

Brisbane Hash House Harriers
The Unknown Run No 2381 Ringpiece & Irish Joke
Simpson's Falls, Mt Coot-tha

Arriving early for a Hash run isn't always a great idea. One you get the job of scribe and two, you get parked in by Hashmen who drink more than you and linger around talking shite so you can't get your car out till they decide to go. Luckily I was parked in by a **Hashman** who wanted to rush home to his brand new house.

Tinkerbelle was his usual cheerful self until I told him that **Craft** wasn't coming and that he would have to do the roll call. He settled down after a while and then became engrossed in organising parking for every car that turned up, even non Hash vehicles.

The hares busied themselves putting up lights and carrying on with their kitchen duties while bemoaning the fact that they had run out of toilet paper when setting the run. Bad omen.

After the usual 4 minute waffle, that told us next to fuck all, we were off and running, hoping to get back before the impending storm. It took us about ten minutes to leave the vicinity of the tightly packed car park, with pipes to go through and all sorts of obstructions put in our way. The **FRT's** were **Tinkerbelle, JC, Even Optus, Tight Nuts, Royal Screw and Bugs with XXXX, Scruffy and Grewsome** bringing up the rear.

After a while we found ourselves on the Malculata Track, which just went up and up. It was just about then that I remembered to activate my GPS and stop watch (Senile old prick, you may well say). A bit of confusion round about the Paten Road Track turn-off, before continuing up the Malculata Track, over Sir Samuel Griffith Drive, where **Scruffy** decided to shortcut for home, and on to Stringybark Track then the Eugenia Circuit. Real confusion for about ten minutes as the pack searched for even a fucking morsel of bum roll. With lightning flashing overhead and loud peels of thunder, **Even Optus** headed for the hills before coming back to report, "no fucking paper." Eventually **Tinkerbelle** found an arrow heading down Powerful Owl Track. Coming in the opposite direction was a mixed pack of runners, some really tasty looking, too. **JC** was all for abducting one from the rear of the pack. I think it was a female, which is in his favour. Just after that **JC** got the scent of home and, as is his usual form, he was off like a rocket. **Grewsome** slipped on his arse soon after and **JC** begrudgingly slowed to $\frac{3}{4}$ pace, feigning a minimum amount of concern, before sprinting off down the track. **Even Optus** did the right thing and held back to guide the **GM** and others, in the right direction.

The run was about 6k long with a rise of 217m and the **FRT's** got back in just under the hour. The grog tasted particularly good after the exertion of the run and Irish Joke had produced one of his fantastic sangers and bread dishes.

The **GM** got the circle going and then handed over to the **Great Curry Muncher, Royal Screw**, religious adviser to the masses. Without **Luftwaffe** and **Multiple Choice** it could have been slim pickings for the monk but no, last Friday's Over 60's Lunch provided plenty of indiscretions. **Even Optus** was inducted and got pissed, **Whammy** took ownership of one of the crappers, leaving desperate **Hashmen** to piss in the sink and some shop owner took offence at his female staff having to witness several **Hashmen** having a pissing contest against an outside wall. **Brengun** took the coveted **Shit of The Week** prize though. As the group discussed the passing of Jonah Lomu he questioned, "Jonah Lomu, I don't remember him. What was his **Hash** name?" He obviously falls asleep before he gets to the back pages of his beloved Courier Mail.

Good Run 9/10

Good Venue 9/10

Good Food 9/10

OnOn Grewsome