



VINDOBONA HASH SCRUTINIZER

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Run # Red Dress 2003

Hares: All those who wore the godlike RED DRESS

STAY TUNED Because ... the CUP is OURS!

DEAR MINDPHUCK, on the last day of that remarkable year of 2003, well it hasn't been ZAT GREAT, but I can remember worse years than this one, that infantile and sometimes boring group known as the World's Worst took another go at the annual Silvesterlauf around the remarkable Ringstrasse in our likewise remarkable hometown.

Let's face it, in previous years – so the instigator of this our local tradition tells me time and again – it was just him and the Dr.Smelly Cheese running around with all those fools, not exactly knowing what they or the whole thing were really about and up to. In the past few years although this traditional rounding up of the Hash running year (by no means the same as the Hash fiscal year, say wot Glo-Balls?) became a favourite catwalk for those willing and able to show their rosey flesh and their latest in haute couture en rouge. I need to buy myself a new one as I have the impression that they start to talk about me behind my back, mind you I nearly got voted out of office at the last AGM in favor of A DOG (the Great Raging Bull) and MY WIFE (the Great Sex Energy).

We all love when the impersonation of the typical Viennese Merrymen, otherwise known as the great G-STRING!!! takes on his bright rouge instead of the usual noir (Hey, this sounds like roulette! Rouge et noir, Manque et Passe), not to leave out another one that's close to our heart, none other than the Great FINAL K'UNTDOWN, not to leave out SEX IMMIGRANT (now frequent and regular watcher of Kabul-TV) and so on and so on.

We are still the same old family that you and all the other faithful ones out there make part of if you catch my drift. Well, to continue with the mishappenings, we always try to stick together during the run and – after my 4th red dress run in a row I can say dat– that never seems to work out. Glad to say that our official ending of the year got accompanied by 3000 other unsuspecting, some dressed

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in stuffy pizskins, some as American footballers, some as chimney sweepers. And now I am asking you one thing: No need to go to those Welsh Shores. Our numbers – at least on the red dress – can easily compete with the now 4666 registrees in Cardiff. By now you should of course have noticed that I am writing these lines to you some 5 months after the actual run date.

Reason is that Munk has set some indirect pressure on me by writing you another letter and - in my firm believe – I cannot let him do all dat alone. So expect some more lines to follow.

Crossing the finish line and entering the official area where the coronate the winners has ALWAYS been our battlefield for we ALWAYS block the official ceremony and hold our Hashcircle first. Last year Munk even took a few official winners cups and handed them out to a few Hashers. (They of course got returned later).

Talking about Cups: Did I TELL YOU that we the WORLD'S WORST won a cup for the "Best group dresses?". I couldn't believe dat myself and it was only when Rhymes With C and Egon Pivo (soon to be renamed James Juiced) got to the On In when they told us that they were held back and put onto the podium and even had to hold a short speech(!) Our holy aim for 2004 shall be to order a stack of pizzas, stay for the winners ceremony, get incredibly drunk until they throw us out, with or without cup.

Until then, 't was nice to speak to you again. A molto presto, YOUR GM.



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