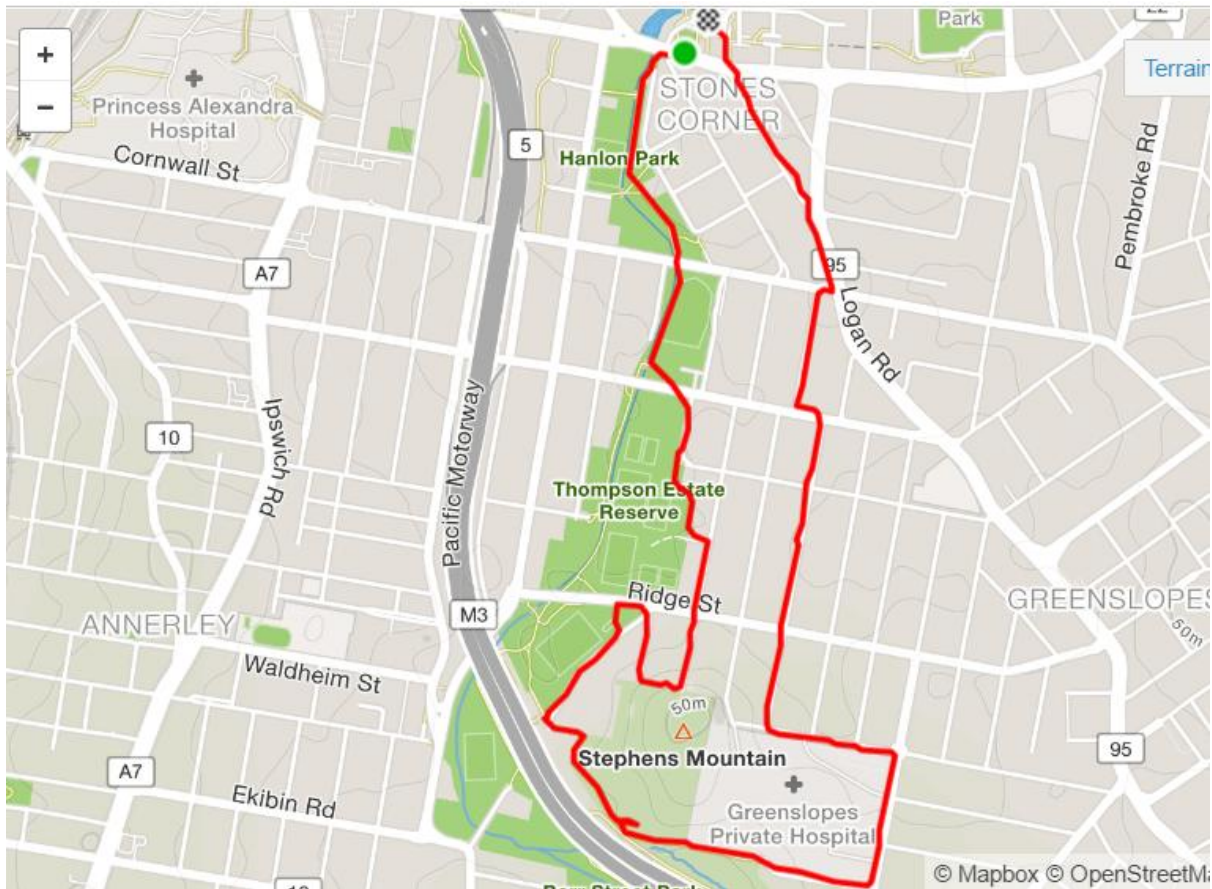


Run # 2459- 3/4/2017 - Stones Corner Hotel – Hares Craft & Scruffy.



Arrived late and received some directions from the hares on how to catch up with the **walkers**. Walked briskly across the road (at the lights) down onto the bike and walking path through Hanlon park. Almost got run over by bloody cyclists half a dozen times whilst hearing On ON in the far distance.

Still walking over Cornwall street through A.J. Jones Recreational Reserve (taking notes all the time) and saw in the slip stream LAP, Multiple and Anchovies. Thinks me, shit I can keep up with this lot so commenced to run with a view to finding my walking hashmen buddies.

Over Juliette Street and through Thompson Estate Reserve, out onto Pear Street where there were more running hashmen. Still running over Ridge Street and up a fucking hill.... no more running now. Was welcomed at the top of the hill as a lost walker and told "don't worry fucknut we'll look after you". On right through a bit of bush and down Garden street and eventually found the trail down Barnsdale place to the Greenslopes Bus station. Still no fucking walkers to be seen.

Back to running again... fuck me how is this happening to me!!!! Turn left from the station along the Nicholson Street Bikeway with a cheeky little FT up a grassy hill to the grassy knoll. Back along the bikeway past a magnificent multi storey car park servicing the hospital. A wonderful sight to behold – sorry I digress - left into Newdgate street and passed by Bugs asking we young blokes if we can run a bit faster. Left into Denham along the hospital perimeter looking all the time for lonely nurses. No luck there.

Right into Bunya Street down and then up another hill with a regroup at the top where Tinkerbelle, our revered GM and others asked what the fuck was I doing there, where did the Uber drop me off and other unsavoury commentary as to why the fuck couldn't I run every week. I'm too fucking lazy that's why.

On home from the regroup over Juliette and then down Logan road to a welcoming cold beer.

The On On gave opportunity for our blessed Monk to once again call Irish to the centre circle, this time to hear about him offering his freezers to Popeye who has the only spare key to his house for Popeye to arrive and find the freezers where all full. Fucknut for no good reason other than his birthplace where they once had electricity, Snappy in absenteeism for having lost his sense of humour when talking about his cars (or lack of them) and Vaso for his embarrassing use of his diary when inadvertently inviting 2 of his trollops along to the Albion on the one night.

Fucknut ended up as SOT for no good reason.

Run - 8/10

Circle - 8/10

Nosh - Was able to get a chili ginger beer and pie - \$5 pints 8/10

On On

Fucknut