

Run No. 2143: Backpackers Run

21 March 2011

Venue: City Backpackers, Upper Roma Street, City

Hares: Irish Joke, Helga and Flatulence

A noisy crowd of the Brisbane Hash House Harriers stood outside the City Backpackers. Why is it that so many runners turn up for the annual Backpackers Run? I guess that it could be that the venue is in a convenient city location, with ample parking. Maybe! Could it be that Brisbane Hashmen really enjoy a run set by Irish Joke and Helga? Unlikely! I'm not sure where the third Hare Flatulence was hiding, but Irish Joke was conspicuous, as was Helga. Various hashmen were discussing world events and other serious issues, only to be distracted, and often, by young brown skinned, slim, pretty, female backpackers walking past the pack and into the hostel. Could this be a reason why the backpacker run is so well patronized?



Yes, there were plenty of parking spaces at the backpackers! At least four! About a dozen hashmen put their backpacks into XXXX's car. The cunning devils had not driven their cars and carried backpacks to blend in with hostel clients, in the hope of being invited to stay over. It didn't work and they just looked dodgy, a bit like Meatywhore handing out lollypops at a children's playground. The side benefit for these hashmen was that by using public transport, they could be designated drinkers rather than designated drivers! If only their running was as cunning!!! XXXX pondered charging each hashman \$10 to recover his backpack from the boot of his white Corolla after the run. Unlike last year, there was no sign of the neighbours. Certainly, most hashmen recall the spray we got last year from Mr. and Mrs. Grumpy for

standing on their footpath. I mean, you can't just congregate on someone's footpath! Divot was busy stroking his moustache as the girls ambled past him and Hangman had his tongue hanging out for the same reason. Bull Rushes and Ring Bark quietly observed the passing parade. Radar was nowhere to be seen. Apparently he ran with Redlands and Northside Hashes rather than ogle backpacker girls with the Brisbane Hash. Not so for Casanova! He seemed keenly interested in all the women walking past the pack. Apparently he recognised one as being the lady who entertained him the first night he ran with Brisbane Hash. Obviously, that was a Sandshoe Run!



Anyway, the parade of young backpackers continued and improved. Then Pussy Galore arrived in his large 4WD and attempted to run down half the pack. Most of them didn't notice anything but the passing girls. Embryo came very close to being a hood ornament on a large Toyota and not celebrating his 101st birthday next month. Jackoff asked Irish Joke if trail went down to the river so he could look for the pontoon he lost in the recent floods. Helga introduced us to two attractive young women as assistants to the Hares. The blond was an English girl from Essex, or Sussex, or some other ex. She displayed an interesting cleavage. The brunette was a petite German lady, and she initially seemed a little shy. Like most of the pack, I am unable to recall much of the pre-run briefing, other than Irish Joke telling us that the girls would be at the drink stop, and that trail is 'on on' that way! Oh yes! We received a rousing cheer from a group of backpackers as we started the run. It seemed odd, a bit like bon voyage, or was it p*ss off you old b*astards!

Trail was straight onto Roma Street, across the road near the fire station, and up the stairs towards the old Victoria Barracks. It led directly into a clever Check Back! That augured well and it looked as if the Hares, including Trail Master Irish Joke, had laid an interesting run. The pack recovered trail on Countess Street, then under the railway bridge, past the walking dead,

and into a 360 Check at an adjacent park. Bugs wandered aimlessly with the walkers. Obviously he'd pulled something he shouldn't have and was reduced to hobbling beside Minder the Reminder (pay your fees you bastards!!!). Trail was on along Petrie Terrace before a turn into Mountjoy Street, a name which entertained various hashmen. Louis the Fly mused that Snappy Tom was probably inside one of those establishments on Mountjoy Street, rather than hashing! Unfortunately the Hares placed a two way Check too close to the intersection and then a number of arrows down the hill to a False Trail. That's where Chief Trail Master Dimprick embarked on his solo run. Apparently, he continued along Countess Street and past the Normanby Fiveways, but that is for future discussion between Trail Masters Irish Joke and Dimprick. Trail continued over Hale Street at the footbridge off Regent Street, then on to a two way Check at Suncorp Stadium. Interestingly, the FRBs called "on on" from both directions, so I followed GM Handj0b and discussed the pending meeting to elect a Brisbane Nash Hash Committee. So much for a well marked run! Then it was over Milton Road and round the concrete paths, under the railway lines, and to traffic signals at Coronation Drive. The Drink Stop was just across the road at the end of the Go Between Bridge. One ex-Melbourne hasher commented about naming a bridge after Brisbane band, the Go Betweens. He said that they were such an ordinary band as compared to the favorite of his youth, the Easy Beats. Talk about showing your age!

Anyway, it was at the Drink Stop where the Hares redeemed themselves. Hashmen lined up for a drink, which was poured straight from the cask into their mouths by the lovely blond girl from Essex, or Sussex, or some other ex. The German brunette looked on and the Hashmen looked at her! When questioned about the quality of wine dispensed from a cask, Irish Joke made some comment about it being very expensive at \$15 per gallon. That cheeky b*stard Even Optus went back for seconds. I don't recall a hash song at the Drink Stop! So CRAFT must be out of town. I'm sure he will be back next week, probably covered in bandages again!

