

Red Dress Run

This is the day when GMs and followers come out of the closet and don their finery. There was a sea of red at the Plough-Inn Hotel at South Bank. Hashers all willing to do their bit for the Salvation Army cause. Local drinkers' jaws had dropped and the Chinese tourists loved it. Queuing up to have a photo with Spermwhale Santa or any of the 'out there' costumed hashers standing nearby will be lasting conversation back in Tiananmen Square

Scruffy was all a fluster. 'where are we going to do the down-downs?'... 'where are the hares?'... 'where is the hash beer?' He had volunteered as MC for the event with the solid backing of GM of Thirsty, Wagga Rod.

Tinkerbelle appeared in the crowd in fluoro wig and a little short tinsel number. He also was feeling the strain. His co-hares had deserted him but the rain had not. After setting a walk and a run he was preparing to re-set the washed away arrows. No choice but to live hare the run which made a total of about 20km of Brisbane that he had traversed that day.

With a bit of coaxing the noisy crowd managed to shut up long enough to listen to Scruffy's excuses as to why Radar was not present. The apology was allegedly in the 2 metre long aerogram sent from Curtis Island. Scruffy, a true pro played the crowd by introducing the visitors from all the Brisbane clubs, from US, Nigeria and even NSW but time was getting away.

When the main BCC Christmas Tree is in King George Square most runners could pretty much guess where the run would meet up with Santa so the back checking runners shared banter with the short-cutting walkers at the Art Gallery on the spider bridge and at the City Hall.

From Santa's sing-a-long Tinkerbelle took the runners on a road less travelled while the serious party animals found the shortest route back to South Bank.

There the red ratbags raged with the solo muso doing a good job of old favourites.

Again Scruffy and Tinkerbelle battled to gain crowd attention for the down-downs. Served from that limbo stick instrument of torture for short people, the hares and organisers were christened.

Then the bar staff chose the 'best dressed' of the night. Winners were a couple dressed in black and red zig-zag and tinsel witch's hats and a guy decked in a Charleston version of a Masai warrior.

Mr and Ms Publican presented Brisbane GM with a docket for the \$580 collected for the Salvos and in true publican form quickly took back control of the docket 'for security reasons'. All credit to the hard working organisers.

All in all a fun time and the absence of many BH3 runners was noted. Most of those old farts are past partying anyway and the eye candy on the dance floor would have been wasted on them!

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