



## PORTO INVICTA HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

### Run #22 on 22<sup>nd</sup> – The Day Snake Shagger Went Live

(...and nearly killed us, but in a loving way)

What an *awesome* 8.5 km torture session—sorry, **trail**—from our brave (or clueless) first-time **live hare**, Snake Shagger. Starting at Mercado metro station in Matosinhos on a cloudy-but-sweaty day, the pack assembled, still pretending we enjoy exercise.

Special shout-out to **The Vampire** and **Major Clanger**, who deliberately drove down from the North—proving that questionable decision-making is alive and well in PIH3.

Apparently, they just *had* to experience how much shiggy Snake Shagger could throw at us. Spoiler: too much.



The live hare was granted a 10-minute head start. Generous? Maybe. Necessary? For Snake Shagger, apparently yes.

The pack kicked off with a 500-metre trot along the grassy metro line—urban hashing at its finest.



Then came the first check at a massive junction that confused everyone except Swing Low, who miraculously sniffed out the ON ON like a truffle pig and dragged the pack toward the giant carpark and oil tanks. Very scenic. Very romantic.



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Then Snake Shagger thought, *"How can I traumatise them early?"*

Answer: **The Stinky Tunnel of Doom.**

A 100-metre long horror passage—dark, slippery, stinking, and absolutely not up to EU safety regulations. The pack shuffled through like blind penguins on ice. The Vampire, terrified of falling, moved at approximately 0.0003 km/h. Miraculously, no one died. Possibly because death would've involved lying down in that shit.







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Emerging from the tunnel with their souls slightly darker, the pack entered a residential area full of *checks*. Mark Sex declared that giving the hare 10 minutes was “far too much.” The checks weren’t spaced far apart, but they *were* obvious enough that even our half-minds managed to sort them out. Miracles everywhere.

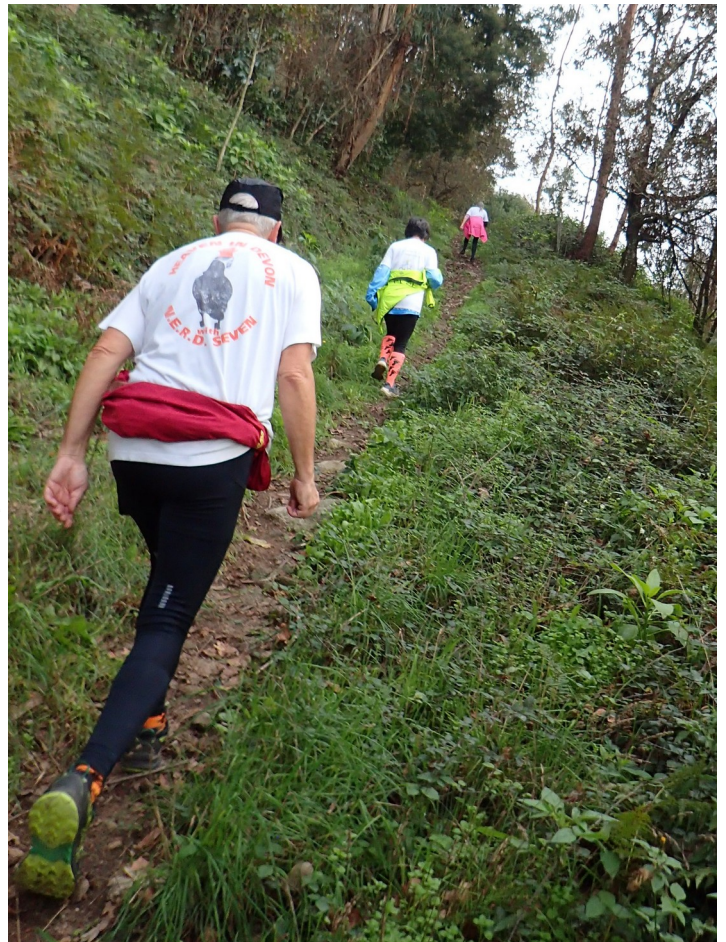
Snake Shagger, worried the run didn’t have enough suffering, insisted on adding woodland. So he apparently spent his entire childhood scouting a riverside forest for this moment. The pack zig-zagged through the greenery, bouncing over checks, slipping around roots, and pretending they were enjoying “nature.”



But did the trail end there?  
**Of course not.**



We still had to tour gardens and parks with statues and fountains—Snake Shagger clearly wanted us to appreciate culture before dying.







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Finally, with about 2 km to go, we pushed through a *normal* tunnel (boring), crossed two bridges, and staggered toward the finish.



To clarify the risks posed, this Salamander did not survive the trail.



And this clay pigeon was one of few that dodged all the shot from gunners placed on the hilltop.





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Snake Shagger arrived 20 minutes ahead of the hounds and immediately froze to death in the cold breeze while waiting. The pack rolled in, alive but questioning their life choices.



### Circle time!

Snake Shagger was punished for the excessive checks and for dragging us through The Tunnel of Eternal Stench.

Major Clanger was down-downed for failing to catch the live hare (something something "race yesterday," blah blah excuses).

The Vampire wore the wrong hash shirt. Again.

And PIH3 proudly wrapped up with our unique hash song, scaring the locals as usual.

Then it was ON AFTER at a café where we replenished fluids the only way hashers know how.

Huge thanks to Snake Shagger for laying an epic, hilarious, chaotic, unforgettable trail. We loved it—mostly because we survived it.

**ON ON to Run #23 6<sup>th</sup> December , with our virgin hare, Shaft Erector!**

Bring spare underwear. Something tells us you'll need it.





