

RUN 2463
Bregun. 80th. Birthday run
Stones corner pub.

We assembled under the bus overpass, a rather large pack, probably due to curiosity hoping to see an 80 year old man attempt to run. Noticeable was **Verbal Diahorrea**, who had travelled especially over from Fiji for the occasion. Thank you Verbal, however he was dressed in his business executive suit which he wears for important business meetings over there, it consisted of a grass skirt, with no jocks underneath. Apart from that he was a shadow of his former self, having shed half his body weight on a diet of guava, breadfruit and yams. Also visiting from Fiji was **Hangman**, indicating that they still have capital punishment there, probably a hangover from colonial days (pun!).

The run went along the left side of Norman Creek, through a small park and back on to the creek at Deshon St. Then more park on right of creek and on to the path through the parklands, well-travelled by hash over the years to Stanley St. the runners were the usual suspects **Miles, Pushup, Royal Screw, JC, Verbal D. Optus, Craft, Scruffy, XXXX, Bugs, Anchovy, Multiple Choice, and me** determined to run for my 80th.

But the fleet of foot got away and **Multiple** and I short cut back from Stanley Street. However the main body of the runners came in about the same time, apparently they took a wrong turn and cut off a lot of trail, thus beating the walkers home for the first time for a while.

In came the walkers, noted **Dole B, layup, Vaso** (often runs but not tonight), **Handjob, Barebum, Twin Tub, Tweety, Mortein, Snappy, Leech** and the rest of the walking wounded.

The GM **Royal Screw** called the circle together and somebody won SOTW for something or other, it was not terribly memorable whatever it was. However it was pleasing to see the monk, **Divot** back in his splendid robes, having them stolen some weeks ago at the East Brisbane run along with his bike.

As choirmaster I introduced another new down down song to BHHH, about shit behind the door, but received the usual howls of derision for my effort. It was on then to the splendid feast organized by my beloved brother **Layup** in my honour. Here I was publicly stripped in a public restaurant and forcibly clothed with a scout's uniform by **Scruffy** who had acquired it from somewhere. **Screw** gave the dib dib's and I renewed my Scouts Promise. Then I was coerced to telling the story of my night of glory being a gorilla jumping from the window sill on the bed of a fair maiden. Those was the days !!! Not any longer at 80! I lost my FAHRT cap, but it mysteriously reappeared in the boot of my car later.

The Indian tucker was not too bad at \$17 but the restaurant owner told **XXXX**; after we started leaving that *he served 34 meals and got paid for 30. Four miscreant Hashmen did not pay.* Thought those days were behind us.

I want to thank the FAHRT boys for making my 80th. Memorable.

Run short due f***up – 7/10
Circle including in restaurant 10/10
Food considering price – 9/10

Scribe Bregun