

Run Report 14/6/21 – Clayfield

Very clever Meatlover, the Vegan Run from the Burrito Bar.

Waste of Time entertained me on the drive to the start with his car replacement aspirations. WOT drives an X5 in Brisbane and also keeps a matching unit at his little bit of Maralinga in Adelaide. WOT seems to have trouble being taken seriously by car salesmen, where the discussion seems to go nowhere. So, that proves it, WOT uses the same conversational style elsewhere as at hash. The McLaren salesman was as confused as the VW rep at Indooroopilly. Anyway, I'm plumping for a Bentayga.

With what appeared to be a larger pack than usual, the trail meandered off in an anti-clockwise direction, picking up Woolloowin, and somehow returning past St Margaret's. Throughout the 55 odd minutes on this trail I clung onto a nondescript group of 5 or 6 walkers, and never saw another! Various conversations are recalled.

Zit used the words hypocrisy, cant and virtual signalling which offered a clue as to where he stood on that subject that may now only be discussed under the table.

Bren Gun, who this week refreshed his screen and arrived at the correct venue, (thank you for the instructions Tweety) filled in the Lay Up gaps, now out of hospital and convalescing at home in Armidale. Sympathy is due, but mostly to Jennifer.

The Tub is ever busy with Naval Association affairs, one wreath laid after another for every imaginable slice of the service population. Good on you Tub, someone has to do it.

GM Verbal on the other hand confesses to being from a deeply religious family, sporting nuns and monks. This however is the only confession you'll get from Verbal as, unlike his family, he lives with his sins.

At the circle across the road from the Burrito Bar, the now customary mayhem commenced. Notable were the 4 broken ice cubes that Multiple offered for the icings. After each of the two sittings the ice had almost disappeared! First on the ice was Bren Gun, already wearing the SOTW vest, for not refreshing his browser. Monk Snap also required BG to wear the monkey shirt, but without a suitable girth the shirt loses its charm. Therefore, the natural and successful candidate for the monkey shirt was Irish, whose life's work is so blemished his most recent contretemps have sunk from memory.

Notable that the AGPU is due in a fortnight, and the mismanagement is groaning after 18 months in the job, dreaming of their release, none more so than Snappy Tom, soon to be Happy Tom, whose various guises have insulted the world's religions. Not only has Snap lost the bell, but running out of circle material in March 2020 did not help.

Across the road was the waiting Burrito Bar. Mexican restaurants are profitable all over the world, because of the simple formula of taking the cheapest and most

common ingredients, transforming them into something vaguely palatable, not quite describable and certainly not memorable. The Burrito Bar met this standard. The Shiraz on offer at \$25 per bottle was vaguely potable but quite describable; I left a full glass on the table.

Craft inquired about the UQ AFC tribute newsletter to MOT, that ended up being just page one when I sent it out previously, sorry all. Page 2 and 3 tell the tale. Have a look at the following site, and check out Volume 6, May 5 2021.

<https://uqredlionsafc.com.au/newsletter>

Once upon a time Tess won the hash raffle of a bottle of Bundy, promptly stolen, but won again, and again and again, and again, until one day the Raffle Master had raucous mates over and the bottle was consumed.

Will this be my fate? Three weeks ago I won the hash raffle, a beautiful bottle of Seppeltsfield Para Centenary Vintage Tawny from Vaso's cellar. Two weeks ago, I won it again, but lightning struck again, and it was filched. I'm confident that I'll win it again one week, but nervous that the thief will switch the Para for a Bold Personality equivalent. Beware....

Run grading – it all went commendably well.

Pushup