

Run No. 2150: QR Run

9 May 2011

Venue: Richlands Hotel, Richlands

Generally, the Brisbane Hash House Harriers don't travel well, especially when rain threatens. Still, it was a reasonable crowd that turned up to the Richlands Hotel, which is near the Northern Territory border, on a wet night. Radar rang me on the way. "Verbal, which pub are we at tonight?" It was past the Durack Tavern, through Inala, left into Archerfield Avenue, right into Government Road, and stop before you hit the Centenary Highway. The poor bastard had finished his cut lunch well before Inala, and he was still 3 or 4 km away from the run start. I was intrigued as to why the Hares chose to call it the QR Run. A better name would have been the Out the Back of Nowhere Run. Then again, Ron le Bom and XXXX consistently travel eastward most Monday nights.

Hashmen milled about in the carpark behind the Richlands Hotel. Fortunately, our Religious Advisor Luftwaffe arrived and frightened the rain away. Sir Kimbies explained to anyone who'd listen, that Tampon had suffered food poisoning at the Crown Hotel after the previous run. This was despite Sir Kimbies best efforts in personally sampling all the chips on Tampon's plate, even after Tampon had drooled and collapsed into his food. That's the kind of personal sacrifice you'd expect from a knight of the Hash. Irish Joke arrived in his tiny Toyota corolla. He seemed annoyed about his ride and confided that he is excited about collecting his next big Mercedes. GM Handj0b was back from Vietnam and he called the pack to order. He summonsed the Hares, XXXX and Ron le Bom, to explain the run. They provided the usual brief, plus advice that the arrows are all under street lights. It seemed like good advice. As a precaution against rain, the Hares added some pink bits. XXXX held up the remnants of his roll of pink survey tape and assured the environmentally sensitive souls in hash that it was entirely biodegradable. Short Hand J0b seemed to doubt the Hare's advice about the tape, even though it perished in his short hands.



Then it was out the front of the pub and onto Government Road. To calls of farkcup, the hash runners looked left and right for trail. Tinkerbell worked out that 13 runners were on trail. Somehow, the number of runners increased to 14 by the first Regroup, Even Optus, Mu, Tinkerbell, Monk Luftwaffe, Multiple Choice, Chips, Miles O'Tool, GM Handj0b, Irish Joke, Short Hand J0b, CRAFT, Klinging, Louis the Fly and Verbal Diarrhoea. The front runners b*stards followed trail to the first roundabout at Garden Road. Those cunning Hares took trail down the road to the right for about 200 m, crossed the road, and returned to the roundabout, so that the FRBs took a loop and simply rejoined the pack. Trail continued along the road until we approached the Centenary Highway. It took a left turn onto the flash new bikeway and into a Check Back. Obviously, Anna Bligh is able to count on the good residents of Richlands for support at the next election. Irish Joke suggested that the locals enjoy a Saturday afternoon ride on stolen bikes. The FRBs picked up trail on the bikeway to the right and then up to another Check Back at the Progress Road overbridge. Luftwaffe and Multiple Choice were suddenly FRBs as trail returned to the bikeway. The markings seemed unaffected by the earlier rain and were generally under street lights. Trail even included some clever marking to keep the pack close as we ran into the new bus terminal and train station. It took a while to recover trail in the bus interchange carpark, but then it was on on down the road and onto Pine Road. We regrouped outside the Queensland Lions footy club. It wasn't the Brisbane Lions, but Miles O'Tool became very quiet, a rare feat for Miles, when discussion turned to his team's recent performance. Choirmaster CRAFT led the pack in song! "Five Chinese crackers up your ars*hole. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Ouh!" The pack continued up Pine Road but was totally lost at a 360 check at the Orchard Road corner, and took 10 minutes to recover trail about half a kilometer away at Archerfield Road. Yes, it was one of those pieces of pink tape, but it had not degraded, so Short Handj0b started collecting the pieces of tape. Even Optus and Tinkerbell actually found the real trail in a paddock and caught the reduced pack after a while. Others simply cut their losses and headed down Orchard Road and back to the pub.

Then it was an urban run through streets, laneways, and across a few parks. The local dogs seemed upset, especially all the little yappy ones. I'm just pleased that the big dogs were behind gates and fences and not turned loose on a bunch on men running through the streets of Inala after dark, yelling 'on on!' Then there was an example of the Hare's humour. As we emerged from a dark park beside an old folk's home, there was a piece of pink tape draped over a dead black cat. The pink tape draped diagonally across the stiff black cat looked just like an Essendon supporter. It even smelt like an Essendon supporter. Trail eventually crossed Poinsettia Street at the primary school and continued into back streets and parks. Irish Joke became concerned that trail was heading away from home but that was exaggerated

by his thirst and his poor sense of direction. It is truly amazing what you can learn on a run with the Brisbane Hash. The discussion turned to Chips' Audi A4 and then to Irish Joke's assessment of Tupperware ladies' right tits. The runners followed back streets and parks, past the other bus station at O'Connor Court, until we finally returned to Government Road and home to the hotel.



