

Run #2412 Venue Guyatt Park
Hares Shitbags, Vaseline, Miles O' Toole, Chardarse, Anchovy
Date. 9/05/16

The Baby Boomers Run



A cast of Biblical proportions descended on Up Market St Lucia enticed by promises of free beer and gourmet food. This theory obviously works as the hashers voted with their running shoes en masse . The Hares, who at this very moment are in the sights of super fund investigators .have had more run setting experience than most from their generation but this didn't help. They also looked overwhelmed by the numbers , with number crunching going on re how much food they had quoted etc . The unforgiving pack still remember Chardarse's past tight arsed catering efforts. Miles O'Toole ,in his accountant / developer double speak tried to explain what,where and how the run was set. It didn't take a private school education to figure out this would be a faaaark up.



Local up and coming politician Shit Bags finally got the horde away.

A good sized pack of runners zoomed off along Macquarie Street leaving the walkers their wake. The walking /talking dead ,without royal leader Mortein were rudderless when no one noticed an arrow going right near the rowing sheds . No one cared either . Push-up informed the scribe that The Scare had now become WHnS (work place health and safety) compliant ie no Mountains, no rock hopping,no freezing their nuts off. Maybe they are going to an open field at Boonah.

I chatted with Tweety , he tried describe the machinations of the FART weekend . He lost me when he said "layup went hard and fast " by this time the walkers were heading past the netball courts and had slowed to an ambling , ogling pace. Along past the tennis courts Barebum informed that he and his lovely wife were off on s cycling trip around the south west of England. They were hoping to get two successive sunny days!!! At this point I noticed an arrow pointing toward the Great Hall at the Qld University. No one could be cohered in to following trail with Ron the Bomb leading the walkers home along with the ever whinging and vocal Fu**knut telling all and sundry that the Mighty Lions will flog Collingwood next game.

Along the way back I noticed XXXX and Brengun trying to find the home trail as well as Verbal Dee , who was fresh back from his Hawaiian Holiday.

Every seemed to be happy enough with the hares avoiding the ice,probably because they were too busy feeding the seagulls.

GM Shitbags started the circle with down downs to the hares.

Mile stone beers to Grewsome for 650 runs and 1000 runs to Sir Barebum. It's taken along time for him to get that many runs up.

The Monk Haw haw Irish Joke took centre stage first up putting Radar to the Ice.

Then Tales re the poor golfing skills of some of Hashes finest.

Both Scruffy and Royal Screw recalled hash antics re The FART Poor Brengun was on the ice thrown trying to explain what happened to his duty as supplier of bread .

Snappy on cue was called out for various offences at the Clayfield cliques home . The Albion Hotel. Just as Irish Joke was winding up proceedings Luftwaffe per the scrip pops up pouring a bucket of insinuations on his favourite brother in law re his tight arsed ,penny pinching dealing with the builders of his castle at Bogan. Seems I recall this happened with his previous house.

Brengun won shit of the week. No idea who won the raffle.

On on radar