

BOXA'S 25 YEARS WITH YOU MONGRELS RUN

Who would have guessed that the "Class of 96", Grewsome, Craft, and Boxa would finally come of age, putting up with Hash shit for 25 years? Boxa recalls his first run at Irish's house back in August 96, on the eve of splitting up with Missus Boxa. Sorry Irish, it must have been contagious.

With Fatty and Skinny giving us random lockdowns, how many will rock up at the Morningside Panthers, home of the great? Last week was a paltry handful but, heh, the carpark was already brimming with hashmen by six. So much for following the Fatty and Skinny protocols and walking in small groups. Yeh, fuck Fatty and Skinny and their fuckwit rules. Hash Rools!!

Boxa apologised he couldn't get the trails exactly to spec, 3.99 km for the walkers and 6.01 km for the runners. R and W trail heading out of the car park - north down Oak Street, to Orchard with a quick right turn. First two-way at Riding, will we go north or south? Tinkerbelle got the drift and sniffed out the arrows to the right up Riding to a hook back into the park. Hey, what's all that new exercise equipment, Council is installing? Must come back and check it out. Round the park for the obligatory lap with another two-way at a sly easement to beckon the pack up hill. Cross Dutton Street and up Purcell Lane, and that fucka Boxa has foxed us again with an FT up the slope. Back on Dutton towards Hawthorne, and the right hand turn on Hawthorne confirms the perfect loop.

Considerate hare put the pack at the crosswalk across Hawthorne to check out what porn is showing at the new cinema. Left on Lindsay, and up to the third two-way in just over a kilometer. Jeez, did Boxa write the book on trail setting or what? Brengun hasn't fallen down, fallen off, or fallen over by this time and counts his luck stars, but Verbal is starting to break a sweat. Mortein is checking out the houses and counting the number of ex-clients he had down this way. Anchovy is having flash backs of the old days down this end of town. Radar wishes he was back in full running style.

Up past another two-way onto Virginia Avenue, for the 'Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous' with Barebum admiring the architecture. The hare's given the pack a break with a nice downhill trail to the Hawthorne ferry terminal so the north-siders can get a peak at their side of town. Going past Malcolm Street, Mortein packs it in and heads home while the pack heads down Elliott.

Runners separate with Tinkers taking the lead left down Barton Street, reflecting on why Australia's first Prime Minister got a mention here. More river views once the runners pass Waterline Terrace onto the river walkway, admiring the qualities of the young lovelies out for their evening walk. Dirty bastard Tweety even snapped a second look at some blonde. Back through the cashed-up streets of Bulimba to join the walkers trail just 200 metres from where the runners exited. Left on Elliott, and down to Hawthorne to cross onto Orchard. Hey, says Barebum, is that the house that Hoof built for the Chinese sheila? It hasn't even gone to a massage joint yet! DB starts to froth for his soft drink.

No bucket, thanks to Fatty and Skinny, so Scruffy led the pack down the well-worn path to the Panther's bar. Monk still on some desert highway, cool wind in his hair. No deputy, coz Snap doesn't like coming south of the river. Someone looking like Brengun rocks up and starts blessing the pack with a dead chook. The barman was in stitches, thinking someone was getting married. Not yet, Irish is a couple of weeks off that foolishness. Several miscreants got hauled over, too many to remember to be honest. Anyway, who needs memory when dementia is an option. Thanks to the Brengani lookalike, it was a cracker of a circle.

Boxa stumps up with the promised rations. Ruddy hell, it was like an upmarket Indian restaurant. Party buckets, steamed rice, Madras Brisket Beef and Buttered Chicken Breast. Even enough for seconds for a few. What a meal. Boys hung around past 8.00 topping up the Panther's profit.

Run: 10 out of 10; Circle: 10 out of 10, Grub: 10 out 10. Run of the Year contender for sure.