

Run No. 2147: Embryo's Birthday Run

18 April 2011

Venue: Robinson Park, Taringa

It was another wet day in 2011. Still, the Brisbane Hash House Harriers always enjoy Embryo's birthday run. So, I called up Tinkerbelle to see if I could get a lift to the run. "Yeah, no problems! I'll meet you in the foyer in 10 minutes!" I ran across the Victoria Bridge to his office and stood in the foyer. No Tinkerbelle! Then I went up to reception and who is behind the desk but a Harriett, named Pink Bits. "Oh! So his hash name is Tinkerbelle!" she says. I'll save that for a down down.

We arrived early at Robinson Park, across the road from the St. Lucia Golf Club. Fang drove his 4 wheel drive into the park, which was very wet. Embryo was looking at the rotunda across the road in case the rain returned. Sperm Whale and VD were discussing the recent meeting for the Nash Hash Committee. A number of hashmen arrived with their dogs. Sperm Whale's pooch had as much hair around its face as he does! Boxer brought his little foxy named Roxanne. Radar lamented that he did not bring Darcy. Watching various hashmen parking their cars was most entertaining. The rain held off reasonably well and the crowd swelled. There is nothing like a free feed and beers to attract the Brisbane hash. Tinkerbelle told a great story about a bloke that worked with him in Asia. The story got complicated when he discussed this guy's famous old fella, with venereal scars. I didn't really want to know how Tinkerbelle was aware of this, but he assured us that he obeys Rule 1.

GM Handj0b called the pack to order. He explained that the 40th anniversary Run is in June and that the function fee is \$40 each. Minder the reminder made his usual call of pay your fees.

Apparently, Minder is going overseas again and needs cash!

Embryo and Fang explained that there was no trail due to the wet weather. They had briefed various runners and walkers about the route and explained that it would be a short run. None of the hashmen seemed to mind, particularly as that meant we were fed earlier.



The runners simply headed across Indroopilly Road, on to the bike path. The runners followed the path until it ended at some roadworks and Royal Screw called a Regroup. Brengun, XXXX, and Dr Who made the Regroup, just before we headed onto the bush path behind the golf course.

It was pretty easy running with the river on the left and the golf course on the right. A number of hashmen knew the trail well from one of the Skinnychino runs. Trail followed the path until we held another Regroup at the old CSIRO site, and then a run home on the roads. Dr Who removed his running shirt on the homeward leg of the run. XXXX suggested that Dr Who may have tried to impress two young women running in the opposite direction. However, they just kept running away from him. Brengun, XXXX, and Dr Who were home dead fcukin last as the walkers didn't stray far from the free beer.



Our Religious Advisor was absent. The rain frightened him away. Fortunately, Embryo and Fang rigged up a tarp on the side of Fang's 4 wheel drive and cooked the sausages. The returning runners quickly tucked into the snags on bread and a few cold beers. I'd arranged for a lift home so I sank a couple of heavy beers quickly. Yes, I really enjoyed the run for Embryo's birthday. Various hashmen were comparing the size of their dogs. Boxer fed his dog half a sausage and two beers. Smart dog that one! Not to be out done, Sperm Whale trained his dog to jump up on hashmen and take their sausages and beers. Tough dog that one! Not for me! I'd rather stroke two ginger pussies!



Then GM Handj0b called the circle. A number of miscreants were punished but I couldn't see past the tarp and my beer. VD reported on the meeting for the Nash Hash Committee held on Sunday 17 April. As monk Luftwaffe was not in attendance the circle was disrupted and short. At least the rain held off for dinner.

Cameltoe made an appearance for the nosh, with his friend Uranus. Apparently Uranus is the nearest thing to a Cameltoe. Then, CRAFT called that he was leaving and I sank another beer. CRAFTY dropped me home, but not before he tried to pick up a fox. Well, as you would expect, the fox saw two old hashmen bolted.

Happy 85 th Birthday Embryo. I hope that you enjoy many more, and that you celebrate them with the Brisbane hash house Harriers.



Trail was washed out, so no score.

The circle was disrupted but I wasn't iced. Worth 5 out of 10!

Nosh of sausages and beer was well received in wet weather. Thanks to Embryo and his offsider Fang. Always 10 out of 10 for a free feed.

On On

Verbal Diarrhoea