

Run No. 2155: Gemini Boys Run

6 June 2011

Hare: Radar and Louis the Fly

Venue: Salisbury Hotel, Salisbury

There were two groups assembled at the Salisbury Hotel on a clear winter evening for Radar's and Louis the Fly's birthday run. The first group was trying to recover a hashman's car keys that he'd inadvertently dropped into the space between the hood and the windscreen. It appeared to be a hopeless task. Discussion varied between coat hangers and magnets on string. The main group of hashmen gathered around the Grand Master Handj0b and members of Committee who were issuing running shirts from the recent 40 Years of hashing celebrations. This was definitely the more popular group. It was a pretty good crowd although a number of hashmen were still recovering from the weekend festivities. Monty wandered around while Snappy Tom, VD, Anchovy and others waited for the appointed time. Anchovy seemed happy and to enjoy his recent status upgrade to 'single man about town'. Lock up your grandmothers! Shat, Zit, Vaso, Pushup, Mortien, Whorator, Embryo and Fang enjoyed various discussions, while XXXX was hobbling around with Jackoff. It looked like a big turnout for the walking dead. I saw fellow Trail Master Chips, but not Dimpr*ck. Runners included Best & Less, Royal Screw, Short Handj0b, Even Optus, CRAFT, Miles O'Tool, Catgut, Monk Luftwaffe, Mu, Tinkerbell, GM Handj0b, Leech, Down Under, JC and a couple of new guys. The running pack was reasonable but still outnumbered by the walking dead.



The Hares, Radar and Louis looked haggard. They warned of an arduous trail marked on chalk, flour, paper, mud, blood, floating cadavers, and burning crosses. Oh! That can't be right. I'm confusing this with a run at Yeronga some years ago where then Monk and his deputy provided a burning cross and wore hoods in Klan style. I still laugh when I think about Boxer and Handj0b

with hoods and the kerosene soaked wooden cross burning in the park. The GM at the time was Bugs and he held a short discussion with the police about an open fire in the park.

Ok! Back to Radar's and Louis' run. Trail led out the pub access road on to Fairlawn Street and the pack turned right. They soon returned from the first Check Back and searched for the trail. Catgut seemed bewildered as he ran along Bankside Street looking for trail. He ran to Toohey Road only to see the last of the walking dead, who headed up toward Toohey Forest. The runners crossed the road and turned left to Evans Road and after some searching found trail in a park. The toilet paper stopped at a nasty-looking creek and the pack baulked until Monk Luftwaffe saw trail turn right along the bank. Then it was on around the creek bank and through parks, some clever run setting kept the pack together and even saw Monk Luftwaffe as a FRB. The pack split at a Two Way Check beside a local creek, with one group crossing the creek while the other ran beside it. The pack soon reformed at a Regroup after disrupting the local dogs and one grumpy old woman. CRAFT lead the now reduced pack in a chorus of Five Chinese Crackers while Miles O'Tool wandered away from the regroup. After a few back streets we crossed Orange Grove Road and into the bushland around Griffith University.

Again the Hares kept the FRB guessing with clever Checks Backs. Then, it was up hill on a long steep path with chalk messages written by the Hares. Short Handj0b discussed whether the messages were intended to help the pack or remind them that the hills were hard running. The pack emerged from the bush onto Griffith University West Ring Road and a drink stop, where Radar and Louis provided port and lemonade. Jason was just happy for the regroup and Down Under commented that he enjoyed running with the pack. Discussion at the drink stop covered the mild weather, lack of traffic on the roadway, and the behavior of certain hashmen on the weekend. Apparently Luftwaffe arranged transport on Friday night with his brother-in-law Multiple Choice. Mrs Multiple Choice dropped the boys at the hotel but returned very early to collect them. Luftie suggested that Multiple Choice may have been wary of staying out too long. At the drink stop, most runners would have been happy to stay longer and drink a little more of the red mixture, but it was quickly gone, and so was the pack. The Hares directed us across the road and onto trail in more bushland. Hashmen like JC know the trails through Toohey Forest, including the large concrete stepping stones and Cement Hill. Those experienced runners knew to walk up cement hill and where trail was heading and we soon crossed back over the West Ring Road and then towards Orange Grove Road. The steep decent on a narrow bush path through Wilcox Park, or was it Hardc0ck's Park, allowed for some conversations. Of particular interest was a discussion about the places where hashmen have worked. Jason certainly won that conversation although Short Handj0b was a close second. Soon we were back at the pub and running through the carpark. A number of hashmen seemed to be competing to get to the beer before others. It was almost 'Racing on the Hash, a crime usually punished with an ice seat! Leech just seemed happy to finish the trail and get a beer from the esky. I enjoyed that first beer after a Monday night run.

Grand Master Handj0b called the circle to order. He was congratulated on a successful weekend for the 40 years of Hashing. Choir Master CRAFT lead us in a rousing rendition of the hash anthem. Monk Luftwaffer was very well prepared. Obviously he'd used cunning and guile to extract information from various hashmen. I vaguely recall that certain miscreants were iced. Radar and Louis enjoyed birthday beers but also endured chilly behinds. Other with cold bottoms included Miles O'Tool and Verbal Diarrhoea. SOTW went to Miles O'Tool. The Monk christened a young hashman, who is now known as Big Red. The Monk related Big Red's exploits with a young red headed girl and his own big red appendage. The Hares seemed unsure

whether the dinner deal was at \$10 or \$12 and there was consensus that Whorator looks strikingly similar to Meatiwhore. Shat and Zit found that amusing, as did our visitor for the evening Down Under.



It was a well set trail by two experienced runners and definitely worth 9 out of 10. The circle was entertaining, with most of the key players present. Worth 8 out of 10! Nosh was pub fare but looked ok, as were XXXX's chips; 8 out of 10.

On On
Verbal Diarrhoea

