

Brisbane Hash House Harriers
Run No 2352 Irish Joke & Royal Screw
Brookfield Showground

A fair sized pack assembled near the Brookfield Showground. **TWINTUB** was in attendance and was keeping the pack amused with his usual supply of corny jokes along with complaining about the traffic that he had to force his way through. That was even more amusing than his jokes. **GM XXXX** welcomed **GREWSOME** back to Hash by presenting him with paper and pencil which was supposed to help with this here run report. Maybe he should have used 'em. **VERBAL.....** (fucked if I can be bothered using the dictionary for the second part of his name) arrived by public transport and was in full praise of the system, too bad **TWINTUB** hadn't given it a try. Hon Sec., **CRAFT** was busy cooking the run count, I'm sure he takes bribes, and after a few words from the hares the pack was off and running, albeit in ever reducing circles, may I add, as we were back at the start within about two minutes. **TWINTUB** drove for two hours for this, remember. After a few garbled instructions from **IRISH JOKE** (Something about a sandy beach) the pack was off again. After a couple of CB's, up Boscombe Road and Deerhurst Road it looked like we were finally on the right trail. Following the line of Gap Creek we plodded on, at a fair pace, with the usual pricks up the front.....**JC, EVEN OPTUS, SPLAT, BUGS** (Of course, showing everybody how difficult it is to run at the age of 71, must be on drugs) **TINKERBELL, CRAFT, PEEWEE, XXXX, ANCHOVY, VERBAL, MILES O'TOOLE** and **TWEETY** were all there, plus **GREWSOME**. I know there were 13 because good old **TINKERBELL** does keep track of how many arrive at each **RG**. I don't think he is worried about the welfare of the pack, or losing anybody, I'm sure it's got something to do with how many beers are consumed. He couldn't give a fuck about you lot. The pack did eventually get to that sandy beach that **IRISH JOKE** had mentioned, that meant we had gone too far and had to go back. Eventually we were back on Brookfield road and at the **RG** four of us peeled off for a shortcut. The main pack continued over Greentrees Avenue, Creekside and Rafting Ground Road and home.

The **SCB's, VERBAL** and **GREWSOME** encountered a bewildered, and slightly displeased **JACKOFF & LEECH**, lost on Brookfield Road. **JACKOFF** had the shits because he had asked a local walker for directions and was completely ignored. That Glasgow accent of **JACKOFF's** scares the shit out of people, you couldn't blame the bloke, really.

Back at the venue all hell was breaking loose as **FUCKNUT** was going off at **EMBRYO** for having his usual extra beer, or three. It must have been a rough day for **FUCKNUT**, maybe his parking meters were playing up or something....or the thought of watching the Lions for another season...who knows? The food was being served out before the circle and it was a bit concerning to hear **IRISH JOKE** yelling out that we hadn't to take too much meat.....a Hashman could die of starvation driving back to some far off Brisbane suburb, on reduced rations.

GM, XXXX called the circle to order and Hash Monk, **ROYAL SCREW** proceeded to call out the miscreants :-

CHARDARSE for some act of snobbery against high vis. wearing workers who were having the audacity to frequent the **GRUMPY OLD HASH BLOKES's** coffe shop.

IRISH JOKE for holding a breakaway Wednesday night event in opposition to the **MIGHTY BREKKY CREEK HASH** Shame Irish, shame

GREWSOME for some trumped up charge
There may have been another nominee but I can't remember

CHARDARSE was **SHIT OF THE WEEK**

GOOD RUN
GOOD VENUE
GOOD FOOD

OnOn Grewsome