

Run No. 2347; 9 February 2015
Hares: Waste O'Time & Mortein
Ordinary's Run
Venue: Paddington Tavern.

The hash assembled in the carpark of the Paddo Tavern for a Monday night run in memory of Ordinary! There is nothing unusual about that. There were lots of attractive young ladies walking past the pub and the hashmen ogled them. Again, nothing unusual about that! Chardarse was in attendance, and he reminded the pack to "pay yer fees yah bastards"! Still nothing unusual! Miles O'Tool drove his Mercedes into the carpark via the exit and continued past 3 parking spots and drove out the entrance. Yep, same, same! However, there is always something different about Irish Joke! He never worries about appearing silly, especially on Monday nights at hash. So, Irish was dressed in new walking boots with snake gaiters, a backpack full of 'borrowed' witches hats, new half-length walking trousers, two new walking poles, and a hash shirt that barely covered is ample girth. That was his unusual way of letting us know that he's off to Tassie to walk the Cradle Mountain track. One smart hasher commented that if Irish is not careful on the track we'll have an Irish Joke memorial run very soon! The Hares, Waste O'Time & Mortein, sat at a table outside the bar and enjoyed a few beers after setting the trail, but they looked like the two old hecklers in the balcony from the Muppet Show! They even heckled the pack.

Anyway, GM XXXX called the pack to attention and after about 5 minutes they quietened down enough so that the GM could talk. He called out the Hares to explain the run. Mortein announced that it was the Ordinary Memorial Run and that there were no hills, while keeping a straight face! Waste O'Time possess a face that has never been straight. He added that there was a drink stop, and agreed that it was probably near Ordinary's old house.

Then Mortein pointed to the runner's trail on Given Terrace and Tinkerbell was off. Trail turned left down Campbell Street and wove around the back streets, without any hills! It went down Guthrie Street to Castlemaine Street at Suncorp Stadium. The trail skirted the football stadium and emerged onto to Caxton Street, crossed it, and then down the service road at Hale Street. What followed was a series of up and down the non-hills between Hale Street and Petrie Terrace, with ample Check Backs and False Trails. Too bad the Hares used FT when they meant CB, and visa versa. Experienced hashmen like JC had already out thought the Hares and we Regrouped at the bottom of a non-hill on Earl Street opposite the Normanby Hotel. XXXX chuckled that it was no wonder that the Hares were knackered after setting the trail with all those non-hills. CRAFT said that we all know what you get on a Paddo run and that the Drinkstop would be worth the effort.

So, after entertaining an attractive young woman, who was passing the Regroup when Scruffy sang about five Chinese crackers up your arseh0le, the pack crossed Musgrave Road at the Fiveways and headed down the bikeway behind the Brisbane Grammar School. Oh! Even Optus easily picked the Checkback heading to the Roma Street Parklands. Trail passed under the old pedestrian bridge, which extends from the school over the railway yards and the Inner City Bypass, and then turned right into the school grounds and over the bridge. Miles O'Tool figured that the footbridge was the fastest way to Ordinary's old house and picked up the pace in anticipation of a cold cup of rum and coke at the Drinkstop. So it was over the bridge and into the construction site for the Legacy Way toll road, with lots of barriers, temporary platforms and stairs. Trail emerged onto the footpath beside the ICB and back to Victoria Park Road where the Hares provided drinks. Yep, lots of rum and ice in mixture with just a hint of coke. We drank to Ordinary's memory and laughed at the sight of the walking dead struggling up Norman Terrace past Ordinary's old house. So, with the drinks removing all memory of the non-hills and

saving the hares from being iced, the pack headed on-trail through the Kelvin Grove campus of QUT, up Musk St and across Kelvin Grove Road, to a regroup at Charlotte Street near the pedestrian bridge over Hale Street. From there it was pretty much on home, down Chrystal Street, through the children's playground at Princess Street, before emerging onto Given Terrace at Dowse Street. We ran through the stragglers of the walking dead and into the real estate carpark for the circle.

Brewmaster F*cknut coerced various hashmen to collect the eskies from his car and we enjoyed the hash beer. Embryo was keen to get the circle underway but he was detained with full trouser pockets! GM XXXX called the circle and prepared the ice. First the Hares, Waste O'Time & Mortein, were called into the circle. Then it was fashionista Irish Joke who dropped his fancy pants for a cold seat. Miles O'Tool was questioned about his driving into carparks via the exit, and various other miscreants were called out. Unfortunately our Monk, Royal Screw, was away. However the GM was able to call upon an experienced hasher, Vaso, as stand-in Monk. Vaso called for a report on the behaviours of hashmen at the recent Halfway Cocktail Party. Both Anchovy and Beachball had attended, but Beachball was still hiding! So, Anchovy was called into the circle along with Beachball look-a-like, Luftwaffe. The similarities being short, bald, and ugly! Apparently, Anchovy had behaved himself, drank lots of cocktails, and entertained plenty of harriettes. Not so for Beachball, who in a drunken stupor was mauled by a particularly large harriette, and he returned to the party covered in lipstick. Tinkerbelle asked if she was the kind of girl you had to roll in flour and look for a wet spot! Yep! That was her! Yep! That was Beachball's style!

Next week is the Valentines run with the Harriettes at the Lord Stanley Hotel.

Run was pretty good for another Paddo run mostly because it was predictable and the rums were cold!

On On Verbal Diarrhoea