

Run No. 2372; 3 August 2015

Hare: Kreepy Krawler

Not the Brothel Run

Venue: Kenmore Tavern.

The hash assembled in the carpark of the Kenmore Tavern for a Monday night run beside the giant Aldi brothel! Sorry, not a brothel! It had been a while since the hash had run from the Kenmore Tavern and the car park had been greatly reduced by a big German shop. Yes, a shop! The women working in the shop had their clothes on! There was a reasonable crowd for the Not the Brothel Run. CRAFT was checking off the names. Jackoff and Splatt were warming up for the run. Well, Splatt was warming up! FuMu returned for a visit and even cut short is fishing and drinking trip to join the pack. Apparently, a number of hashmen had been away on a rustic weekend of trekking, farting, and drinking. Some were still recovering and were unable to run! Pushup wandered about in his work clothes rather than running gear! Anyway, the GM XXXX called the pack to attention and after about 5 minutes they quietened down enough so that the GM could talk. Brengun took the opportunity to announce the RRR Lunch to the assembled hashmen, most of whom are retired or planning to retire in the next 40 years. GM XXXX called out the Hare to explain the run. Kreepy Krawler announced that there were no hills, while keeping a straight face!

Then Kreepy pointed vaguely in the direction of Moggill Road, and Tinkerbell was off. There was no trail through the carpark but it started on Moggill Road and turned left into Boblyne St and onto the Cubberla Creek Bikeway. The first Regroup was outside Possum's house. She didn't take kindly to the loud hashmen singing outside her door, and set a big hairy dog on the pack and threatened to turn the sprinklers on us. The pack took the chance and waited for Miles O'Tool, Brengun, and Little Arse Play to make the Regroup without being drenched. Running up the hill had obviously disoriented Miles who looked over his left shoulder and asked about Brengun, who was running just off his right shoulder!

Trail went along Flemming Road, Birchley Street, and onto Ironbark Road to another Regroup. Optus and Bugs were doing most of the checks and Royal Screw used his local knowledge to take it easy. The pack ran past the Chappell Hill State School and around the tennis courts before emerging onto Tristania Road and home to the Kenmore Tavern. Bit short and not many marks on Tristania Road.

The runners and walkers took over a small section of the shopping center car park and enjoyed a cold beer and waited for the final runners. Irish Joke turned up. He must have joined the run late as we'd not seen him on the trail. That's the benefit of being a local. Brengun ran into the carpark, but no sign of Little Arse Play. One wag suggested that he may have found the brothel! No such luck and Little Arse Play finally joined the pack. He explained his absence with some vague story of a brothel on the hill along Bielby Road. Anyway, with his return the circle commenced.

Brewmaster F*cknut was absent but he had coerced Anchovy to look after the booze. With F*uck away, Embryo and Fang restricted themselves to just one beer! GM XXXX called the circle but without the ice. First the Hare, Kreepy Krawler, was called into the circle. While the run was a little short, nobody complained! Then there was Brengun who addressed the circle with stories of hashmen taking on the elements and not winning! It was Miles O'Tool who bore the scars of fighting off a big rock while Brengun's legs were covered in Band-Aids! Apparently, Royal Screw had a few minor navigational problems and got the whole group lost for the entire weekend! However, the real concern of the weekend was Tweety. Apparently, the other hashmen were so attracted to him that he was forced to sleep in his car rather than bunk with the others. Tweety cursed his animal magnetism! Then he

explained his theory that one in seven blokes bat for the other side, and then he proceeded to count round the circle pointing to every seventh man!

Then the advertisements started. Brengun reminded the pack about the RRR Lunch in three weeks. XXXX discussed the Black Tie Affair. Finally, Tweety was awarded SOTW and was presented the shirt which was still warm, wet, and smelly from the run! Interestingly, Tweety immediately put the SOTW shirt over his naked torso.

Then the pack retired to the bar and a beer or two!

On On Verbal Diarrhoea