

Run No. 2141: “Shower Cap” Run

7 March 2011

Venue: Red Brick Hotel, South Brisbane

Hares: Best & Less and Pussy Galore

The Brisbane Hash House Harriers gathered in the bus stop outside the Red Brick Hotel at South Brisbane for the annual Shower Cap Run.



It is just too bad that most hashmen didn't bring a shower cap. The few who did bring their caps looked so pretty that they easily made up for the boring runners. I'm sure that Brengun's missus would be so impressed that he wore her best shower cap. I recall that he borrowed her favourite Co Co Channel handbag a few years back in his guise as Nancy Brengun. He really is such a brave hashman.

Firstly, various hashmen stood on the roadway to save the best park for Bugs, the Brewmaster. Obviously there was some self interest, but that was sensible. There was a reasonable crowd and even Layup wandered over for the run.

GM Handj0b called the pack to order in the bus stop. The Hares, Pussy Galore and Best & Less told us very little about the run, other than it was On On towards Annerley Road. Trail led up Abingdon Street to the rail overbridge, and around the back streets to Gladstone Road. The FRB ran through a block of units and then out the back driveway, before returning to Gladstone Road via Lochaber Street. Then trail led the pack across Gladstone road, down to the old ferry terminal at Dutton Park, before climbing back up to St Ita's school, now part of the Catholic University. Trail then led around the back streets between Gladstone Road and the river, including a short detour past Co Co's place. Various hashmen wanted to call in for a quick visit, but she wasn't home. Well, she didn't answer the door!

The runners wound their way through Highgate Hill to Dornoch Terrace and to a Regroup at the Hampstead Road Park. Great view of the city! After a chorus of Rule Britannia, the run continued down to Bellevue, St Hampstead Road and eventually to Gladstone Road. We ran around the backstreets through a number of Check Backs, which seemed to be concentrated at the end of the run. Then Grand Master Handj0b mentioned that I should write the run report because Head Trail Master, Dimprick, was absent. Yeah! No problem! Where the fcuk are we? Trail continued after more Check Backs, alongside the railway line, and onto Stephen Street and to the Red Brick Hotel. Well, more accurately, to the bus stop outside the Red Brick Hotel.

That great car park saved for our Brewmaster paid off! GM Handj0b called the pack to order in the bus stop. He called out CRAFT, who was covered in cuts and bandages. Looks like the he been watching the rugby again! After a chorus of the Hash Anthem, the locals all looked out their windows to see what the fuss was about. One bloke wanted us to stop so his baby could go back to sleep. The GM resumed control of the circle and called out Grewsome, who seemed very worried about the attention. He stared whining in his usual Scottish twang! Then Grewsome was presented with a hash Mug for 500 runs and he brightened up! Sir Kimbies seemed concerned that Grewsome would never reach 999 runs and get a real Hash Mug.



Then Luftwaffe, the Monk, took over the circle. Maybe we should pass around a cap to collect a few bob so the poor b*stard can get a Monk's outfit. He looked very ordinary and unprepared for his solemn duties as Religious Advisor to the Brisbane Hash. The Monk called out Best & Less, but called him 'that young bloke'. Then Best & Less slipped out of the circle without taking a seat on the ice. The Monk can't count either. He called out three hashmen, Radar, Grewsome, and Verbal Diarrhoea, for seats on two blocks of ice. Luftwaffe finally worked out that one hashman was just sitting on the ground. Next was the real test for our Monk, Luftwaffe. Apparently, Vaso committed heinous crimes against hash while in Hobart at the Nash Hash.



However, when called into the circle to account for his sins, Vaso simply argued and disobeyed the Monk! Even after sustained calls from the pack for Vaso to be iced, especially by his ex-brother in-law Chardarse, the Monk failed to ice the miscreant. He even allowed Shat to intervene on Vaso's behalf. What a poor performance by our Monk to allow such disobedience. Previous Monks, like Whorator, would only allow the likes of Vaso and Shat to argue while seated on the ice. Whorator was a firm believer in the longer the argument the colder their behinds! Unfortunately, it got worse. When Monk Luftwaffe called for Sh*t of the Week, the pack made clear its preference for Vaso. Hesitation, inaction, repeated calls! Yes, our Religious Advisor needs to look the part so he can assert his authority.



Still, the Hares for next week entertained the circle. Mu and Tinkerbelle wore Irish hats, and showed off a real bottle of Irish whiskey, for the St Patrick's Day run at the Muddy Farmer Hotel at Annerley. I bet there will be paddies galore next week.

Then, it was into the Red Brick for a few ales. I watched Dr Who chew on his steak. The silly b*gger left it unattended in order to get a knife and fork. He nearly lost the lot! XXXX and myself enjoyed a few cool ales and I had a quick chat with the barmaid in the TAB bar. Unlike a certain hashman in Hobart, I didn't get a public r00t!

Trail scored 9 out of 10. It was a clever trail in well used territory.

The circle was very entertaining and yet so disappointing, worth only 6 out of 10. The neighbors did even call the cops!

Nosh was standard pub food, and the beer was cold, 7 out of 10.

On On

Verbal Diarrhoea



On On