

ON! PAPER!

The Magazine of the
LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

VOLUME 32 - ISSUE 7



RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON

For info check out www.londonhash.org



**WEEKEND WINTER TRAILS
ARE BACK.....**



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DON'T MISS IN THIS EDITION

- * Loads of Run Write ups
- * Photos from Nash Hash
- * LH3 keep the H' Ashes
- * Check your run stats
- * More H3 horrors on the way

STOP PRESS

See next page for
details of a fantastic
trail from Hampton



Hampton Court 11th of October

“A trail fit for a king”

A to B from The Cardinal Wolsey

Thomas Wolsey became Cardinal in 1515. He was the most powerful man of his time that was born without noble blood. Behind him he left a legacy of fine architecture and well kept royal parks. Imagine yourself immersed in all this history whilst on trail, and being eyed by herds of red and fallow deer. After a fine run with mostly grass under your feet, you reach the idyllically situated drink stop. From here it's just a short run to the mystery pub at the end of the trail. Yes it's an A to B, which makes it much more exciting than just a standard run around the park. At B you will enjoy a fine pint or two from the Shepherds Neame brewery. Here you can collect bags from the transport provided, and be transported back to Hampton Court if required.

P trail will be from Hampton Court station, where the rail replacement bus service from Surbiton will drop you off. Yes, South West trains have thrown a spanner in the works. Will that put us off? Hell no! Surbiton is only a few miles from Hampton Court, just two short stops. Catch the 11:07 from London Waterloo and change for the rail replacement bus at Surbiton. Cushty, as the old cardinal probably never said.

Spotted on the front cover of a Camra Magazine.....But why would anyone pay for him?

Free

mad cow

Newsletter of the
Berkshire South-East branch of CAMRA



CAMPAIGN
FOR
REAL ALE

- There are 10 types of people, those who understand binary and those that don't.
- Police Station toilet stolen....Cops have nothing to go on.
- Schizophrenia beats being alone.
- If at first you don't succeed, redefine success.
- I think sex is better than logic, but I can't prove it.
- Ham and Eggs: A day's work for a chicken; A lifetime commitment for a pig.
- Lord, if I can't be skinny, please let all my friends be fat.
- Confession is good for the soul, but bad for your career.
- It's hard to make a comeback when you haven't been anywhere. My Wild Oats Have turned to Shredded Wheat!
- Is reading in the bathroom considered multi-tasking?
- Seen it all. Done it all. Can't remember most of it.
- Why do bankruptcy lawyers expect to be paid?
- If you think nobody cares about you, try missing a couple of mortgage payments.

London Hash House Harriers - Run No: 1912

Hare: Pope

Station: Great Portland Street

Pub: The Stag's Head

Scribe: Pecker

Nice balmy night, at the end of one of those sunny days we all forget about when we are moaning about the British Summer. Titanic and Daffy are already there along with Titanic's chum WrexhamHater, a Welsh footie fan who turns out to be a virgin. No Pope, so time to have a beer and watch the crowd roll up like small icebergs on an ocean.

Time passes by, more unfamiliar faces turn up from the steerage decks and staterooms. Some are virgins and visitors and some are established Hashers, which shows how long I have stayed on the quoits deck away from the runners. Time passes and just when we were wondering if we had a man overboard, our navigator, Pope, turns up and Testy can get us ready to cast off.

The visitors and virgins are introduced (see later). Then we learn that it is Titanic's 200th run tonight. There was something else about how 1912 (the run number) was also the year of some oceanographic navigational milestone, but I missed that as my thoughts were already drifting toward the crows nest.

Off we went on an excellent cruise as set by Pope. He had obviously spent a lot of time in the chart room plotting our course round the highways and byways of Fitzrovia and Regents Park. As is traditional when navigating that area, we went up Primrose Hill. A great green iceberg like mound from the top of which we could look down at the unsinkable City of London and catch the odd note coming up from the orchestra on the promenade deck below. The sight of the City below us, all lit up red by the setting sun, almost as if it were on fire, gave us all confidence that our financial futures were as unsinkable as the City.