The pack took off over the Go Between Bridge and most hashers lost trail at South Brisbane. The markings split into the runners and walkers trails. The run turned back under the Go Between Bridge, towards Davies Park, and to a two way Check. A number of arrows led up to Montague Road, turned the corner, and ended in a Check Back. This just confused the pack and left the runners looking along Montague Road for trail. Apparently, the run continued along Riverside Drive and only six runners actually remained on trail. This included Even Optus, Chips, Mu, and Tinkerbelle, who was at great pains to explain all this to anyone who would listen before the circle. He demanded that everyone else should be iced for being Short Cutters. Normally, it is Miles O'Tool who whines about Short Cutters, but I guess that Tinkerbelle is just looking for an award! He must be front runner for Whinger of the Year. Tinkerbelle explained that the trail returned along Boundary Street, the Kilurpa Bridge, and Roma Street. The lost runners simply found their way home, some over the Grey Street Bridge and others over the Kilurpa Bridge. Walking over the Grey Street Bridge, Short Hand J0b listened to Anchovy bleat about leaving Mackay at 4 am and driving 10 hours just so he could be at the run. With an effort like that Perfect Pete might be the dirty old man of hash, but only while Vaso remains in hiding! Whorator previously suggested that Vaso just accept an ASIO charge for his performance at Nash Hash in Hobart, and return to hashing with us!

The hash gathered in the car park, out the back of Union Headquarters. Two lovely backpacker girls handed out the cold beers from the hash essky. "Who wants a Red one? Green one? Yellow

one?" Most hashers just wanted the blond one, or the brunette one, or both! Push Up, Royal Screw, Pussy Galore, Best & Less, and some of the younger hashmen were like flies around the honey pot! However, Doctor Who and XXXX sat quietly, drank their beers, and didn't take their eyes off the girls. Never trust the quiet blokes! Those learned men might just be the true dirty old men of hash! Whorator and Twin Tubs seemed more intent on a conversation rather than leer at the women. Maybe they were discussing the recent demolition of Chateau DoleBludger at Carina. Beach Ball bragged to anyone who'd listen that he won't be at the Committee Run next week. Apparently he will be way on holiday with half a dozen Harriettes. Lucky for some! However, it will be nice to talk to a waitress next week without Beach Ball's little brown bald head popping up in front of her chest!

GM Handj0b called for order and the pack provided a rousing rendition of the hash anthem! Various hashmen kept looking at the neighbouring windows. I assumed that they were concerned that such loud singing would wake someone's baby! Louis the Fly explained that any neighbours of the backpackers and union headquarters would be used to loud noises from the carpark. Whorater countered that Louis was just trying to see into the Backpacker's bedrooms. Anchovy might have another rival for the title of dirty old man of hash (DOMH)! What about Boxer? Last I heard Bower was entertaining the bar girls of Wanchai in Hong Kong! However, these are all just light weights for the DOHM title compared to Vaso!



GM Handj0b resumed control of the circle and called out the lovely blond girl from Essex, or Sussex, or some other ex, and the petite German brunette. I recall that they both had beautifuleyes. They showed that English and German girls know how to down a beer! Then the GM called out the two visitors, Jason and Flavio, who had no trouble sinking a down down. Another hashman was rewarded for 550 runs! Handj0b reminded the pack that next week is a committee

run with benefits for paid-up members, including waitresses. Minder chipped in with his usual reminder, 'pay your fees you b*stards'! Religious Advisor, Luftwaffe, took over the circle. The poor bugger still can't get a Monk's outfit. He iced a few miscreants, including Irish Joke for holding a dinner party without his hash mates, and Anchovy for driving 10 hours from Mackay for the run. Whorator declined the Monk's invitation to take a cold seat with Sh*tbags providing cheek from the gallery. The circle was disappointed that Radar was not available to be iced! Shame that! Maybe next week! Even Multiple Choice, who is normally the Monk's ice-bitch, was ignored. Anchovy was found guilty of new shoes on the hash and drank from one of his blue deck shoes. Luftwaffe caught Leech talking in the circle and called him to the ice. However, Leech is injured and was unable to get onto the ice. Apparently he has a dicky knee, or herpes, or some other excuse! Verbal Diarrhoea got a seat on the ice for wandering away from the circle talking on a mobile phone! Monk Luftwaffe called for Sh*t of the Week, the pack made clear its preference for Anchovy. Still no SOTW shirt! Yes, our Religious Advisor needs to get a new SOTW award!

Then, it was into the Backpackers hostel to mingle with the friendly ones, and a feed, and a few ales. Irish Joke asked if this is the venue where Cameltoe previously knocked back a root from a backpacker? Anything that happened inside the hostel is classified and may only be discussed under the cone of silence.

Trail only scored 4 out of 10. The Hares confused most of the pack!

The circle was very entertaining, as was the passing parade of women, and the blond English girl from Essex, or Sussex, or some other ex and the petite German brunette. Well worth 9 out of 10! I didn't stay for nosh, so I cannot provide a score.

On On

Verbal Diarrhoea

