

Run No. 2332; 27 October 2014

Hares: Virgin and Tinkerbell, with assistance from Catgut and Scruffy

Ekka Plaza Run

Venue: Tarragindi Recreational Reserve.

"... the run is called X EKKA PLAZA the famous House of the 70 s at Ekibin when all the residents all 7 of them were members of the Hash House Harriers. 3 of those residents 1 of which is Virgin the Hare are still with the Hash!"

A steamy Brisbane Monday night in October, and the RA had sweaty palms. A large storm swept through Tarragindi around 5 pm and washed away the trail. Little Arseplay was worried that the storm would drench the runners. He'd survived a previous wet run at Kenmore and it looked like his luck was spent! No such problems for Virgin and Tinkerbell! Virgin was setting up dinner well before the run started and Tinkerbell had arranged for Scruffy to reset the run and Catgut to remark the walk trail! The hashmen gathered and it was a pretty good crowd for a wet night. Chardarse was there, "pay yer fees yer bastards!" I didn't see Drimprick, funny that!

Mu was there, taking a short break from making sugar in Indonesia. He carried on about his inability to hire two bikes in Brisbane on the weekend and ride over the Goodwill Bridge. Plus, the bugger stopped shaving! Bloody tourist! F*cknut called the Hares in to explain the run. He also welcomed Son of Handjob. Now, that is a puzzle! How can a hashman called Handjob have a son? I thought it takes more than a handjob to have offspring! Anyway, young master Palmer does not have five sisters.

Then Tinkerbell pointed to the runner's trail and then the walk trail and the packs were off. As I turned to run, F*cknut pushes a piece of paper into my hand. What's this? A secret message? No! "Verbal, you write the run report this week!" I put the paper and pencil into my pocket and that was the last I saw of them! Anyway, the run went across Cracknell Road, along Shaftesbury St. and into the Souths Junior Rugby ground! However, the pack worked out that Scruffy only had chalk when he remarked trail, so they picked that the trail emerged further along at the Weller Road corner. The pack hit a CB on Fernvale Road and headed back up Weller Road, crossed Toohey Road at the Wellers Hill State School, and into the Wellers Hill bushland. The pack tried the same trick of predicting trail on chalk only but just fooled themselves! The runners split up and checked out trail. The pack called on, and trail continued through the bush around to Marshall Road. This time the pack picked the trail on chalk and climbed up the access road to the Wellers Hill Reservoir; round the reservoir, then into the back of the state school. From there it was onto Chamberlain St. and left on Toohey Road then back to Fernvale Road. I thought that I was running well until Miles O'Tool passed me and asked me if I was going to the Over Sixty function. Bugger! I'm not sixty, try the other VD! Scruffy showed his Skinnychino experience and took the trail up Lawrie St. along the Tarragindi Bikeway and behind the scout hut to a Regroup. From there the trail led onto Newington St. Tarragindi Road, down Laura Street across Cracknel Road and home.

Most of the walkers were enjoying a steak sandwich and beers as the runners returned. They seemed happy and Virgin put on a good feed. He was worried that he may run out of beer. What about the hash beer? Apparently Grand Master F*cknut, Joint Master Irish Joke, and Leach had taken a short cut but had not returned from the walk. Embryo was keen to get the circle underway! Most other hashmen enjoyed a chat and wondered in amusement how the GM got himself lost! Finally, the GM arrived, and complained about climbing over median barriers on the South East Freeway and dodging trucks! I guess that he's called F*cknut for a good reason! Lucky he's not called Road Kill! After more moaning, he coerced various hashmen to collect the eskies from his car and we enjoyed the hash beer. VD stood

talking while his well-behaved dog watched the hashmen eat. Fortunately Boxer didn't bring his dogs. Apparently, Radar is in Gladstone and left it to Bedpan to have his dog, Darcy, taken to the vet. Now there will be no more dog turds in the circle.

Finally, the GM regained his composure after dodging trucks, and called the circle. Most hashmen were happy with the trail, and F*cknut tried to explain how he f*cked up the shortcut! Better still, Monk Little Arseplay called out Catgut. He proceeded to show a newspaper article of the good Doctor Catgut, touting for work! "Cut your leg off? Dr. Catgut can fix it!" There were various other charges against miscreant hashmen and then Deputy Monk Multiple Choice took the circle. Luftwaffe didn't even wait to hear his name. He simply dropped his short and sat on the ice. Multiple launched a blistering attack on his regular victim, something about late nights on the coast with a woman and her family and waking the household at 3 am. Luftwaffe seemed quite pleased with his exploits while the pack kept count of the curse words that littered the verbal assault from Multiple Choice. I recall that the roles were reversed a few years back when Luftwaffe was monk. Next, Meatywhore informed the circle that Ringbark is the latest Brisbane Hash Life Member. He discussed a possible gathering to drink a beer in memory of Ringbark, who wanted no fuss and no wake!

Sh*t Of the Week went to Catgut and he even got the shirt!

Next week's run is Melbourne Cup! Bring your betting money, suckers!

Run was pretty good for a live hare and 8 out of 10, while the circle was an 7 out of 10.

On On Verbal Diarrhoea