From that point it was downhill all the way, women and children first, except where some guys pushed in ahead. Back at the pub we were treated to the sight of Tablewhine and Pete the Pilot arguing over a mermaid who had lost her way. Negotiations were concluded when she named her price "I'm eighty three you know" and Pete took her off to an uncertain fate.

The pub's galley produced a magnificent feast, for which we were all grateful and which lead us to consume more from the bar. Finally, it was time for us to reward the navigator for his skills and to say "Ahoy there" to the visitors and virgins.



Down Downs went to:

Pope, who invoked the "One RA drinks, all RA's drink" rule

Visitors: Spare Rib (BMPH3); Manual Stimulator (Bahrain); Kipra (Bahrain); Little Bear (CH3); Nicola Baldwin (Dubai); Picture Me Naked and Against the Grain (Las Vegas H3); Houdini (R2D2 H3)

Virgins: WrexhamHater (Colin Corfield); Sanjay Sundar Titanic, for his 200 runs and going down on the Cambridge RA – for which he was encouraged to get a life.

Mad Cow, for rugby tackling an innocent player in the park (probably mistook said player for a siren)

Titanic (again) for stealing a green bin from an old lady

Death in Venice – or rather, Marxist, for disappearing out of the corner of Testy's eye

Pete the Pilot, for winning the auction over the mermaid against Tablewhine

Mad Cow, Martian Matron and Ryde all got "Honour DownDowns" courtesy of the Las Vegas contingent – quite why, I failed to comprehend as by this time the water was nearly up to the gunwales.

That's all folks. No, wait, wasn't 1912 the year a new boat didn't quite make it across the Atlantic? What was its name again?

ON! ON! Pecker

(Is that really the Titanic behind Spare Rib? Ed)

Dear Norman

I have a confession to make. Last night, on New Cavendish Street, I had one of my turns. But that's not what I'm confessing about. You know my turns. Although this one was a bit different. More like a swoon. And I'd eaten all my vegetables earlier in the day. And I'd been to see the exhibition of Renaissance art you told me about. And the BBC building. Maybe I was a bit tired. But just as I was on the corner of New Cavendish Street and great Portland Street, I swooned. And you know why? I was approached by two gorgeous young men. One of them couldn't have been a year or two over fifty. The other was a year or two over sixty. And what an other. The smoothest skin you've ever seen. Shorts, and the most delightful legs. And hair, Norman, he had hair. But only on his head, which is where I like it. Nowhere else. (I only found that out later.)

And, Norman, this young man caught my arm, and stopped me falling over. And then he wouldn't let go of my arm. Or may be I asked him to hold on. Anyway, immediately he asked me where I lived. Very forward he was, but you know I like that. Then he asked if he could take me home. I nearly swooned again, but he held me tight. Then he offered to help me to cross the road. I asked him if that was alright. Do you know, Norman, he told me he trained people to help others cross the road. I've never met anyone who trained people to help others cross the road. And he was very good at it. He told me that he'd only ever had one problem. One of his trainees – a boy scout would you believe – reported back to him that he'd had a difficult day. How come, said my new friend. I helped an old lady cross the road, said the boy scout. Well said my friend, compared with all the other things you are trained to do, that's easy. What was the problem? She didn't want to cross, he said. Isn't life like that, I said to my friend, who told me his name was Pete. Pete what, I said. Pete the Pilot, he replied. A pilot! I nearly swooned again. But he held me tight.

And he took me back to the hotel. And up in the lift. And along the corridor. And that's why I have a confession to make. Please forgive me, Norman, but he was such a lovely boy.

Your ever-loving wife,

Edna



Photos like these just don't come along every day...



Why fat people shouldn't bungee jump



One of the reasons Mummy won't let him be king.





A Day at the Races – Nash Hash 2009, Perth, Scotland..

We managed to stay dry (well, apart from a few whiskeys & Bridge of Allen brews). You may notice that 2AM is missing from these photos, well that's because he was missing most of the time. He still hasn't had the punishment so don't ask him, listen out in the next few circles!!