The walking dead were milling around looking for the hash beer. Brewmaster Tinkerbelle moved the hash eskies out of the carpark, but had to push the walking dead out of the way. Jackoff, Sir Kimbies, VD, and the other poor bastards were just so desperate for a drink. Then GM Handj0b called the circle. Monk Luftwaffe was only able to ice his assistant Mu. He lamented that hashmen just don't seem to spill the beans on the fellow runners. Luftwaffe even failed to pick on Multiple Choice. Then again, Multiple Choice was awarded a down down for 350 runs, or 350 short cuts as one wag suggested. The Hares escaped a chilled seat each for some unknown reason. Miles O'Tool wasn't complaining, so the run must have been reasonable. There was no SOTW awarded. Was that because we were all so well behaved? It may have been the result of not having the new SOTW shirt available. Monk Luftwaffe was not impressed so Royal Screw might receive it again! We didn't sing the hash anthem even though the Choirmaster was present. It was a bit cool but at least the rain held off. VD called for numbers attending the 40th Year of Hash celebrations. Obviously, only one hashman raised his hand, but Sir Kimbies is going deaf in his retirement. The Hares for next week, Tinkerbelle and Chips displayed their Arab attire and a bottle of camel P*ss, which is the prize for the best dressed hashman at the Al Qaeda's Revenge Run from the Camp Hill Bowls Club. Then it was on into the pub before the meal orders stopped. The barmaid was going on about

getting a bit tonight? Mu and Short HandJ0b were quickly onto that comment. Mu told her that he'd never had a Kiwi before, to which she quickly responded she was not a Kiwi but maybe her mother's milkman was. She said 10 guys were too much for her so Mu was trying to get others to go home to improve his chances. Ah! Life in the fast lane ! The trail was clever and kept the hashmen interested, plus Miles O'Tool was not complaining, so 8 out of 10!



The circle was brief, but that was reasonable on the cool night and the fact that a \$3.90 roast awaited hashmen in the sports bar. Well worth 7 out of 10!

The pub nosh was great value. Radar said that it was better food and cheaper than McDonalds. Definitely 9 out of 10 for the feed.



On On
Verbal Diarrhoea

**Run Report 2150 – Version 2
“QR Run” Richlands Tavern**

Ron the Bomb and XXXX

Phark!, set a run in the backblocks and watch the numbers dwindle! Still, it was good enough to draw MILES O'TOOL sniffing out some cheap real estate deals. After the hares flashed their home made QR T shirts , on a call the pack flew off down Government Road, LUFTWAFFA having problems with the Springfield roundabout traffic at the corner of Garden road and started throwing his Monk's rhetoric at some poor motorist who assumed he had right away on the public thoroughfare. The trail led on down towards the Centenary Freeway where TINKERBELLE spent a frustrating time sorting out the check backs on the bikeway (couldn't have happened to a nicer frontrunner). Luckily VERBAL sniffed out the trail which led up to the Richlands Railway Station – Wow, hasn't Anna spent some \$ on this car park? - fit for a king! , no doubt the Inala boyz have a new source of car parts during the day.

On up passed the Lions Football Club, M O'T panging for his club - till he realized it was a wogs soccer club! On up past the Dutch Club where LOUIS THE FLY left a Dutch Oven in his wake. The effects of this mini Chernobyl was so intense that it appeared to disintegrate all further markings at the intersection of Orchard Rd. & Pine Rd.

With not a bloody mark for a klm. The scribe gave up and slogged it with the GM (who must be training for something big!)until we found the trail on the corner of Pine Rd. & Archerfield Rd, whilst some of the “lucky” early front runners got completely lost in the bush in between. By this time the pack was dwindling. CHIPPS sped to the lead until running into grief on a CB in Azalea St, the trail true ducked through St. Marks Catholic Primary School ending up for a song in a park in Columbia St. It is here where the scribe should have stayed awake in Snappy Toms class of “Local knowledge of Real Estate” and lost track of directions altogether, literally, XXXX had us running in circles till we had a second song near the Richlands Reservoir led by CRAFT. Then On ON after MULTIPLE CHOICE who left the regroup early (must be a contender for Dimprick's infamous reputation) then past the bus depot and surprise! Surprise! we were back on Government road again! Saved! Back into the hotel car park at 1hr 10 min for a cold beer tendered quite aptly by POPEYE.

Verdict:

Run 9/10

On on 6/10

Food at \$3.95 a meal 10/10

On on Irish