

RUN REPORT #2376 – scribe Brengun

Well we assembled in the carpark of the AA Hotel, a spot which has seen an infamous run set from, it goes back in BHHH history anals over the years. There was a huge attendance compared to last week, must have been 50-60, versus about 20 or so last week. Is there a message here that runs set out in the stix attract few runners? Committee take note

May be it was in honour of Chardarse (alias Maaaaaaaaaaaaaax) burfday. The hares Maaaaaaaaaaaaaax and Optus briefed us on the run/walk and off we went. Of the say 50+ there were 10 runners and about 40 walkers, sign of the times. Who would have ever foreseen this back in the early 1980's?

The trail set off from the back of the pub and I can only report here on the run as the walkers were not encountered after a few hundred metres from the start. I will name a few names among the walkers, **Waster, Grusum** (both usually run? what's going on?) **The Tub, The Bludger, The Ball, The Bomb, The Whore, Divot, Barebum, Lufty, the two hipsters Radar & Zit, The three knees uppers Layup, Tweety & Fang, - Fucknut,** and surprisingly **Pushup** (I thought he would run until death do he part), The walkers beat the runners in by about ten minutes or so and had cracked the grog. I was lucky enough to get the very last full strength beer! So all the other runners would have missed out Whinge Whinge - Grog masters take note. **Fucknut** had his opener for the German bottle tops and asked for a \$5 fee for use, to be deposited to his personal bank acct. (Like Bill, Shorten)

Back to the run. There were 9 runners to start with, but another late comer **The Screw** caught us to make 10. Named not in order of speed or any other merit as merit was thin on the ground with this bunch.

JC, Arseplay, Scruffy, Turdo (oops I meant Turbo), **Bugs, Tightnut, Craft, The Bell, The Screw** and yours truly **The Gun**.

After a few steep hills I found I was running pace with **JC** – I thought all my secret training had paid off until he informed me he had run the Bridge to Brisbane yesterday and was suffering fatigue. Bugger!!

Same went for **Scruffy**. After a series of FBH's we ran along Willmington St into Bank St Reserve. Here the hares made good use of soft grassy terrain and a maze of tracks up and down around in and out of bush it seemed forever. At the only wet creek crossing all got across OK except **Arseplay** last one over and in he went with his feet up to the knees - his language would have had him kicked out of the courtroom.

Arseplay and Me were not surprisingly at the arse end of the runners (may be we rename **Arseplay to become Arsend**). Then kaboom !! In the reserve out of the bushes like from nowhere, emerged **The Screw**, he started late and caught us (frigging athlete). He delivered the ultimate humiliation to **Brengun** and **Arseplay** asking if he had caught the walkers a second time. After we emerged for about the third time from Bank St Reserve it was on home downhill. Short cutters **JC & Scruffy** were joined by me (**Brengun**), and Turdo oops **Turbo** on home, the rest of the pack came in about 5 minutes later.

The circle was conducted by GM **XXXX** who welcomed **Sparrowfart**, ex son in law of **Cock Robin** after an absence of 11 years. Last time he made a comeback it was after his divorce and we suspect this is repeated again now. He may be following **Radars** footsteps to retain $\frac{1}{4}$ of his house; or in **Radars** case was it $\frac{1}{8}$? Anyway **Sparrowfart** was shocked to learn his ex father in law had died five years ago, some families are really close. Good fodder for New Idea magazine. The **Screw** tried to sing the Cockrobin song, but was lost for words (about the first time ever for this motor mouth) so XXXX gave a tremendous rendition of the old song "Who KILLED COCKROBIN" he knew all the words - GOOD ONE XXXX"

Our Indian Monk **The Screw** called up a number of miscreants including **Waster** who had attended an afternoon movie matinee at Indooroopilly, sitting in the back row, with popcorn (OR WAS IT BOILED LOLLIES), and supposedly masturbating throughout the movie, IF SO IT WOULD HAVE SPILLED POPCORN EVERYWHERE.

Tweety WAS REQUISITIONED twice BY THE MONK to bend in front of miscreants AND RECEIVE THEIR GIFTS OF NATURE, kind of like a carpark performance of the famous porn star BEN DOVER.

We sang Happy Burfday Maaaaaaaax and he kindly put up \$100 on the bar for the 60 or so drinkers, (do the math $\text{max} - 100/60 = \$1.66$ or a quarter of a schooner each). anyway it was nice of him. I was lucky enough to get the last freebie about 2.5 minutes after the bar opened.

Divot and **XXXX** ran the raffle, the first for a hell of a long while. May be they can reduce subs next year, or at least for over 60's, hey! would that not be for nearly everybody?

Good steaks for \$13.50 (I heard usually \$12.00, but with a surcharge of \$1.50 refunded to Maax for his \$100 on the bar – is the rumour true?)

Good run, very well marked and good terrain in spite of hills – 8/10

Food good for a pub 8/10, but with Max surcharge – 7/10

Brengun