

BRISBANE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS RUN REPORT # 2620

Out the back of the Pineapple Hotel the faithful gathered on a cool Brissie evening in anticipation that Hare Divot would actually turn up this time. Well he did, and tempted fate by retaining his buddy MeatiWhore as co-hare. Divot, as atonement, gave a lengthy trance inducing description of the trail for both the walkers and runners.

The few runners and the majority of the ambulant pack went off on their assigned paths. One other minor group consisting of Leech and Anchovy followed the walking trail at a subdued pace. Across Main St, to encounter the disillusioned looking small pack of protesters outside the motel commandeered for lockdown accommodation. Onwards and upwards we progressed up Walmsley St, enough of a hill, to River Terrace, to admire the formidable fence of the Mormons. I have just now noted that, on my maps app, there is a symbol of a fellow with a hash horn used to highlight the Mormon location. We should write them a letter! The “walking wounded” Leech and Anchovy managed a couple of km’s, but that was all, in circling back to the Pineapple.

Back at the post run circle the GM called the pack to attention in no uncertain manner. My inopportune remark as to his manner landed me with recording this dubious value run report. Snappy took the floor in his red robe, and thankfully managed to avoid the former nipple slip episode for this evening. With the usual kit of the bell and smelly incense sticks, (they will lead to lung cancer just as certain as cigarettes) Snappy proceeded to address the crowd. Fingers was asked to account for some transgression, along with several others – probably Wasta-Time and Boxer as “usual suspects”. But it was XXXX, as a stand-in, who managed to assume the yellow jacket award as SOTW.

So, I have no run score to record, nor any points for the pub nosh as the Clayfield Car Pool buggered of early.

OnOn

Anchovy