A rather attractive woman goes up to the bar in a quiet pub. She gestures alluringly to the barman who comes over immediately. When he arrives, she seductively signals that he should bring his face closer to hers. When he does so, she begins to gently caress his beard which is full and bushy. "Are you the Manager?" she asks, softly stroking his face now with both hands. Actually, no" he replies. "Can you get him for me -I need to speak to him?" she asks, running her hands up beyond his beard and his full head of hair. "I'm afraid I can't" breathes the barman - clearly aroused. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes there is. I need you to give him a message" she continues seductively, popping a couple of fingers into his mouth and allowing him to suck them gently. She slowly continues, "Tell him,... that there,...is no toilet paper in the ladies room."

A policeman cruising past a bar after closing time notices two motor bikes still parked out front. He goes around the back of the pub only to find two bikers, one with his fingers up the ass of the other.

"So, what's going on here?", the cop asks.

The biker replies, "My mate here has had too much to drink and I'm trying to make him vomit."

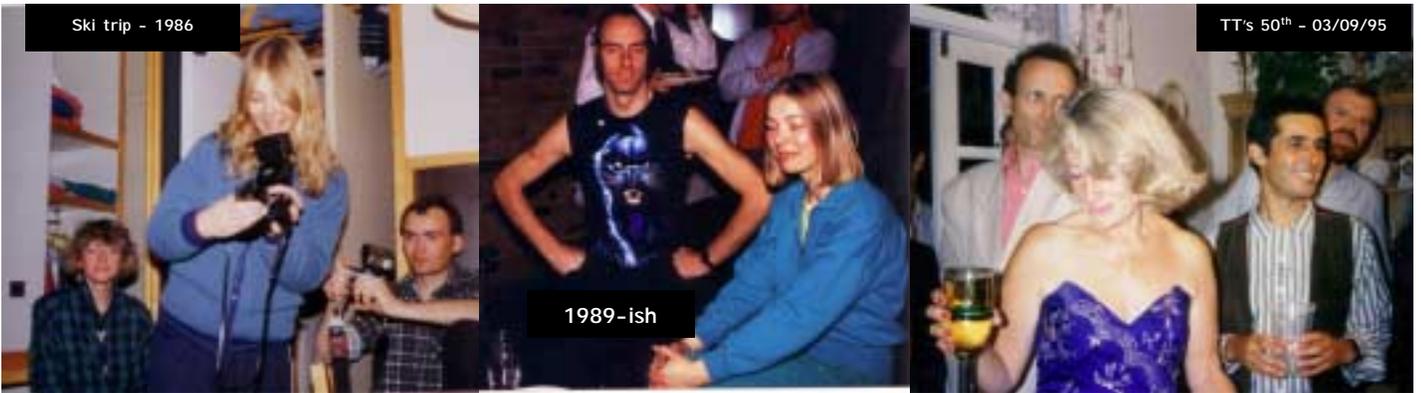
The cop says, "I think you should be sticking your fingers down his THROAT!"

The biker replies, "That's what I'm going to do next!"

- Bills travel through the post at twice the speed of cheques.
- Hard work pays off in the future. Laziness pays off now.
- Borrow money from pessimists- they don't expect it back.
- A conscience is what hurts when all your other parts feel so good.
- If at first you don't succeed, then skydiving definitely isn't for you.

5th September 2009 – Highgate (at Marxist's home)

Hare – Knickers



What a rare occurrence! Me volunteering to do a write up! Actually, it was only because I have known Knickers and Marxist the longest and hope to find some blasts from the past i.e. the long lost photos. The run was to celebrate Knickers 25 years of hashing and Marxist's 60th birthday, some months previously.

Over 20 years ago Marxist use to be the fabled, keenest hasher and one of the few entering competitive races. As LH3 did not fulfil his abilities he started the running group Muswell Hill Runners, which was affiliated to the 3As. They ran 3 times a week, Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Sunday morning. Even I ran the Tuesday 'beginners' for years, entering several 10k and two 10-mile races. Some years ago Muswell Hill Runners became Heathside and is still a flourishing running group today. Hence the two groups at the party, hashers and Heathsiders.

Sadly, no Heathsider came on the run but a good pack of 50-ish hashers set off on a warm and sunny day. No sooner had we set off than I saw Lofty chatting up some young man – she said she was just trying to get him to come on the run – but he was carrying a sleeping bag! The run was longish but as Knickers said – “we've got all day”.

