

## Run 2330 Harden the F\*ck up Run

Hares: **Tinkerbelle**, **Dr Who** and **Virgin**

When **Tinkerbelle** titles his run "Harden the f\*ck up" and dark storm clouds gather overhead, a hasher should seriously consider abandoning the run and doing the walk.

**Tinkerbelle** sporting a brand new hair cut and was about to go for another snip the following morning at St Andrews Hospital. Was that for nip and tuck or does **Catgut** do vasectomies these days?

When questioned about the impending downpour, the Monk in his usual nonplussed manner brushed away any criticism of his power over the weather. Is this a man getting too comfortable in his skin ?

**Tinkerbelle** pointed out the direction of the run start and as the football field venue was at the lowest geographical point in the western suburbs, that automatically involved hills. And there were plenty of them.

A number of the wiser hashers detected a similarity in **Tinkerbelle's** approach to setting runs with that of **Radar** and **Pushup**. So some of the early wimps were **JC**, **LAP**, **Monty** and guess who **Radar** and **Pushup**.

The first check involved most of the 10 or so runners searching the undergrowth of Cubberla Creek beside the venue. **Verbal** could smell the BBQ from there so some bravery and dedication was required to keep the pack on chalk.

The pack then moved towards Moggill Road mostly on creek banks or in the sandy dry creek bed.

After Moggill Road with Mt Coottha in sight it was a steady series of down one hill and up two. Fortunately **Splat**, **Optus** and **Grewsome** were keenly finding the checks and even working in cooperation at the 360 checks with advice from **Best and Less**.

I did not notice **Craft** checking his time on this run. Mind you the amount of rocks and shrubs on the run would have made his time slower than usual and not timing saves culling the outlying bad statistics later on.

I did not feel too bad when struggling on the up-hills as **Scruffy** was usually there to keep me company. What is it about old men and hills?

Three, one metre high pipes in a row under the motorways were back killers. The tallest of the oldies group **Miles** decided to save his back and run around the third pipe. Cunning stunt.

Back to Moggill Road and **Grewsome** without his GPS was very suspicious of a runner ahead who was calling on down a steep hill. He thought the FRBs were pulling that old Scottish trick to lure him into a check. It turned out to be **Tinkerbelle** trying to get the pack home before 07:15. **TBs** plan did not work but the down hill home run was a relief.

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The GM, **F@cknut** was keen to blood-let over incidents at the wine weekend at Ballandine. **Anchovy** the main target, wisely stayed away from hash for a second week. Obviously waiting for the temperature to subside. Without him the other charges against **LAP** and **Irish** did not seem to make an impression and fell as flat as **GMs** bike tyre.

**Monk, LAP** could not be iced so substitute **Mortein** was placed on the dunny. Followed by **Irish**, and **Pushup**. Then **Father R. Screw** made a sin solving visit. His sinner was **JC**, accused of discussing superannuation at a rival hash club. Now **JC** is an old retired accountant and one would expect him to be in "I remember the day" mode. But giving encouragement to a rival hash is an outright sin and when requested to repent, he rejected the episcopal approaches of **Father Screw**. One wonders how many other past offers from **Father Screw** he has had to refuse.

Well deserved **SOTW**. (where is the shirt again?)

With the festivities over the hares asked us to queue for nosh when a huge rat rushed to get to head of the line. He was dropped kicked onto the field by Chef **Kreepy** and the pack got to enjoy the bacon burgers washed down by Bin 555 Shiraz and Peroni beer.

Run 8/10

Food 7/10

Drinks 9/10

Waiters.....where was **Coco**?

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PS: Swift recovery TB