



# The Great Millenium Bug Weekend

## With Vice and no Obligation

Run # 850

Hares: Herwig, Christina, My Sex Energy and me

To precede such great an event as the 850<sup>th</sup> run, a Pub Crawl (terrific!) was the major event on registration night. Despite my physical presence I was able to gather some details of them happenings, such as the spreading out in groups of several following the wet track to some fine watering holes. Considering that some participants reportedly did not turn up on the runday, it must have been a great success, and here's those great organizers of that pubcrawl for putting it all 2gether.

Such „Inter“hashes are great occasions to meet old pals again and make new friends, for instance Canada Dry, the old faithful mae it aaaaall the way from frosty Ottawa to check out old hunting grounds again. Likkem, once Milan, now Zurich(?) H3 has been seen here before and a phonetical as well as an ortographical pleasure was to meet Mr.Obnoxious Sex Craver, coming from Royal Milan and Bordighera H3 (the 2<sup>nd</sup> oldest Hash in the world in case you forgot!), apart from all those other half-minds coming from Bratislava, Heidelberg, Washington DC, and many another place which I forgot in the meantime, my sincere apologies. I, in the name of VH3, do appreciate that all of you were there to help us to feast.

Saturday started promising. with the four of us setting out to prepare your very own track on the good old, often used location in Gießhübl. Bot cloudy though no rain. Our virgin hare companions, especially Herwig „Dances with Mooses“ were eager to do a good one and it was only at the very start that it became cold, very windy and rainy so conditions were ideal to go. Frankly, some of you looked a bit squashed and weared and teared but nonetheless 70 or so came along and, some 20 minutes late, without our GM (who is about to move back to Salzburg) and our RA (who had a long-time commitment to steal some grapes from someone else's vineyards).

Easily the first part of the trail a, downhill, was found and a wonderful long checkback, done by Herwig, was generally misleading and up to Paco de Lies, after a friendly hint, to find the trail again to lead. Some more downhill to follow and On On over towards Sparbach (neighbouring village) and to a bunch of horny horses with their dicks all out to impress the Harriettes and some guys maybe(?), well uphill thru some more checks onto a very interesting and thorny forest section chosen by Herwig again. Then came the 1<sup>st</sup> liquid stop of the run, with delicious Applecorn being served to the thirsty lot. Later on (guess who carried the litter?) a **RATHER LONG** uphill section followed, but, as to save our Hare's faces, the first FRB was rewarded with a single beer can being stored next to a bench along the track and according to Herwig there was quite some greedy action going on who'll find it.

From then onwards it all became a bit sloppy. Maybe the Friday night was too much for some entrepreneurs, maybe the uphill section (it wasn't **that** long after all) gave the most of you the rest. When the top of the hill was reached, very unlogically two thirds of you bastards began to walk which made the Hare's life (i.e. **us**) not too easy. My Sex Energy already loudly complained that fact at the following song stop (Bestiality's Best, yeh!) and consequently I'd been ordered to stay behind to watch Chewbacca and the Irate Rover not to disappear into the lovely surroundings. I really can't tell what had happened from thereafter as just about everybody was walking so the final beerstop (being placed on a marvellous outlook even overlooking the carpark) was used to damn that unattentive SCB's who headed straight back to the carpark. After some two hours of running, walking, boozing and stuff the On In was reached, with a very, very long circle to follow. Big thanx to Leningard Cowgirl for providing all those tasty breads and spreads. Canada Dry, since his departure from Vienna in July 1998, materialized into a Magical Mystery George (hair and stuff) led two songs; the old „Today is Monday – Monday is a Wanking day“ routine and Father Abraham. Well, and the ExRARK led the circle in spite of the **very cold** wind. Still, well done everybody, thanks a lot for making it a comfortable day.

## **THE PARTY**

was a rather usual Hash party with the exception of Herwig and his IMPRO-X Theater performing exclusively for us. I mean, these people are so funny that if you are in Vienna, you really should take a chance and check these guys out

. (<http://members.tripod.de/improX/>)

Good muzak, nice raffle and the usual amount of booze which made another third of you bastards not turning up for the Hangover run.

### **THE FOUR HANGOVER RUNS**

on Sunday (I'm not kidding!) were set by I won't tell you who did this who chose to put in as much centre of Vienna as possible so in the end from the thirty+ attendees **9!!!** made the whole of it, the rest got lost somewhere or gave up at some point. A Hangover run is supposed to last some 45 minutes, a mild stroll around the sights and sounds, neatly marked with a generous Hare providing you with all the major short cuts. After one hour and 45 minutes the endurant ones got back, being loudly acclaimed by all those who were there already more than an hour. Still, every new experience is worthwhile and somehow the beer made it all up. Thanx to Walter for the setting (shit, I revealed him!), to Glo-Balls and all the other organizers of this weekend.

**ON OUT.**