

Run No. 2152: Addled Brain Run

23 May 2011

Hare: Zit

Venue: New Farm Park, New Farm

Head Trailmaster Dimpr*ck rang me on the Thursday afternoon, almost a week after the run. "Verbal, can you write a run report?" So, please excuse my poor memory in this story.

Let me see! I missed the run entirely! However, I did arrive at the rotunda in New Farm Park just before the runners returned. Monk Luftwaffe was absent, but his influence was strong enough to ward off most of the rain during the run. Zit was busy arranging the food inside the rotunda. I guess that the Brisbane City Council would not object to a run from the rotunda, or to the hash eating a brilliant curry and rice under its shelter. There was a sign warning that personal trainers should not conduct business in the rotunda. Short Handj0b pointed to the sign but conceded that most hashman could never be mistaken for a personal trainer. Sir Kimbies agreed. About then we noticed a police car driving slowly around the park with a spotlight trained on the grass near the rotunda. I figured that they couldn't find the trail either!

Even Optus was still dressed in his work clothes, obviously he didn't run either. Grand Master Handj0b called the circle to order. I vaguely recall that certain hashmen were recognized for a half marathon on the weekend. This included our visitor for the evening. Mu was worried about his lack of information to use a deputy Monk. He need not have worried as the deputy Brewmaster, Bugs, didn't have any ice. A group of hashmen, including Meatywhore, Hi-Riser, and Divot returned from the Myrther Bowls club. Meatywhore tried vainly to take control of the circle from the Grand Master. The dinner was great and there was plenty, so seconds were even better. Plus Zit provided it gratis. Thank you Zit! Unfortunately he'd not organised any beer, but Grand Master Handj0b allowed the remaining hash beer to be sold to the thirsty punters. A curious Curlew stood on the path nearby and watched the hashers drinking beer. The bird was definitely on trail but like most hashmen, it refused to call!

Anyway, hashmen quickly drank the remaining hash beer and I missed out. After such a great dinner on a cold night, and all the beer gone, I walked back to my car and drove home. I headed down Brunswick Street and took a right turn at Martin Street to the Story Bridge, only to be stopped by the police at an RBT. It was very quick and courteous and then I was on my way. There is nowhere to stop on the bridge and ring the other hashmen. I finally pulled over near Mowbray Park but was not able to contact those who would be still drinking after the run. I'm simply happy that I only drank the one

beer, until I was home. Hey! The best way to celebrate passing the breath test is with a beer or two at home!

I'm unable to comment on the trail, but I didn't hear any complaints.

The circle was brief, and a number of key players were absent. Still, on a cool wet night that's not too bad. Worth 7 out of 10!

Zit's nosh was really tasty, plentiful, and great value. Definitely 10 out of 10 for a free feed.

On On

Verbal Diarrhoea