

25/2/19

Run No 2557 "A Kreepy Run"

Hare - **KREEPY KRAWLER**

Scribe scored the honour of writing the Run Report as he was sprung complimenting the Brewmaster on the cold beer just microseconds after God (aka the GM) called the circle to order.

At least the Run Reports now appear each week.

Walkers were provided with verbal instructions that led to a short walk – too short. Suggest the Hare lay some trail &/or written instructions.

A reasonable number of runners/walkers attended including **Twin Tub** who complained about the two days travel time to conquer Coronation Drive.

Walkers and Runners headed off onto Moggill Rd, up the hill (a rise of 41 meters as precisely measured by **F\*Nut's** wrist computer) left onto Chapel Hill Road.

From there the runners, including **Handjob**, a sprightly returnee to the pack, headed off, I know not where.

Miscreants such as (a recuperating) **Vaso** and **Leech** were seen to head to the bar to discuss the wellbeing of **Kimbies** following the loss of Mrs. **Kimbies** after 53 years of togetherness. Following the funeral & wake on Wednesday, the Bowlo on Thursday and the titties bar on Friday, **Kimbies** is regathering his wits.

As instructed the walkers proceeded along Chapel Hill Road and after a little confusion followed **Ron the Bomb** into Brymer St. With the hindsight of Google Maps, the walkers did not go far enough along Brymer St to the school, instead turning left onto the bike track and on home for a walk length of 2.8 km.

Part way along the bike track **JC** was seen to levitate as a very small snake slithered across the path. Brings back memories of a super levitation by **JC** when hiking on the Tasman Peninsula just after Interhash 2000. Now that was a real snake!

Back at the circle the Brewmaster and mutts eventually returned and cold beer was enjoyed by all.

Following the GM's opening, **F\*nut's** led the circle in the anthem, shared with the poor shopper hastily seen packing their bags into the back of a Range Rover and exiting the car park at speed.

New runner, Doug was called to the ice to be named. Given his vocation, there was plenty of room for a name that would not have gone down well with his fellow workers or clients.

Some junior Hash called RE Hash had already named him **Inspector Rex**. They should be advised that we are the Senior Hash and having naming rights. During his sojourn on the ice Doug advised the pack the name of his dog was **Stomper**. The circle roared and **Inspector Rex** was dumped for **Romper**, I think. Hope he didn't go home with a split personality.

Banjo Patterson (aka the GM) called the circle to attention and read out the following "bad poem"

*Dougie is a big hairy brute  
Who had a doggie name Duke  
Who's trained catch crims with his snout  
Especially when they tried to get out*

*He has skin is thick as thick  
There is nothing you can say to him  
That will get under his skin  
After all, he has heard it all before  
from the prison door*

*Give him some respect  
as after all he is here to serve and protect  
Inspector Rex*

The Monk took over the circle and called out:-

**JC** – having 3 of Farcanal’s paramours in his office at the same time

**Irish** – He who has never learnt how to write the word – “Long Service Leave” has started and exited a job in the first 51 days of 2019

And the Shit of the Week winner was:-

**Little Arseplay** – for emulating Radar and re-engaging with his ex-missus as they travel together to Colombia, South America for a family (???) affair.

Hope he keeps 100% of his house, car, suit, tie (particularly the catching number he wore to the Albion Hotel last Friday)

Run Score

Run – No idea

Walk – too short, no trail markings 3/10

Circle 7/10

Food – not sure but scribe did note **Layup** got the correct meal and on time – Bonus!

On On

Mortein