlooks again and some climbing upwards. After this - again - very good run the circle started at the boarding house, this time only with much more worn out faces. Sunday saw the fruits of the Holy Virgin Mothers labour and the circle was told that at least three hashers had found a use for the tablets, or had at least managed to persuade someone into the sack with the promise of a good time - hash sex down downs were given, although in the interests of modesty and to protect the identity of those involved a full report on the effects of the viagra was suppressed. However, we do have their testimony on video and are currently negotiating to release the tapes to the international media. Following the outstanding success of Vienna's most famous hashing couple Bill & Monica on the release of their book and video, we anticipate that the viagra edition will not be too far off - we'll keep you posted.

The last and final and more than deserved Down Down was given to the organising crew, No Mercy Master, Deathwish, King Gook, Munk and Smelly Cheese with the Sauna being declared on and open again the weekend came to an end.

Rumor has it that when a truck carrying a load of Viagra slid off into the Ohio River, all the lift bridges suddenly went up.

A Viagra delivery truck was high-jacked: The police are looking for two 'hardened criminals'. They expect a stiff penalty under the penal code.