

The Monk's Birthday Run

Location: Colmslie Recreation Reserve, Lytton Road.

Hares: See below (Grey area.)

It's a sign of collective intelligence that most hashmen found their way to the start, despite some confusion in the mind of Brengun as to the true location. Undeterred by the prospect of midges, so close to the river, a largish pack, containing perennially disappointed Brisbane Lions and Wallabies fans, gathered in breathless anticipation of another exciting and challenging run/walk. Your scribe was looking forward to a quiet stroll around this riparian location, unburdened by the prospect of doing the run report.....How wrong I was.

Still, the place was a hive of activity-Spermwhale, Monty and VD supervising the cooking of snags **before** the run. No risk of coliforms there, let alone Sars-COVID-19! Everyone appropriately socially distanced (ahem). Dr Jeanette Young would have been delighted with the Hash's collective "vigilance". (If anyone can find out what she means by that word, can you let me know.) Other sporting activities were underway nearby including Dragon boats, "manned" by crews that look like they could give the All Blacks a run for their money.

Our erstwhile Monk, in his, by now familiar, saffron robe attire, called the assembled pack to order. It rapidly became apparent that Snappy, as he used to be called, had not actually "set" the run, but "designed" it, like a celebrity interior decorator on the Lifestyle channel. The hard yards had been done by others including Boxa and his 4-legged friends. What a surprise.

The walkers and runners headed off east along the river bank in the diminishing light and enjoyed a semirural experience, navigating a few dried out paddocks before regaining the walking track. Handjob and Dolebludger were setting a cracking pace. In seemingly no time we had arrived at the Colmslie Beach Reserve, the cause of confusion in Brengun's mind. (Well, one of the causes) Torches were required and eventually we found ourselves back on the main Lytton Road, without having to cross it, as promised by the Monk. A short walk across the darkened sporting fields brought the pack back to the start where the onions and snags were ready for consumption. Thank you, hares.

The circle was a long-winded, confusing, and above all, a boring experience. Snappy grumbled about people missing his birthday, and all miscreants this week were punished with a shot of cider vinegar. Times are tough, Monk! There was a long and muddled discourse involving Little Arseplay. Fingers, and Snappy centred around someone called Carefree. This individual was apparently female and not to be confused with a former hashman of the same name who lost the hash esky many moons ago. Shitbags was iced, can't remember what for, but who cares....At this point I got the job of writing the report. Radar approached me and recommended, actually insisted, that I read his excellent report (his words) from the previous run. Well, I did.

You'll all have read that Radar "abandoned the car with minuets to spare." What a relief, I can see Grewsome taking the opportunity to enjoy one last stately French dance for two , in triple time, before the runners left. You've got to hand it to the Brisbane hash: they're versatile.

We all enjoyed the nice snags, and a good time was had by all.

Scores: Run / Walk 8/10

Circle: 4/10

Food 9/10

Run Report 10/10

Zit