

Run Report # 2145

04/04/2011

Venue: "Past" Carrington Yacht Club, Corinda

Hares: Dr. Who, Jackoff,

Catering: Birthday Boys Spermwhale and Monty

The hashers who arrived early were in awe of the destruction that the recent floods (and expert flood mitigators) had caused to this once iconic hash venue. All were observed looking skyward up the old gum tree at the "high" tide line and all reciting the same adjective, F#CK!!!!

Leech and Dr Who were trying to improve their Boy Scout skills in lighting a fire with the remains of the clubhouse (Leech certainly didn't get a F#ckin pass or even a f#ck from the scout master for this Endeavour. In the meantime, Jackoff was trying to enroll new club members to finance the rebuild of the clubhouse. I don't think they qualified for flood assistance once the government was made aware there were hashmen involved. They are still smarting from the verbal abuse from Wasta after they knocked back his claim for loss of income when the value of this St Lucia property fell faster than the flood receded.

Enough of the sentimental clap trap, the pack gathered for the preamble at 6.15 to be told the usual crap of no hills and no water. Seeing that none of the pack wanted to swim the river, the only other choice was up the Hilda Street frigin hill to a two way at Dewar Crescent. This saw the pack divide, with Pussy and JC picking it right before calling the rest of the hashers On On along Dewar Crescent. The trail zig- zag along Grace Street to another two way at Keble Street. This time, the front runners apart from the scribe opted to go down hill when the true trail proceeded along Keble and then on through an easement onto Ardoyne Rd. (good use of local knowledge). Yet another two way led the trial through the Ardoyne Rd. easement down onto the intersection of Blackheath rd. to a regroup. Here was where confusion began, there was a two way off the regroup and as the scribe being out front alone, went straight up Ardoyne Rd. missing the CB???? and continued to the top of the F#ckin hill. After trying to find some sort of trail I descended back down Ardoyne Rd. only to meet Even Optus, Pussy galore and Royal Crew leading the pack up. After a few minutes of debate, Ring Peace who hadn't a clue where he was led the pack along Blackheath Rd. in the wrong direction. The trial was picked up yet again by the "Head" trailmaster and who led the pack down under the railway station into Oxley Junction. Once again confusion reigned supreme! a CB off a two way that led to nowhere. By this time, most of the pack had had enough, then, a lot of abuse was heard from Craft as someone called ON On in the other direction. The scribe and Pushup followed the intrepid Brengun through the CB on down Cook Street to Oxley Rd while the others ran amuck running parallel to us further to the South. Brengun, smelling home was West along Oxley road led the charge. JC and Royal screw followed suit and made their way back to the club house ruins to be greeted by the brew master Bugs offering warm piss to the front runners. Apparently, it was revenge for sitting on the ice the week before?

The walking wounded had already starting into the gourmet snags and salad which had been cooked expertly by the two birthday boys, Whale and Monty.

The circled was called by the GB under the new skylight that had been erected within the remaining frame work that once was the club house. Meatihore who had been making a more on the local resident tried in "vein" to have her accepted into the circle but was pissed off by

one and all as no dickless hashman can desecrate the sanctum of the BH 3 circle (unless she was under 25 and naked.)



Spermwhale led the circle in a rowdy rendition of our anthem followed by Irish and his dirty ditty.

The Monk immediately requested the hares to sample the temperature of the ice for not reading the fundamentals of hash run setting. This info is on our website for those who don't want to follow Dr Who and Jackoff's icy experience.



Minder and Bugs were then directed to the ice for talking in the circle (Bugs once again threatening warm beer next week) then, you guessed it! Multiple Choice.

This started a flurry of sittings, with Royal Screw, JC and Fucknut for just being Fucknut!

Run: 2 (only because there was one!)

Venue: 5 (the mozzies and midges affected the score)

Food: 9

Shit of the Week went to Royal Screw for inflicting four hours of constant nagging about him from Possum his wife, whilst training with the Base camp Trekkers all while Royal was up at Mooloolaba, enjoying the day with the rest of the Triathlon Poofers.

On On

“HEAD” Trailmaster

