



PORTO INVICTA HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run #23: Shaft Erector's First Time

(...and Mother Nature gave us a wet sequel: 'Hashing in the Rain II: Electric Boogaloo')

November had fucked off, but clearly forgot to take its shitty weather with it. But Invicta doesn't let a little moisture stop us—we're used to wet conditions.

Shaft Erector was about to pop his trail-setting cherry, selecting São Mamede de Infesta station as ground zero. He'd spent quality time plotting a route that would extract maximum suffering from the local terrain.

The pack—consisting of MisD^oErection and Mark Sex—rolled up by train just as Shaft Erector and his faithful Sherpa, Swing Low, were finishing a romantic sandwich at the tasca across the way. A couple of virgins who'd shown interest suddenly discovered urgent appointments with their couches. We'll be chasing their arses for the next run.





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Mark Sex arrived dressed like a walking Durex advertisement, fully kitted for penetrating precipitation of all varieties.

After Shaft Erector described his markings (mostly wishful thinking at this point), the pack set off toward the main road, finding some flour but discovering that most had been washed away like a harriette's makeup after three pints.

The day was warmer than recent ones, meaning every surface was dripping wet—even the bits not getting directly shafted by the rain. Basically, everything was moist. Very moist.



So our virgin hare was discovering that laying clear trail is harder than it looks (story of his life). But the pack stayed on trail



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with only minimal whinging, until hitting the woodland where flour blobs were indistinguishable from discarded shagging sheaths—apparently a popular spot for outdoor intimacy. A refreshing change from the usual seagull shit masquerading as hash marks.

Eager to get this over with quickly (premature finishers, the lot of them), the pack was actually *running*—a shocking development. The



sweeping hare only kept up thanks to his own checks, plus the bonus checks created by Mother Nature's pressure-washer treatment of his flour.

Trail wound through more woodland, farm tracks, and



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soggy bits before crossing a railway line into housing—where hashers could practice their favorite hobby of looking suspicious to residents.





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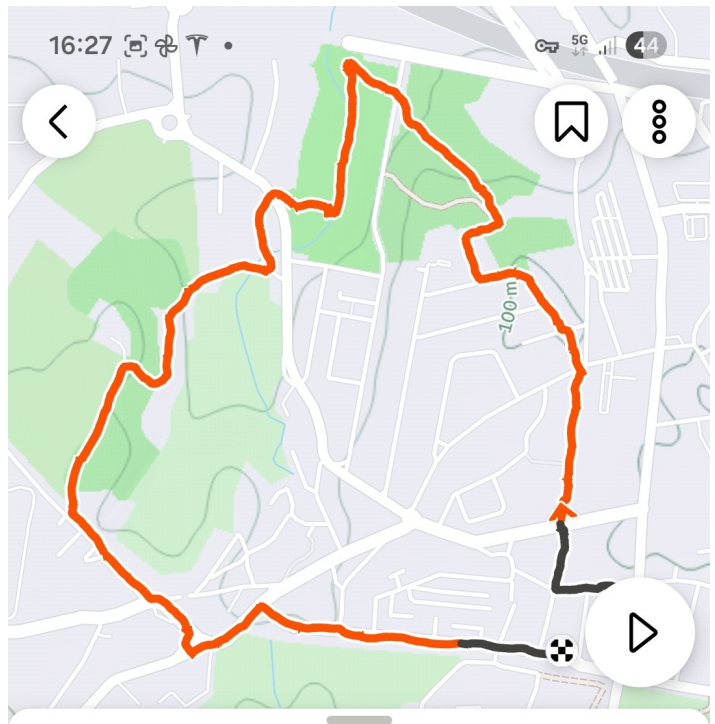
HERE is photographic proof that trail was actually marked, if you squint really hard and believe in yourself.





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The map shows the trail as intended—plenty long enough for a day when your bollocks are trying to retract into your abdomen for warmth. The pack completed in just over an hour, possibly a land-speed record for "let's get the fuck inside."



The Circle of Warming

The subsequent circle was salvaged by Mark Sex's mulled wine and mince pies—proper festive lubrication. Down-Downs were liberally distributed to everyone present (not difficult with a pack of four), and "Hashing in the Rain" was sung again with improved enthusiasm and all the verses. Never more fitting as we stood there dripping like a pack of wet terriers.





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The On-On-On: Where It Got Good

Straight across the road to **Adega Braseira**, where despite looking like drowned rats with a drinking problem, we scored a table after a short wait. Demolished some proper warming



Papas Sarrabulho (pig-blood porridge—hasher fuel), plus presunto and queijo da Serra. All washed down with vinho verde siphoned straight from the massive steel tanks at the bar end. And the bill? Cheaper than therapy. Definitely returning.



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ON ON to Run #24 - 20th December

Hares: Whoppa and O Fadolena (our loyal visiting Viennese)

Start Point: Jardim Inglês, Ave. Brasil, Foz do Douro

NOTE: 4PM START (for those who can't tell time when pissed)

Expect:

- Festive trail (- as festive as the council provides.
- Festive circle (start the hangover treatment at this point)
- Festive On-On-On at Nhac-Nhac
- A wee tree to be violated and decorated in true Hash fashion (tastelessness required)

ON ON!