The trail wound its way up through Highgate and Kenwood to the first beer stop in the car park behind the, now defunct, Jack Straw's Castle public house. The venue of Knicker's first run on 4th September 1984. For those unacquainted with the reason, Yvonne was named Knickers because she used to make and sell rather brief flowery running shorts for fellow hashers. I assume Marxist was so called because of his real name, Andy Marks.

The run continued back to Highgate via Hampstead Heath where the second beer stop was held, ably manned by Unacceptable.

On our return to Marxist's huge, rambling house we all tucked into a fine buffet and as the afternoon wore on more and more Heathsiders arrived. Even the lovely Mickey turned up, showing his age now by not being interested in chasing balls – only food. Blunder did a good job of being Head



Chef of BBQ then the circle began. Testi was on excellent form, as usual, and down downs were awarded to Knickers and Pickled Fart (as co-hare), Marxist and two Heathsiders for being 60 and myself (for yet another birthday), Action Man for making a diversion from Dubai, Condom & Femidom as returnees, Marxist's bro' for being christened 'Engels' plus a few others. Well, at my age my memory fails me. A good time was had by all.



Many thanks for a 'right grand do'. Thunderthighs

TRUE STORIES...

There's something in the air at London H3. First H&D & Nice Butt, then Dill Bitch & Charlatan announce another Hash Horror is due in December. Congratulations from LH3!



Airhead receives her award for 100 runs with LH3. Well, actually her 100th run with LH3 was in October 2008 but the tankard and Airhead never managed to be at the same hash.



Look what I found while looking for old photos of Marxist &



ANY ARTISTS OUT THERE? Another blast from the past at the Knickers/Marxist hash was this 300 Runs T Shirt - designed and created by Splash.



He's Fat, he's Round - no he wasn't back then!



Unacceptable in his youth. The first DVD writer



Trigamist jogs his memory



Curly found he got more exercise when jogging whilst listening to a gramophone than an iPod



Monday the 14th
Pub: The Triple Crown
Hare: (KC) Periodical
Scribe: Curly

Nice size pack with a few visitors and returnees. Double entry turned up late and Tango arrived before the run started! The normal hare speak over the pack headed through the gate opposite and into Richmond athletics ground (I think it's still called that) where more than a few decades ago I used watch the Stones, Animals and Yardbirds play. The trail then ran along by the Richmond pool and turned off onto Old Deer park and a false.



The wise old Moron hung back and nipped over the foot bridge ahead of the pack and onto the car park over the railway bridge onto Richmond Green and a check, the on was called fairly quickly and headed around the green to come out on George street then down an alley past a Church and up past the bus station to another check. By now the pack had spread out, the on was up another alley and to and FT, from there hashers got very disbursed until an impromptu re-group virtually under Richmond bridge.

Miraculously Looberty and Rent Boy were still with the pack! (I don't think we had passed any pubs yet!) The on was over the bridge and along the river towards Twickenham, then a loop around Marble Hill Park and across Richmond Road, down another alley and into back streets, it was at this point I witnessed something very romantic! Looberty was running just in front of Bully as if shielding her from the wind! Ah. I did mention it to Bully but could not possibly print her reply. We then ended up at a cheque at Moor Head Gardens and that's where the pack dispersed in all directions with just random sightings from there on, I saw Rambo and Funky Gibbon briefly then 10 minutes later met Rambo again just going over Richmond lock and the on in.

Down downs.

- Usual for visitors.
- The hare, Periodical took his/a sports car to the race track only to run out of petrol before the finish!
- Strap on fell on her tits during the run and then spent the rest of the night milking it (her injury, not her tits).
- Double Entry & Ryde for ignoring the cry's of help from mortally wounded Strap on and running by. What samaritans they are!
- Airhead awarded the 100 runs mug.
- Funky Gibbon for running backwards
- Snow White should have got one for her complaints re pimples on her bum through being ridden or riding, or something like that.



On on, Curly

Q. Why do men get their great ideas in bed? A. Because their plugged into a genius!

Q. What did one saggy tit say to the other saggy tit? A. If we don't get some support soon, people will think we're nuts!

Doctor Dave had slept with one of his patients and felt guilty all day long.

