

## **Committee Run March 28<sup>th</sup> Windsor Bowls Club**

'Twas a bleak and blustery night it was, when the bowls club in Windsor bulged with the greater than usual turnout for the "committee" run. All the incentive one needed was of course the brotherhood and not at all the entertainment. With fierce drive and determination everyone found a car park and congregated at the bottom of the clubhouse steps until the rain started. Everyone had gone to extra trouble with their running gear; most ironed with creases, clean shirts etc. All wanted to look their best for the entertainment. The motley crew needed to be coaxed under cover; someone picked the spot which just happened to be under some shade cloth. So the drops weren't as big...they were filtered...some f#ckin' decision that was... The "HEAD" trailmaster had made the wrong call and his choice of dry weather chalk soon dissolved and the trail along with it. Plan B was to follow two mystery live hares, if that didn't work, plan C was to stay in the club house and get primed for the entertainment. A few took up plan C, the likes of Monty, Bullrushes, Whorator and Shitbags. A few more points were given and we were off.....but to f#ckin where...?

On On was the call and these intrepid fellows (too many to name....and my brain is frazzled anyway, stepped on to the trail and it was on. Out through the bowling green, up to Albion road along beside the rail line and on up the hill, around a church a time or two, someone said it was a regroup...f#cked if I know, I was just following that crazy shit up front who seemed a little better informed than the rest of us. We ended up in a laundry somewhere having run into a dead end, then on west then back south, found another regroup, just in time to hear this buzzing sound coming up the street....yep a kid on a bike, no lights, no rego, just coming home from the office no doubt.

On west we headed after an on back (most of these are at the bottom of hills) must make trail setting bloody hard, I don't know of many people who can write downhill...blood sort of rushes to your head.

The trail took us to Lutwyche Road and the pedestrian lights outside Fitness First (a likely place I thought with most of us who were left by then flexing muscles and making rude gestures, checking for hair out of place, scratching our balls, etc in the reflective windows. The pedestrian lights went green and life at fitness first returned to normal, the people on the other side of the road finally gave up and went back over to start again. Not many people could stand up to the onslaught of rampant male sweat and blood.....nor can I think of many people who would want to!

On and down through the suburbs west of Lutwyche Road we went....it's bloody dark down there. I'm sure where we went would have been under water in December, and the climb out was bloody gruesome. Still no arrows and with everyone following the fastest, we hoped to f#ck they know where they were going, we went over a railway bridge and headed back towards Brisbane only to surface once more across the road from the Arthritis foundation clubhouse...not much movement there...then east to find yet another rail line, there was much debate about the direction but the consensus determined we went south then east, followed the rail line for what must have been 20km's and finally exited that dark world into the light of the bowls club.

Ones got to ask oneself why the f#ck we run away from the finish then one realises there's entertainment and it was all worthwhile....

The wet and shagged pack was directed upstairs for the On On and were met by two semi clad ladies, the names slip my memory (a seniors moment) but who was looking at their faces. They served up copious amounts of beer which brought blood flowing back through the veins. In Hoof's case it was the wrong vein.

The pack was served up King Island Beef Pies along with hot chips which were sort from Tasmania's finest potatoes; this committee goes all out to put on a good nosh.

A rowdy rendition of the Hash anthem was led by Sperm Whale before the usual run of icings took centre stage. A comical twist to the icings was the addition of a sheet of plastic placed on the floor to minimise the chance of flooding the down stairs bar again which was a victim of the January floods. This plastic sheet had a slip factor that saw the all participants slip sliding all over the place giving great amusement to the pack.

But wait; there was better entertainment to come, no, no perverted sex acts but the inquisition of on notable hashman. One Vaseline was call on to be trialled by the hash judiciary for lowering hash standards set by none other than the Hamersley Hash at the recent Nash Hash in Hobart.



Alas, Vaseline had done a runner! So proxy Snappy Tom was democratically elected as a stand in. The trial was judged by our illustrious representative of the legal system, His Honour, Little Arse Play, The prosecutor was Whorator, the defence was led by Shat. The charges were read, the defence was presented (Shat did a shit of job) the defended was in any case found guilty and was sentence to a fate worse than death, a chance to be redeemed by Cardinal Brenganni who instructed the accused to bend over and take it like a "Hamersley"!!!!. The defended chose death and was shot by the Third Reich's executioner, Monk Von Layup.



The pack held 10 seconds of silence as they tried to clear their ears from the ringing of the gunshot then broke up in fits of laughter.

Irish was all set up to led the circle in a round of hash songs but time ran out and he got the shits and went home.

A good night was had by all but one!!!!!!  
Cant' remember who got shit of the week.

On On

Phantom Trailmaster

