

Run No. 2676, "Dolebludger's Birthday Run", 30 August 2021

Hare: Dolebludger

Venue: Carindale Reserve Playground Park off Bedivere St / Cnr Cadogan St Carindale.

Hashers arrived at Carindale Reserve and parked in the back carpark. Dolebludger directed them to the front shelter, the ones with lights. Still it took a while for the message to sink in for some Hashmen. The Hare was in a bit of a fuss getting the supplies organised while the pack collected in small groups to discuss assorted b*llshit and Tinkerbell's recent birthday party. F*nut suggested that the Brisbane Lions recent loss was merely a minor setback and remained on track for the flag! Monty seemed keen for a very short stroll followed by an early feed and a beer. XXXX mentioned his ongoing troubles with Anna's government resuming his house for a school, and Twin Tubs said he was feeling a bit off. I'm pretty sure the Tubs enjoyed his evening by staying in the park and helping the cook. There was no sign of Irish Joke, who is probably still recovering from his buck's party and wedding! Good luck Irish!

Eventually, GM Fingers called the Hashmen together although they seemed overly excited and chattered among themselves. The GM was particularly chilled and was not flustered by the chattering Hashmen. Sh*tbags seemed a bit out-of-sorts but that's probably just because he's old! Fingers called out the Hare Dolebludger who explained, in a very roundabout way, that he was celebrating his 67th birthday with a run, free food and beers! Dolebludger said the trail was on chalk and paper with a runners/walkers split, and a torch was necessary. He cautioned the walkers to stay on-trail and to avoid the runner's loop if they expected to return in time for the food. With that advice, the pack was away out towards Cadogan Street. I certainly enjoyed watching the runners working through the walking pack after being caught out with a clever Check Back on Bramburg Street, but that was the last I saw of the runners on-trail.

I must admit that I was at the back of the pack with Jethro, my little black dog! The dog stopped to sniff and pee, much like the walkers, until he crapped on someone's lawn. I had poo bags and looked to find the turd in the dark. Then I noticed that the home owner was standing silently in the shadows near his front door about 10 metres away. After telling the dog to be patient, I pretended to find the poo and pick it up just as Dolebludger walked past with a bright torch. The Hare was just checking up on the walkers and I happily followed him away from the crappy lawn!

The walking trail flowed Cadogan Street, turned left into Rhuddlan Street and across Meadowlands Road near Minnippi Parklands and into Preston Road. The arrows sent the pack towards the bridge over Bulimba Creek but turned back towards Meadowlands Road on the concrete path. There was a diversion off the path, marked with paper, through the softball fields, across Meadowlands Road, into Baynes Street and across Cadogan Street into the Carindale Recreation Reserve. A two-way check on the concrete path fooled nobody and it was simply back home on the pathways.

Tinkerbell and Bugs led the runners home while the walkers seemed happy with the flat 4 km walk. Boxer directed the Hashmen to his car parked some 50 metres away for the hash beer, while Dolebludger served tasty sausage stew and bread rolls, with Peroni heavy and mid strength beers! Boxer's two dogs were tied to the drinking fountain but happily ate bread, as did Jethro. Last in was Little Arse Play but still in time for the circle. Fingers was still chilled and after the anthem it was upto stand in monk, Snappy Tom, to generate interest!

The circle was a bit of a circus. Snappy charged himself but relied on the perennial stand-in XXXX to sit on the ice for him, in the orange robes. Apparently, Snappy smashed the front of his car and had it taped up so he could get to hash. The story became absurd and difficult to follow but XXXX sat on the ice for

ages while the details emerged! Sh*t bags was called out for some trumped up charge and the circus rolled on. For some obscure reason XXXX was sent back to the ice. The little bugger is getting stand-in fatigue and sat on the orange robs ontop of the ice! Radar announced that the Tribeerathon is at Mowbray Park on Sunday morning (Father's Day) Mortien is a very clever Hashman! "Verbal there hasn't been a run report for a few weeks. Please ask the GM to stir up the miscreants and get the run reports in!" Rather than stir the GM, I simply volunteered to write the run report and then challenged the other Hashmen to complete and submit the missing reports. The next run is from the Jindalee Hotel and the Hare is Creepy Crawler.

On On

Verbal Diarrhoea