

Run 2518 – “The 147 years of Hashing Wisdom” Run

Hares – Twin Tub and Scruffy with special guest Hare, Cream Puff.

Venue – Majestic Park Coorparoo

The clouds had been hanging around all day and remained hovering over the park as the pack arrived and assembled in the gazebo at the southern corner of the park. As the GM called the pack together for the starting briefing, the drizzle started to dampen spirits of the 23 attendees. After the usual assurances of a lack of hills and of a well marked trail for both runners and walkers the pack headed off up Meridian Street. Meanwhile the drinking pack of Spermwhale, Monty and VD adjoined to the gazebo and esky for a coldie. They were soon joined by Leech after his stroll around park.

Twin Tub departed the group to pick up the hot pies from Musso's Bakery at Coorparoo. Shortly after he drove off the running group consisting of JC, Tight Nut & Even Optus appeared down Octantis Street and veered around the scout hall and disappeared up into the Eva Street park in a tightly grouped pack of 3 (1 less in number than the drinkers group!)

The skies had cleared by this and the trail survived the wet conditions allowing the pack of walkers and runners to stay on trail for the duration of the run. From the comments heard by us drinkers after the pack returned after 47 minutes, the run and walk kept both groups reasonably close with them meeting up several times while on trail. It was very rare to hear no complaints.

Before the circle could commence Twin Tub returned was a copious quantity of piping hot beef pies which naturally had to be devoured whilst hot. Well done hares for the hot food and cold beers to celebrate their birthdays. Twin Tub breezed into his 80's on the day while Scruffy struggled to make it to 67 on the day. Happy Birthday to you both. It was noted that they need the expertise of Cream Puff to make it to the advertised 147 years of hash wisdom on the night.

Following the feed of pies including seconds for those who needed more, the circle was called. Cream Puff was called to the ice on some spurious charge. Poor bugger didn't know if he burnt or froze his arse as Spermwhale managed to spirit the last of the piping hot pies onto the ice just before Puff's arse landed on both. Let me tell you, sqashed mince meat pie on a bare arse is a very dodgy look! Puff went onto win the coveted “Shit of the Week” award because of a lack of serious competition.

Run 8.63

Food 10.61 (an extra point awarded for being free)

Circle 8.97

OnOn

The drinkers.