

The Famous Nudgee Beach Mud Run

The many Hash clans from all over Brisbane and Sunny Coast gathered at the Nudgee Beach car park in anticipation of another epic mud run. For the likes of me I still don't understand why they insist on calling it a Run...it is a walk, swim, wade....very little running involved.

Apparently **Radar, Floater and Jake the Peg** were responsible for setting the run so I held high hopes of a well set, not too difficult run, especially after **Radar** kept telling everybody.. "took it easy on you wusses this year"

Soon found out this was another one of those "definitely no hills on this run" claims we hear every run.

At 6.15 as promised the BHHH GM **Shitbags** sent everyone on their way. Only having been on one mud run before during which I nearly drowned, I told a few hashers "keep an eye on me in case u see me going under." That made me feel so much better.

After a little play along the road, and everybody missing the trail on the first 360, we headed off into the real stuff. Normal walking thru the mangroves until our first water crossing which was really only a wade. The second crossing was the same, so yours truly was feeling confident as **Tweety** flew by yelling something about not wanting the beers to get hot.

We finally came to a fast flowing swim crossing. Half way across, with soggy boots and old cotton t shirt that now weighed 20 kg, I thought shite, not going to make this...

As I called for help to passing hash people I thought I heard, "let the muslim bastard drown." Surely I was mistaken as we are all now living in a much more enlightened age. Still no one came as I slipped below the surface, and Alloh and the Prophet Muhammed called to me. As I was going under for the last time I felt a hand...allhamdullilah...it was **Chuffy** from Thirsty Hash. Stilling struggling to stay afloat **Optus** and **Sticky** joined in and we finally made it to the other side...I think I kissed the mud.

No time for talking we ran on to the loud calls of the forever FRBs **Craft** and **Tinkerbelle**.

Another water crossing loomed. I asked **Pushup** to mark where I could touch mud, and carrying the 20 kg t shirt and escorted by my lifeguards **Optus** and **Sticky**, I made it to the other side.

Off we set again, crossing swamps full of dead trees but thank God no more swimming and things were looking up. Feeling much better now and thinking the beach was in sight, we ploughed into the last swamp crossing only to sink down up to our chests. After about 50 metres of very slow going (the hares had sprung one last surprise...as if we needed it) it was getting very dark, and I heard the calls of The Lost behind me. Could that be my lifeguard **Sticky**? I knew she would never drown with the two big flotation devices she was carrying, but I had images of her wandering around aimlessly in the mangroves until morning.

After calling and flashing our light she finally made it along with some guy I didn't know.

Onward to the beach and the last RG which no bastard held....did they even care that we were MIA?
After dragging ourselves along the beach we finally made it to the ON ON.

Missed most of the icings as I was too busy sucking on a stubbie to try and counteract all the swamp water I had swallowed. Did notice Boxer and his two faithful hounds on the ice but not sure of the charge.

Yours truly put **Sticky** on the ice and I nearly fell over when I saw her pull her tights down and sit her little fanny on the ice (that's aussie not US fanny). Well done **Sticky**, and who was the hashman heard to yell, "I want to take that ice home?" Any way the charge was for broken promises. After the last water crossing **Sticky** said to me, "at the next crossing im going to roll you over and pull you across **Mu**." Well I waited and waited but alas there were no more crossings.

The good news was no sharks were sighted and all runners survived. I think next time the t shirts need to state...**I did the Mud Run and I survived**. For some of us this holds great meaning.

The food was great and plentiful... bread,steak, sausages and multiple salads...obviously not organized by men's hash, and the beers were cold and plentiful as well.

Not sure who did the actual run but as I told **Scruffy, Multiple Choice, Barebum, Luftwaffe and Hand Job** of my near death experience I noticed they all looked too clean so I assumed they walked....slack pricks.

Does the energizer bunny aka **Radar** ever tire? A big thank you to **Bedpan** and all the others who helped with the food as well.

ON ON

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