

25 May 2015

Run No. 2361 "The Four Musketeers Run"

Hares = **Snappy Tom, Little Arseplay, Divot & Pushup**

Venue = Archive's Beer Boutique (Meet at Rear Entry?), Boundary Street, West End

Once upon a time there were four musk oxen that became best friends. They did everything together. When it came time for them to get new harnesses, they all went to the tack shop together to be fitted. Alas, one of the musk oxen, **Snappy Tom**, wasn't too sure of foot and tripped inside the tack shop, stumbling over the work bench and then falling forward, fatally impaling him upon a long, sharp device for punching holes in the leather straps. Grief-stricken, the three surviving friends huddled together, tears streaming down their furry faces. The shop owner was deeply touched by this display of friendship and loyalty and said, "I can see from now on the motto for the three musk in tears shall be one for awl and awl for one!"

*"Never fear quarrels, but seek hazardous adventures." (Quote: Musketeers)*

What type of run do you get when you marry up **Snappy Tom, LAP, Divot & Pushup**? Now there's ugly offspring!

The venue was the Archive Bar, apparently owned by **Anchovy's** ex. Being close to town, numbers of hashmen were up, but there was a lot of pre-run grumbling about the lack of parking. There was one visitor – **Where's the Beef. Splat** looked at home in West End, blending in with the hipsters, with his man-knot and beard. Grand Master **XXXX** called the circle at precisely 6:15pm. **Snappy** explained that it was going to be Run of The Year, short, flat, well-marked, with no hills, set on chalk / paper / flowers (obviously going through some poor sucker's garden)!

Being such a short run, it was great to see an number of the part-time walkers/runners stepping up to run this night; and a big pack of twenty-three (including **Irish Joke, F\*ckNut, Handj\*b, Vaso, Layup** and **Monty**) headed off up Russell Street. The initial half of the run was set by **Snappy/LAP/Divot** and had your typical Front Running Bastards – **Optus, JC, Splat, Bugs** and **Royal Screw**, with **Tinkerbelle** running up check-backs and **Scruffy** telling him to "try to keep up" when he had to double back! Mid-pack had **Craft, Turbo, Tweety, Miles O'Toole** and **XXXX**. We hit the Brisbane River with **Anchovy, Luftwaffe, Multiple Choice** and **Verbal Diarrhoea** still in sight. Unfortunately **F\*cknut** threw a fetlock and was promptly shot by **Baron von Layup**. We found the first Re-Group, signalling the start of **Push-Up's** half of the run.....

We knew we were in trouble when we crossed the Green Bridge over the Brisbane River. After negotiating the hills of St Lucia (it was here that **Irish** finally succumbed to his pneumonia and collapsed in a wheezing heap and was promptly shot by **Baron von Layup**), to the second Re-Group in Toowong. **Monty** was heard to say "Fark this!" as he headed for the Royal Exchange Hotel. **Vaso** and **Layup** joined him.

The rest of the run was a bit of a blur, passing through Anzac Park, across the Centenary Highway, and into the lantana on Mount Coot-tha, with runners dropping like flies along the way. 26 km and five Re-Groups later, we got back at 9:30pm. The walkers were clearly pissed off by the lack of hash beer, subsequent to the untimely demise of **F\*cknut**., but we managed to lever the boot of his car open.

**XXXX** hastily called a circle with the few remaining hashmen. With **Swami Screw's** help, **Pushup** was immediately iced for the long run with poor markings. **Vaso** and Anchovy were iced for rigging the recent Hash Golf tournament. And naturally **Luftwaffe** also landed on the ice after picking up a lady in the Valley, only find out later that she was a "He" (how does he do it,

every week?). But Sh!t of the Week went to **Snappy Tom** for telling the hashmen that they had to “enter the back door” for this run (Rule One violation).

The On-On in the Archive bar was poorly attended, due to the late time and the loss of so many hashmen on the run, with **Tinkerbell** whinging incessantly about having to pay \$15 for some yuppie beer that he couldn't pronounce the name of, and which tasted like camel piss.

SOW = **Snappy Tom**.

Run 5 / 10 (run a bit short by Pushup's usual standards)

Circle 5 / 10

Food 5 / 10

On on

**Tinkerbell**