No matter how much he tried to forget about it, he couldn't. The guilt and sense of betrayal were overwhelming. But every now and then he'd hear an internal reassuring voice in his head that said: "Dave, don't worry about it. You aren't the first medical practitioner to sleep with one of their patients and you won't be the last. And you're single. Just let it go."

But invariably another voice in his head would bring him back to reality.

Whispering.....

Dave.....

Dave.....

Dave.....

Dave.....

.....you're a vet.



AH! THERE'S 2AM! Is he back from Nash Hash yet?

The Three Little Pigs

Three Little Pigs went out to dinner one night. The waiter came and took their drink order.

'I would like a Sprite,' said the first little piggy.

'I would like a Coke,' said the second little piggy.

'I want beer, lots and lots of beer,' said the third little piggy.

The drinks were brought out and the waiter took their orders for dinner.

'I want a nice big steak,' said the first piggy.

'I would like the salad plate,' said the second piggy.

'I want beer, lots and lots of beer,' said the third little piggy.

The meals were brought out and a while later the waiter approached the table and asked if the piggies would like any dessert.

'I want a banana split,' said the first piggy.

'I want a cheesecake,' said the second piggy.

'I want beer, lots and lots of beer,' exclaimed the third little piggy.

'Pardon me for asking,' said the waiter to the third little piggy,

But why have you only ordered beer all evening?'

You're gonna LOVE me for this....

The third piggy says -

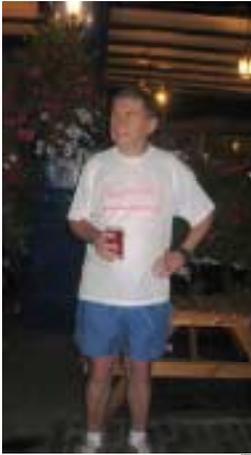
'Well, somebody has to go 'Wee, wee, wee, all the way home!'

Running all over London

LH3 Financial Summary: 5 October 2008 - 2 October 2009 – THANKS TO DOUBLE ENTRY – HASH BANK

Income			
Sales of Haberdash	£687.00	Bank Balance @ Start of Year	£2,835.88
Income from Christmas Party/subsidy	£1,044.49	Bank Balance @ End of Year	£3,237.76
Run Fees	£973.00	Cash Balance @ End of Year	£172.03
Membership Subs	£384.00		
Brewery Tour	£1,795.00		
Contribution for 2000th run	£2,000.00	Average subs collected per run	£19.81
Interest	£1.66	Average cost of down downs & food per run	£16.92
Total Income	£6,885.15	Average profit per run	£2.89
Expenditure			
Haberdash Purchased during year	£1,423.65		
Cost of Christmas Party	£1,252.95		
Down Downs	£828.86		
Food & Drink Stops on Trails	£900.67		
Run Mugs	£73.60		
Brewery Tour	£1,819.55		
Other expenses (Insurance, website etc)	£368.67		
Total Expenditure	£6,667.95		
Profit During Year	£217.20		
Plus value of Haberdash stock	£1,234.00		
Total Profit	£1,451.20		

Euston – 21st September 2009
The Exmouth Arms (near to the Telecom Tower, aka The Post Office Tower)
Hare - Pecker



Well, you see it was like this.....

It was a fairly small pack (please note, Hareraiser "Boggers", Central London doesn't guarantee the biggest packs). Pecker had picked a great pub, The Exmouth Arms (although all evening there was a lot of chat about the Bree Louise next door). Quite a few visitors – all young, so the average age of the pack fell to close to 50! Anyway, there we were running across Regents Park and around the streets to the south of Portland Place tube station. Suddenly we became aware that there was an even smaller pack of survivors.....time for a Survivors photo. I managed to miss all the security guards off the photo but puzzled about why they were there and what on earth this building was to warrant so many of them. So that was my Down Down!



Moreon and Mad Cow RA'd magnificently, in the absence of any regular RAs. Beers went to the young visitors and virgins and the witches coven, who didn't just talk about the Bree Louise, they stopped off on the trail and sampled her wares.

According to Wikipedia The **BT Tower** is a tall cylindrical building in London, England. The tower is located at 60 Cleveland Street, Fitzrovia. It has been previously known as the Post Office Tower and the British Telecom Tower. The main structure is 177 metres (581 ft) tall, with a further section of aerial bringing the total height to 189 metres (620 ft).

