

**Run Report # 2151**  
**Bin Laden's Revenge**  
**Hares: Bin Chips and Bin Tinkerbell**  
**Venue: Camp Hill Bowls Club.**

I think the run name said it all. I set the reliable CIA sponsored Tom Tom to Ferguson Rd Camp Hill and it directed me to turn left from Old Cleveland Rd. I drove down to what appeared to be the end and I thought, "what a short road" and no bowls club insight, I then proceeded to the roundabout thinking that maybe Ferguson Rd continued directly across however the trusty Tom Tom then led me up Stanley Rd to do a circuit of the suburb and come in from the other direction. You guessed it! No bowls club here either. I then continued up to Oateson Skyline Terrace and alas! There was the bowls club diagonally across the road but how do you f#kin get in? I once again circled the adjacent suburb to find my way back to the roundabout. Shit! I hope the run wasn't going to be as tough!!

Upon arriving, I was approached by a couple of unsavory middle eastern looking characters clad in their mothers best bed linen and trying to look inconspicuous , that failed but to my horror, more of their ugly brothers (not to mention an ugly sister)emerged from the darkness and ascended on to the car park. This set the scene for an interesting night. Bin Laden's Revenge!!!



The Bin Clan started to gather for the run's preamble, there was Bin Even Optus who went to the trouble of not shaving for a week and looked more at home on Christmas Island (pity about all the grey in the beard), there was Bin Radar who we should deport, there was Bin Laden's mole aka VD

(no wonder Allah ordained the Hasmak). Some idiot came as a pirate???? And our GM as KKK ????? Don't ask?

Bin Chips and Bin Tinkerbelle beckoned the clan and with the grace of Allah, threatened the pack at gun point to head east to Mecca and out of the car park to our certain death to cross Oateson Skyline Terrace at peak hour. Infidels were coming from all directions but in true Taliban form we eluded the infidel drones and made our way down Tiburtina Ave. only to find the trail led back up to the Trc with the long name. The trail then went for 500 meters or so before turning back down Porteus Drive and then onto to Phalerum Ave. The pack came across our first scout, Bin Kimbies, who was disguised as a garden gnome sitting in the dark, perched on someone's fence yelling out "You'll be f#kin sorry!!!! I wondered what he meant!! All was revealed when we headed into the depths of the imperialist's heartland. We stumbled along a creek bank only to loose the scent behind an infidel's outpost or was it an outhouse, anyway, Bin Royal, Screw, not one for covert operations, woke up the sentry who then wouldn't shut up. These infidel capitalists certainly know how to train or screw geese to double up as watch dogs!!!

Finally, Bin Best and Less found two faint white missile arrows leading up between the two compounds and out into civilization to a regroup. After a rowdy rendition of "Obama takes it up the arse". The pack followed the trail back into the Seven Hills Reserve. The trail zig zagged up and down before coming across two 360 circles which was set to cause more uncertainty as to where we were but with Bin Mu leading the way we emerged out into Nurstead St. then right up a f#ckin big hill, over the top then along Valaria Ave back to the bowls club.



Bin Chips dressed to the nines as a suicide bomber, grenades and all and Bin Tinkerbell were summoned before the Grand Ayatollah Hand Job and was duly punished for their evil trail setting. However, they tried to bribe the Ayatollah by offering sacred camel piss for the best attired Taliban Refugee. Bin Short Handjob was victorious and wailed into the night leaving the complaining Bin Radar settling for second prize of camel shit.



Then Mullah Mu came forth and pronounced that there were discretions by some members of the clan. Bin Leach was accused of taking advantage of Bin Maria VD, which he regretted deeply once he lifted her hasmak. Bin Wasta was summoned to explain his involvement with the demise of our beloved leader whilst on his recent covert mission to the Himalayas. In the end, the S O T W went to..... Sorry brothers, if I told you, I will have to shoot you. Ali Akbah

The On On in the club was good – they opened especially for us on a Monday night because they sympathized with our cause (On On and drink more beer) Whorator managed to smash one of the prizes, a bottle of red, but fortunately, in true hash tradition it was a cheap one!

Run 7 / 10

Circle 7 / 10

Food 8 / 10

Americans 0 / 10

