

## RUN REPORT #2399– scribe Brengun

# ORDINARY MEMORIAL RUM

We assembled at the Paddo carpark, where our esteemed GM **Shitbags** proceeded to give meaningful comments on what the run was about, after which the two Hares **Mortein & Waster** for **once told the truth – there were actually hills !!!!!!!**, but they hastened to assure us that we would enjoy them – they must be sadists.

I took off up Given Terrace with the runners, the walkers went down Given. The runners were the usual suspects, members of the Greyhound Brigade, the **Bell, the Screw, JC, GREWSUM, Optus, Bugs,** and **Pushup**, hope I haven't missed anybody. Then came the Tortoise Platoon **Arseplay, Anchovey** and **Brengun**. In and around a lot of small streets and hills crammed with tin and timber workers cottages, now occupied by BMW driving yuppies. We of the Tortoise Platoon could not hack the pace of the Greyhound Brigade, in fact they were charging ahead like the Light Brigade.

After a while they became small specks on the horizon, we lost them, then we lost the arrows, then we lost heart then we gave up. What now ? we were at the back of Suncorp Stadium and **Anchovey** used his amazing brain power to come up with a cunning plan – “let's make our run up, let's go round the perimeter of Lang Park (he showed he is living in a time warp calling it that) , it hasn't been Lang park for over 25 years. So we followed **Anchovey's** plan then ran up to the backpackers and via the Caxton pub back home. Well better that than nothing.

We were first back, but only a few minutes later **Pushup** arrived with son of **Jackoff** (what' his name **Splatt** isn't it ?) now there is a young guy shortcutting may be his ambition is to be another SCB legend like **Snappy Tom**. Next in came **Fang** and **Embryo** from the direction of the pub, god knows where they went. Next were the two hares, **Mortein** and **Waster** with the drink stop rum bucket, which we had missed.

**Mortein** kindly offered us some, his hands were semi immersed in the drink as he scooped it out. I looked at his filthy fingernails and thought an outbreak of E coli was most likely in BHHH any time soon.

Soon in came the runners and the walkers, it was a large turnout my guess over 40. The GM waffled on for a while about something, but as I have ADS it went past me. Then the Monk - **Irish Joke** (haw haw haw!!!) came on. **Now I am not sure just what he represents in his colourful outfit. I could guess one of Santa's elves, or a court jester from Henry 8<sup>th</sup>. Or a cheerleader for Kelvin Grove High basketball team (red & green is their colours). But whatever he intends to be, he needs to take a quick trip to Hong Kong or India to see a decent tailor.**

There were a number of milestones down downs, but then on **came Twin Tub, our resident Poet**

Laureate, first he addressed Shitbags as “Your Eminence” now that will probably stick, but what an arse licking crawler. He read a lengthy ode which he claimed was written by Lord Byron. I am sceptical about that, it was more likely written by either Twin Tub himself or if not, perhaps by Hugh Heffner, any way it was clever and entertaining and **Twin Tub** showed promise as a Shakespearean actor at The Old Vic , or perhaps an Australian politician on Q&A

**Irish Joke**, the Monk or Elf or Jester or high school cheerleader, or whatever he is, charged a large number of miscreants including me for parking at Simpsons Falls carpark and having a gum tree drop on my immaculate Hyundai i45 sunroof and other parts of the car.

SOW went to **Luftwaffe** second week in a row for failing to provide enough piss for the multitude, he is 2/3 SOW awards for 2016 – what a cracker pace and Multiple was not even there to nominate him !! Lufty had better watch My Kitchen Rules or similar to learn the intricacies of the catering trade.

It was a good night and I am told the run was too, the part of the run Tortoise Platoon did was fine.

So - Run 8/10, Circle 8/10, pub food good but the Paddo is always pricey.

## Brengun