The building will shift no more than 25 centimetres (10 in) in wind speeds of up to 150 km/h (95 mph). The construction cost was £2.5 million. Construction began in June 1961. The tower was topped out on 15 July 1964 and officially opened by Prime Minister Harold Wilson on 8 October 1965.

As well as the communications equipment and office space there were viewing galleries, a souvenir shop, and a rotating restaurant, the "Top of the Tower", on the 34th floor, operated by Butlins. It made one revolution every 22 minutes. An annual race up the stairs of the tower was established and the first race was won by UCL student Alan Green.

A bomb, responsibility for which was claimed by the Provisional IRA, exploded in the roof of the men's toilets at the Top of the Tower restaurant on 31 October 1971.

The restaurant was closed to the public for security reasons in 1980.



Uhm...I wonder what this building is?



Eric the Viking who smelled like beer sat down on the tube next to a priest. Eric's tie was stained, his face was plastered with red lipstick, and a half empty bottle of gin was sticking out of his torn coat pocket. He opened his newspaper and began reading. After a few minutes the he turned to the priest and asked, "Say, Father, what causes arthritis?" "My Son, it's caused by loose living, being with cheap, wicked women, too much alcohol and a contempt for your fellow man."

"Well, I'll be damned," Eric The Drunk muttered, returning to his paper. The priest, thinking about what he had said, nudged Eric and apologized.

"I'm very sorry. I didn't mean to come on so strong. How long have you had arthritis?" "I don't have it, Father. I was just reading here that the Pope does."

When shall we 3 meet again? In the Bree Louise of cours



Testi's big hitting keeps LH3/H4 B Team in Front

Sluggish LH3/Herts A Team are forced to toil with second-string Herts H3 players, writes Screw Loose

London/Herts Hashers B Team were made to work hard for what ought to have been a routine Champions Trophy victory over a weakened LH3/Herts Hash A team in Bayford, Hertfordshire yesterday. In the end they won clearly enough, declaring at 83 for 5 wickets. The B team were rescued by some lusty hitting from

Double Entry, who clubbed an unbeaten 2 runs from 47 balls with no fours and no sixes as 78 runs were plundered from the 20 overs. Charlatan and Ryde each bowled 2 overs that cost 24 runs but Lobby Lobster tried to redeem the situation for the A team with some blasting 'right hand slings'. Mark-E-Mark was heard to say "You can see why I always eat my dinner".

Umpires, Flip Top and Soufle, took a few overs before they could agree over the rules but eventually they were forced to give a few wides on Ryde's bowling. Testi and Tablewhine led the batting for the B team with some clean hitting but Tablewhine fell to a left-handed daisy cutter from Charlatan. Testi should have fallen to a fine running catch by TBT but TBT missed. The A team came out in another sweat when Funky Gibbon bowled as wide as he dared and was indulged by the umpires. Sis prepared a fantastic spread, but the chocolate cake and home made scones also contributed to the A team's downfall. **A brilliant day was had by all - Thanks to Flip Top and Sis and the Herts Hash. HOWZAT!!!**



What do you call a sheep with no legs?
A cloud

What do you call a camel with 3 humps?
Humphreys

What do cows do for entertainment?
They rent moovies !

What does a fish say when it runs into a wall?
DAMN!

If a turtle doesn't have a shell, is it naked or homeless ?

A successful rancher died and left everything to his devoted wife. She was a very good-looking woman and determined to keep the ranch, but knew very little about ranching, so she decided to place an ad in the newspaper for a ranch hand. Two cowboys applied for the job. One was gay and the other a drunk. She thought long and hard about it, and when no one else applied she decided to hire the gay guy, figuring it would be safer to have him around the house than the drunk. He proved to be a hard worker who put in long hours every day and knew a lot about ranching. For weeks, the two of them worked, and the ranch was doing very well. Then one day, the rancher's widow said to the hired hand, 'You have done a really good job, and the ranch looks great. You should go into town and kick up your heels.' The hired hand readily agreed and went into town one Saturday night. One o'clock came, however, and he didn't return. Two o'clock and no hired hand. Finally he returned around two-thirty, and upon entering the room, he found the rancher's widow sitting by the fireplace with a glass of wine, waiting for him. She quietly called him over to her. 'Unbutton my blouse and take it off,' she said. Trembling, he did as she directed. 'Now take off my boots.' He did as she asked, ever so slowly. 'Now take off my stockings.' He removed each gently and placed them neatly by her boots. 'Now take off my skirt.' He slowly unbuttoned it, constantly watching her eyes in the fire light. 'Now take off my bra.' Again, with trembling hands, he did as he was told and dropped it to the floor. Then she looked at him and said, 'If you ever wear my clothes into town again, you're fired.'

LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS ATTENDEES 2008-9 – THANKS TO TITANIC FOR THESE STATS									
	TDH Predicts 2008-9	2008-9	TDH Predicts 2009-10	TOTAL LH3 RUNS		TDH Predicts 2008-9	2008-9	TDH Predicts 2009-10	TOTAL LH3 RUNS
Last Tango	40	40	42	270	Horrible	10	11	13	15
Ryde	43	40	44	700	Please Sir	12	11	10	571
Tablewhine	30	38	38	314	Lilly Von Stoop	14	10	8	30
Testiculator	44	37	34	134	Pickled Fart	21	10	13	263
Pete the Pilot	31	35	33	657	Pope	6	10	8	438
Thunderthighs	30	35	33	1217	Trigamist	19	10	8	293
Eric Sutherland	31	33	31	281	Yorky Porky	5	10	8	42
Knickers	26	33	30	362	Beach Bum	14	9	8	27
Boggers	41	30	6	444	Beer Banger	No Prediction	9	7	32
Double Entry	17	29	24	128	Cyst Pit	4	9	8	23
Screwloose	17	28	24	255	Gaylick	3	9	8	22
Domesticator	23	27	13	58	Hands On	12	9	10	54
More on	24	27	26	176	Lofty	5	9	7	654
Rambo	16	25	22	750	Mick Mac	7	9	8	485
Skylark	25	25	25	36	Scarface	No Prediction	9	8	123
Teapot	29	25	17	63	Sthweeheart	New hasher	9	6	11
Titanic Dickhead	13	24	15	204	Black Hole	7	8	8	53
Jilted Jugs	22	22	14	130	Caboose	8	8	8	74
Funky Gibbon	New hasher	20	32	20	Called Away	4	8	5	54
Unacceptable	17	20	17	409	Love Wizard	New hasher	8	5	8
Mad Cow	19	18	19	106	Ship of the Desert	18	8	3	25
Curly	No Prediction	17	16	21	Wacker	5	8	8	13
Martian Matron	25	17	18	153	Periodical	No Prediction	7	5	166
Hot and Delicious	22	16	12	75	Road Kill	No Prediction	7	5	12
Jaywax	14	16	12	36	Hard Core Bomber	9	6	10	133
Bonnie	5	15	10	59	Dunny Penny	11	6	7	203
Ging Gang Goolie	New hasher	15	18	15	Kaffir	No Prediction	6	5	428
Nice Butt	18	15	11	26	KC	14	6	8	481
Not Out	16	15	16	62	Pecker	8	6	5	57
Souflait	16	15	15	233	Robert Walmsley	No Prediction	6	4	8
2AM	16	14	13	166	Strap On	6	6	8	9
Baldrick	8	14	11	21	Airhead	8	5	5	103
Bhopal	8	13	14	65	Bear Behind	4	5	4	19
Butt Plug	20	13	11	75	Bulldozer	8	5	6	92
Sleek Cheeks	No Prediction	13	9	35	Cheap Shit	6	5	5	16
The Erector	New hasher	13	22	13	Daffy Dildo	10	5	7	147
Aussie Bear	New hasher	12	8	13	Footloose	No Prediction	5	4	54
Marxist	11	12	10	560	Linford	6	5	6	45
Rent Boy	12	12	11	212	Lost	New hasher	5	11	5
Snow White	12	12	8	176	Orders	New hasher	5	3	5
Fat Bastard	4	11	14	108	Twin Peaks	No Prediction	5	5	27
Hijacker	9	11	10	89	Wheezer	6	5	2	10