

Run 2479

Homestead Hotel, Zillmere

Hares: Bugs

“Wear your favourite football teams jersey”

Joint Run with Northside Hash

Perhaps it was the usual inclement weather around Ekka time, but attendance in the car park was fairly sparse, with a few stragglers, who obviously had nothing better to do on a Monday night in August, gradually assembling in the carpark of the erstwhile Homestead Hotel. The few Northside attendees nervously eyeing the Brisbane HHH as the Wallabies might look at the All Blacks before a game at Eden Park. What were they expecting? Scruffy wheeled out his faded Cowboys shirt and there were a few Broncos shirts to be seen-don't ask me why, after their last performance against the Eels. Everyone dutifully hung around until 6.30 when both the runners and walkers-yes, walkers-headed off into the gloom on Zillmere Road. I am sure the runners had a wonderful and exciting time around the challenging terrain of Zillmere (well, industrial estates) . Speaking for the walkers , it soon became clear that the run had been set with that elaborate engineering tool-the setsquare . Before long , we encountered the wide open spaces of O'Callaghan Park. Memories came flooding back of football games played a generation or more ago. My, they were good times. If you were really fortunate, you might play with or against someone who actually spoke English. Or, God forbid, have a referee who actually knew the rules. Anyway, I digress. We were shaken out of our reminiscences by the first and major incident of the night-the refusal of Boxa's dogs to cross a small creek! Or perhaps, Boxa didn't want to have to wash the dogs later. We had barely recovered from that shock when we came across an industrial shed advertising its services as a Lubricatorium or some such nonsense. This predictably drew a slew of crude innuendo from one of the “lady” Northside hashers. What could she have been thinking?

Eventually, we struggled back onto Zillmere Road and the welcoming site of the Homestead Hotel. Out of respect to the pub, the circle was had down the road, appropriately behind some bushes at the Telstra building. Craft , wallowing in the success of the All Blacks, had very considerably brought a large All Blacks flag with him, which spared everyone's blushes , when he was quite reasonably iced. The Kiwi flag did not help him escape the Shit of the Week award .

The On On in the pub was convivial, with the usual suspects (read F..knut) boring everyone with his spellbinding adventures of being Campbell Newman's neighbour . What excitements, dear Reader. Only poor old Royal Screw, despite putting on a brave face, was crestfallen at Spurs defeat at Wembley Stadium, by , of all teams, Chelsea! Poor sod. Bugs wisely kept a low profile. All up , a good run and Walk , and good On On.

Scores: Run/Walk 7/10

On On 8/10

Zit