

Run No 2586 16 September 2019
Hares Handjob & Vaso
Norths Juniors Rugby League Club

A crowd of about 35 unruly Hashmen turned up at the venue for another one of **Handjob's** sneaky runs. This bloke must spend a considerable amount of time, creeping about to discover some of these laneways and alleyways. He had some help from equally devious **Vaso**. The **GM** tried, in vain, to achieve a modicum of order but eventually gave up and sent the two packs off towards the cemetery, which is full of **Vaso's** relatives, so he told me. More likely to be full of his ex-patients.

Only 50 metres outside the cemetery and **Bugs** had an argument with a concrete drain. He refused any medical treatment, from **Vaso**,. He mentioned something about, "ending up in the fucking cemetery," picked up his trailmaster's chalk and soldiered on.

Tinkerbelle, Even Optus and **Verbal Diarrhoea** led off along Hedley Avenue, Buckland Road and on to Melton Road. The rest of the pack consisted of **Scruffy, Craft, Fourex, Bugs & Grewsome. Little Arseplay & Multiple Choice** may have been there but I'm stuffed if I know cos' I was too busy concentrating on keeping away from medical treatment and cemeteries.

Out past Nundah and Northgate train stations with quite a few good CBs, FTs and 360s before we passed Australia Post and along Old Toombul Road. One of Handjob's secret laneways took us up to an overpass, where we discovered that we had lost some runners, and down the other side. **Tinkerbelle's** conscience forced him to go back and look for the lost runners but **Scruffy, Craft & Grewsome** just concentrated on self preservation and getting home, before the grog ran out. **Fourex, Verbal & Even Optus** momentarily hovered between conscience and "fuck 'em," before heading for home. Somehow **Tinkerbelle** ended up at the front again, to lead us down York Street and back to the venue.

The **GM** got the circle going and had the monk take over to administer punishment to the miscreants. **Shitbags** was a stand-in for **Brengun** and was awarded **SOTW**, he wasn't over pleased about being selected as a similar vintage to **Brengun**.

Drama ensued at the entrance to the club when the woman at the desk insisted on us all having ID. The rule was that if you had no ID, you were considered to be a minor and therefore could have no alcohol. A few decided to opt out, and the ones with ID tried very hard to act like adults, not always a feat easily achieved by Hashmen.

Run 9/10

Venue 9/10

Food Good value, apparently

OnOn

Grrrrrrrewsome!