

Brisbane Hash House Harriers
Run No 2367 Irish Joke
City Oysters, Meadow Ave., Coopers Plains

My first run, back after injury, and guess what....write up the run report. Just as well I wasn't a **SCB**, otherwise I'd have missed the most exciting aspect of this run.

Easy parking and the prospect of sampling some fresh oysters were a couple of the attractions to this run. The number of attendees looked to be a bit down but as start time drew near the regulars started to pitch up. **JC** and **CRAFT**, recent retirees are always prompt and ready for the Monday night runs. **IRISH JOKE's** brother, Ned, encouraged the early starters to sample the oysters and they didn't need to be told twice. Great oysters they were too, Tasmanian and South Australian.

Eventually **XXXX** got the circle going and after some instructions from **IRISH**, in Swahili, I think, the pack set off along Boundary Road and out on to Beaudesert Road. After crossing the main road it was into Desgrand Street and up Kerry Road. By this time it was pissing down and we had **JC, BUGS, BEST and LESS, CRAFT, TIGHTNUTS** and a few others out there and setting the pace. By now all the arrows had been washed away and we were struggling to maintain any enthusiasm. Out of Kerry Road and along Beatty Road, near the airfield. It was around here that the real runners, **BUGS, TIGHTNUTS, BEST & LESS and GREWSOME** separated from the stragglers, who decided to shortcut home.

Up Beatty Road and left into Mortimer Road, still pissing down, visibility was obviously a problem as **BUGS** head butted the **HUGE** side mirror of a parked truck. A fair bit of bad language ensued as **BUGS**, blood pouring from his noggin, crawled around in the puddles, looking for one of the lenses from his specs. For the next twenty minutes four **HASHMEN** risked their lives on the treacherous roadway, cars flying past and drivers not giving a fuck whether they ran us over or not. Eventually the lens was found and it decided to walk back, rather than risk any more damage to parked vehicles. **BUGS** assured us that it was just a scratch but we tried to call **FUCKNUT**, the only **HASHMAN's** number that **TIGHTNUTS** had in his phone. **GREWSOME** came up with a brilliant idea, to call his wife, who, for some reason has every **HASHMAN's** number on her phone so that she could then phone several of the **HASHMEN** who were back at the venue, and perhaps one of them would care enough to drive out and collect the injured **BUGS**. This idea wasn't so brilliant after all as the bunch of **oyster munching kuntz**, couldn't have given a fuck about the injured **BUGS**. Probably didn't want blood all over the interior of their flash cars or didn't want to miss out on another round of free oysters.

Can't remember who got **SHIT OF THE WEEK** but it was probably, **SNAPPY, MILES O'TOOLE or LUFTWAFFE**.

GOOD RUN
GOOD VENUE
GOOD FOOD

OnOn
Grewsome