

RUN #2686 – 8<sup>th</sup> November, 2021

The Mor-Shit Run

Paddo Tavern

Hares: Mortein & Shitbags

Good mob of 30 odd Hashmen (Odd being the operative word) assembled in the Paddo Tavern carpark, all gas bagging and exchanging exaggerated stories of how many roots they have had since the previous week etc. That didn't take too long, mind you. The main excitement for the group was telling all the bewildered motorists that they had come in the exit gate. Really great stuff. **Royal Screw** got really excited when a couple of Essex girls drove in (the exit) in a nice motor, of the Jaguar variety, thought he was going to injure himself as he frantically strove to assist them.

**GM, Fingers**, got the mob under control and called on the hares **Mortein & Shitbags** for trail details. That proved to be a waste of time as we all know that the hares are lying bastards, Paddington, no hills.

**Fucknut & Tweety** lead the troops out onto Given Terrace, Ranley Grove and Ross street before getting back onto Given Terrace, Royal Street and then right on to Guthrie Street and right again onto Fernberg Road. At this point **JC** barged his way to the front, as is his way and surged round Alama, Herbert, Ellena and Beck Streets. **Grewsome** was just managing to keep up with the maniacal **JC** as he rounded on to Baroona Road and then up Heussler Terrace. It was then left on to High Street and down the easement and left on to Sackville Street. The pack was now split into small groups and **Multiple Choice** had great difficulty deciding if he was a walker or a runner. Right on to Nairn Street and then left on to Isaac Street, right on to Campbell Street. Nearly home and it was left on to Given Terrace and across to the Ray White car park for the circle.

After a rendition of the **Hash** anthem it was on to charges from the **Monk, Divot**. Not too much bad behaviour to report, Royal Screw, transgressed the Covid laws by going into enemy territory, ie., NSW to retrieve his new drone.

The reliable **Multiple Choice** was on hand, as always, to display his now famous seat lowering techniques, fuckin' amazing thing to behold. Nominees for SOTW were kept anonymous, mainly because the scribe can't remember but **they** were all guilty, that's for sure.

Good walker's trail, well marked, plenty of hills and no hidden perils.

No doubt the OnOn in the pub would have been first class.

OnOn

Grewsome

