

Run 2427: Boxa's 20 years of Hashing in Brisbane Run

Venue: Morningside Football Club, Hawthorne

Hare: Boxa

Cook: SpermWhale ably assisted by others

Well.... Brisbane turned on a lovely evening for this well respected and much admired hash legend **Boxa** of the Morningside Tribe. To reinforce the high esteem in which he is held one only had to look at the numbers that had ventured forth to this far flung football oval. Even the Hamilton Crew led by GM **Shitbags** crossed the river and I myself had travelled from the Sumatran jungles to be here. I am 5% positive it had nothing to do with the promised free gourmet dinner on offer. (do I get my ex gratia payment Boxa? Don't forget to deposit into my Indonesian/Cayman Islands Account in USD).

Tinkerbelle was sitting there feeling sorry for himself as he was a non-starter due to a hamstring strain...I always thought it was only athletes who injured this muscle.

GM **Shitbags** called the rabble to order and **Boxa** gave the usual bullshit instructions and told us "if you get lost you are useless pricks". So off we went and within five minutes were lost as we took a wrong turn and came across the home trail.

I don't have the run route but suffice to say after the initial problem the rest of the run was well set with two drink stops and the walkers and runners arriving simultaneously at the second stop. A series of long uphill CBs kept the front running bastards honest.

The FRBs were the normal crew **JC, Grewsome, Craft, Even Optus, Scruffy** and **Screw** (running injured). I remained mid pack with **Verbal Diarrhoea** who tells me he is off on a holiday (he said work) to Fiji, and **Miles O'Toole** who was teaching me the subtleties of pushing and tripping in that girly game they play in Melbourne.... Gay F L.

We arrived at the first drink stop which was set amongst a children's playground on the river. It was ably manned by **VD** and **Tinkerbelle**. As the stragglers, **Vaso, Hand Job, Multiple Choice**, and **Anchovies**, arrived, the only things missing were the bags of boiled lollies and **Scruffy**. Someone explained that he had "popped an ovary" and had short cut home.

On our final stretch, **Royal Screw** took off home as his hip was giving him curry, the rest of the crew ran 200 metres up a hill to a CB to be sent back to the trail **Screw** had taken. Perhaps he wasn't being lazy...mmmmm. Another two way led up an even steeper hill to a CB, but this time yours truly followed the **Screw**.

Our last drinks stop was manned by an amply endowed lady who was called **Chernobyl** (problems with fall out, definitely not hard to imagine). Due to his magnificent trail setting skills **Boxa** had wrangled it so we were met by walkers **Barebum, Radar, Dolebuldger, Leech, Virgin, Irish, Fucknut, Twin Tubs** and a host of others whose names escape me.

Onwards and homewards. As I discussed the running capabilities of the lady at the drink stop with **Miles O'Toole** he politely informed me this was **Boxa's** missus.

Irish Joke held a quick circle as there was gourmet food and drink waiting to be consumed. **Boxa** was called forth to

accept the rapturous applause for his 20 years of Brisbane hashing (35 in total he told us) and for setting a very good run. **Craft** was put on ice because of those bloody All Blacks, and after **BeachBall** stuck his nose in he was also iced. **Radar** was iced for continuing to insult the mother hash and... maybe doing push-ups badly. He then had to remain on the ice as stand in for the monk who nearly killed his wife on the bike hash's week end jaunt to Straddie.

Poor old **Multiple Choice** looked lost as his weekly icee, **Luftwaffe** was absent, (playing the "real men's" game overseas), leaving him with no one to ice. **JC** was iced for getting lost and taking a wrong train after the retiree's luncheon.

After due consideration and considering all the outstanding candidates, **BeachBall** was given the honour of "Shit of the Week".

We adjourned to a gourmet BBQ supplied by **Boxa** and cooked by **SpermWhale** with his assistants. Not often we get gourmet sausages and mushrooms at hash. Then to top it off we were served up satay beef kebabs....i actually didn't hear one complaint about the quality, quantity or price of the meal...this is unheard of in Brisbane Hash...well done **Boxa** and **SpermWhale**.

Run: 9/10...not perfect but bloody good.

Circle: 7/10...short, sharp and good fun.

Food: 10/10...perfect, nothing more to say.