

9 June 2014

Run No. 2312 "DIY Pub Run"

Hare = **Tinkerbelle**

Venue = Boundary Hotel, Boundary Street, West End

<http://www.doozycards.com/queen-birthday>

It was the Queen's Birthday holiday, and **Anchovy** had deemed it a "DIY Pub Run, as no hares had volunteered. But then I awoke at 4:30am with a raging ~~hard-on~~, err, desire to set a hash run. It had been ages since I'd set a run, like shit, seven days ago. So it was off to West End with ~~spray paint~~, err, gyprock, and a couple of hours later, I'd marked a trail.

Later that arvo I rocked up at 5pm, then stood there crapping myself for the next 45 minutes, wondering if anyone else was going to show. Finally **Craft & Scruffy** arrived, then **Handjob & Anchovy**, and the pack swelled until we had a group of about 20. There was one visitor – **Orgasm** from Canada. **F*nut** warned me that the last time there'd been a run from the Boundary Hotel, they closed at 7:30pm, so they had to go across the road to get food & drink. So I met the publican, and he assured me they'd stay open to 8:30pm and keep a chef back.

F*nut called the circle to order, and then it was off up Boundary Street. The walkers (led by **Mortein**) went south and then did a clock-wise loop around the Brisbane River. This time they avoided the urge to walk aimlessly around the same loop several time, and they managed to find their way home before the runners.

There were 9 runners including myself who weaved a trail of CB's, FT's and 360s that led to Sussex, Baynes and Colville Streets, with **Even Optus** and **Bugs** leading the way, as well as **Craft** and **Scruffy**. There was a loop down/up Dornock Terrace that kept everyone together, and at this point **Little @rse Play** and **Waste of Time (C#nt 1)** short-cut home. From here we went down the very steep Sankey Street then back up the equally steep steps to Dauphin Tce, and a re-group. **Anchovy** noticed a runner below stop to read some Greeny sign, and thinking it was **Wasta**, yelled a heap of abuse... only to find it was some local jogger who got quite offended.

From here the trail followed Brydon, Beaconsfield, and Chester Streets to some bush and a little foot bridge up to a two-way on Amphill Street. Here we branched right along Rosecliff Street to St Itas Catholic Primary, then down into the park beside the Green Bridge, before running up to a drink stop in Harmony Garden. **Anchovy** was cursing all the farkin' hills. (Fortunately for him, there was to be only on more hill, all be it the freakin' long one up Gladstone Road.)

After a quick rendition of "Nothing could be finer then to be in her vagina", **Optus**, **Bugs** and myself led up Gladstone Road to the rotunda in Dornoch Terrace, on top of Highgate Hill. **Craft** was running well, too. All seven remaining runners including **Turbo** congregated around the tap, scaring some local bloke half out of his girlfriend.

Then it was a short run downhill along Hampstead Road and Vulture Street, with **Optus** and **Bugs** back to the Boundary Hotel in just under 45 minutes.

The circle was in the hotel car park. **Radar** went straight onto the ice, for last weeks' farcup, where a number of walkers got lost in Toohey Forest. **Twin Tub** recounted accusations that **Radar** was a "buffoon" and that, if he had three more brains, he'd have the IQ of a goldfish. There was a suggestion that **Layup** should designate **Radar** as C#nt 4.

Don't know how I missed getting iced, despite pissing off early last week after helping set that run, and leaving **Radar** to face the music. (I had to watching the epic showdowns of The Voice.... plus my entertainment co-ordinator had scheduled my annual eyebrow comb and nose-hair trim for that evening.) Sh!t, what do you have to do to get Shit-Of-The-Week around here, when **Luftwaffe** and **Snappy Tom** are monopolising the ice? I'm down on my KPIs and worried I'll get demoted from C#nt 2 status.....

Next up, **Luftwaffe** got iced as **Little @rse Play's** delegate, over the weekend's camping fiasco to Stradbroke Island. The weekend cost **LAP** about a grand, after **Cleo** forgot the tent, and her dress for the concert, and the food, etc. Then he ended up spooning the dog in bed, and falling asleep in the concert. Top effort!

Final icing was Anchovy, for the earlier incident - abusing the jogger.

SOTW by popular vote went to **Little @rse Play**.

Food and drinks at the Boundary Hotel didn't happen (again), as they'd turned out the lights, bolted the doors and f#cked off early. (Was it because of the rabble they'd seen in their car-park?) So it was over the road to **Anchovy's** ex's place (Archives). The pizza and the Angus Burger were good. Conversation recalled days of yor, including Kuntry pissing in people's pockets, who'd shagged who, and how much dirt we had on one another if anyone every tries to run for parliament.

Run 10 / 10
Circle 10 / 10
Food 10 / 10

(What scores did you expect, when you ask the hare to write the run report?)

On on
Tinkerbelle