

28 July 2014

Run No. 2319 "Pre-Seniors Run"

Hares = **Handj*b, Minder**

Venue = Crown Hotel, 446 Lutwyche Rd, Lutwyche

Err... G'day. Me name's Tweety. I'm a first time runner wif Brisbane Men's Hash, so I've got no friggin idea wi I'm riting this run report, as I don't have da foggiest idea woo anyone is. Jest because sum wormy litle dick in glasses sed I haf two. Probably the phirst and last time I'll evar cum along.

So how'd I get heer too Hash? Well sum dropkick calling himself Tinkerbell paid me \$50 so he culd pretend he had a mate. I shuld have charged more, 'cos he wanted me to rememba some bullsh!t story about how we'd bean to Universiti togetha, and thet wew is both injineers, and thet we started running hash togetha moor then thirtie years ugo in Duri, Central Sumatera.

So I rock up in the carpark behind the Crown Hotel in Lutwych. Fark me, there's the pack of forty or so miserable looking miscreants standing in a huddle. How pathetic, God knows how they'd run five paces to get out of the way of an exploding colostomy bag, let alone run for an hour or so. Some tool drives up in a beat-up VW beetle and starts telling jokes. Then the little wormy prik gets up and calls a "Circle" and two buggers walk forward and say they're "Hairs". I look at them, and they do look a bit hairy, although a bit grey. Apparently their names were Handj*b and Minder, if I remember correctly. The one called Handj*b says the reason for the run is that both of them are about to have 65th birthdays and are looking forward to being seniors and wearing incontinence pantz. They say the run is set with chalk and paper; the latter should come in handy cos the action so far has given me the sh!ts. And it beats wiping your arse on a possum, like sum bloke called "Bags" (or was it Bugs?) apparently did a couple of weeks ago. Supposedly the run has no hills and is as flat as a Harriette's chest.

So it was "On on"? and we ran off through the car park, heading back towards the city, and straight up a checkback up a farking great hill. There's this big tall C#nt out front, (Camel-something?? I think he was with the military, cos his hair was all shaved off), anyway he kept running in all directions and finding the path, down Goodacre St, then looping back up Flower, Bowser, Brook and Ernest Streets, and eventually we headed north to Kedron Brook. There was another grey-haired geezer out front now, don't know his name (Even something), he was wearing a fluorescent T-shirt and he ran pretty well. I was running further back with some scruffy bugger who looked like he has leprosy; his face is all blown up, peeling and red.

We crossed over a bridge to Tindal Street, and there was this circle thing drawn with "360" in the middle. No idea what that means, but I had to laugh, cos that wanker called Tinkerbell ran off in the wrong direction and ended up running an extra couple of kilometres, as he followed the walkers calling "On on" from further back behind. The rest of us followed Kate Street and then the parkland down Kedron Brook, to a "Regroup-thingy"? near the new bypass on Gympie Road. I was stuffed and as read as a beetroot, so I stopped for a blow and all tother buggers stoped and started

sucking up all my oxygen. Annie way we all tried to look really fit and watched a hot Chic doing an exercise routine, she was super impressed by our athletic prowess and the fact that we sang a nice song about Ruling Britannia with Crackers up your arse...?!?? we plaid hard to get and bolted down Kedron Brook Bikeway, past Kedron High School (I was secretly planning to ditch the other drongos and double back at for a crack at er except some bugger kept watching to make sure I didn't get "lost")

I think we ran down Gorman and Eveleigh Streets, to Kedron Brook Road, before that lanky young military C#nt got caught running up a check-back up a laneway behind Woolloowin State School (or was he just trying to perve on schoolgirls?). We eventually found the trail up Isedale, Almora and Felix Streets, through the new Lutwyche Road transit terminal, to an impromptu regroup on Bradshaw Street, to let this tall whinging prick catch up (don't know his name, but he was probably slow cos he kept tripping over his huge doodle). From here, we got lost up Lucas Street, before running back through Prentice Park, and Tobruk & Chapel Streets.

There was a big circle for deviates standing around some eskies of beer in the carpark, talking about how some silly old fool had been sitting on a block of ice with his pants down, about four years ago, when a cop car with two female coppers had pulled up and wanted an explanation of what he was doing. Anyway, we were only standing there a few minutes, when another cop car, this time male coppers, drove into the circle, to loud applause.

The wormy little prick in glasses stepped forward and started spruiking something called a "BallsUp". I don't know what that is, but apparently everyone is going, and they just need to get off their arses and pay for their tickets. Someone called Verbal-something said he had a table for 10 booked. Then a fellow called the "Monk" (I think his hash name was Multiple-something, probably Multiple-Farkin, cos he says that a lot), started making people sit on a block of ice. I can't remember them all, but that drop-sh!t Tinkerbelle got iced a couple of times, once for some bullshit about his 9 year old girlfriend calling him a paedophile, the other for dressing up in a kilt and upsetting the harriettes at Skinnychino hash on the previous Saturday, after hiding tickets in his Sporrán and under the kilt. Then the bugger who kept whinging on the run and tripping over his doodle got iced cos his missus said his doodle isn't long enough anymore (after seeing what was under Tinkerbelle's kilt). There was a charge about somebloke talking on his phone in the circle on last week's run, and something about a serenade song he was singing to his girl "Cleo, Cleo, I want to roger you, I'm getting horny, I need a root or two, you'll have to beg my pardon, but I've got one hell of a hard-on, and you'd look sweet, between the sheets, with me on top of you". But the deviate who got called the Shitty Old Twat Wanka?? (SOTW??) was some c#nt tradie called something like Leftie, or was it Luftie?

Then we all disappeared into the Crown, where there was an excellent deal on the meals - \$12 got you a meal (steak, chicken pyjamas, seafood basket, etc) AND a beer. Bloody great value, and all up, a good night.

Run 9 / 10 (Good use of CBs & loops, and good to see Tinkerbelle get lost)
Circle 9.5 / 10 (Lots of charges)

Food 9 / 10

On on
Tweety

