

Run 20 June 2157
Everest Return Run

Hares: Royal Screw

Waste of Time

It was a cold and stormy night when the Hash gathered at the home of the Jabawoki, at the foot of Brisbane's very own Mt Everest better known locally as Mt Coot-tha. Well there were certainly no "brass monkeys" there this Monday. It was not a large pack that gathered, shivering in a huddle in the moon light at the car park just off Gap creek road. Strangely we saw a torch in the deep dark forest, and a comment was that it must be the hares returning from checking the trail. Suddenly **Irish Joke** emerges from the darkness with a smile on his face; he had been in the woods having a number 2. Someone suggested that we huddle around that as at least it will be warm and steaming.



The circle was called and as it was so dark, the hares lead the pack to the start.

And under the cover of darkness the pack sneaked out - into the woods.

The course started with an uphill section and **Best-and-lest** lead the charge, followed by Even Optus and your erstwhile narrator, with the rest trailing behind – there was some noise as many of the runners were without torches stumbling and cursing in the inky blackness. We charged up the hill, and Best and lest opening a gap in good FRB style and on to a CB up the top of a steep

section – ‘Oh dear that was a silly thing to do’, I heard him mutter – just not in so many words. He quickly switched off his torch hoping to allow more runners to enjoy the steep hill.

Back down the hill and right onto a cycle track – and there were runners with little lights all over the woods trying to catch up with the FRB’s who had been the tail end charley’s and who now found themselves to be the FRB’s. Not much point at this stage explaining the trail as we could not see anything apart from the occasional piece of Toilet paper that Radar had yet to use.

At some point **Tinkerbelle** was back in front and went right - the wrong way on a 2 way. The majority of the pack followed **Best and lest left**, who in turn mysteriously got lost. At this stage I found myself in front, thinking I was following **Best and Lest** with **Mu** and **Even Optus** behind me. Off we went and the hill went on and on and on and on and on – up and up and up and up and up. At one stage **Optus** asked me to blow a toot on the old bugle ‘Ta ata tata tata’ and he ran past me. I occasionally looked down and there were little lights throughout the woods like little fairy lights. I thought the chaps from Thirsty Hash had joined us.

On and on up and up we went, stairs-hill-stairs-hill, and a trail of little Thirsty hash lights – sorry fairy lights strung along the trail, until we broke out onto the road next to the Channel 9 premises. The FRB’s had a chance to catch their breath allowing for the others to catch up. As we waited we saw, XXXX’s and on home written on the road. **Miles O’Tool**, was one of the last runners up the hill, we waited for a further 5 minutes as someone s suggested that **Multiple Choice** and our Illustrious monk, **Luftwaffe** were somewhere behind. Mu suggested that they had probably took the track home about half way up the hill, so after a boisterous song and a toot on the bugle “Tatatatatataaaaaaa” of we went down the Hill. And boy did we slip and slide and trip and roll down this hill that we later learned was the Kokoda Trail. **Tinkerbelle** led the charge, and of we stumbled.

We got down to the junction where we held another impromptu RG (We think that was what the sign said) and we waited for the back runners. Another quick song and on back to the car park about 1 Km away. A good pace was set as we headed home towards cold beer.

As we enjoyed our extremely cold frosty and talk about our amazing adventures in the woods, we see two lights floating out of the forest. It was **Luftwaffe** and **Multiple**..... In fact they had completed the run up the hill and were pissed of that we had not waited for them... well done your Bar-Stuarts.

The Circle was formed as we shivered there the GM, **Hand job** mentioned the up and coming Balls up – **Snappy Tom** gave us all a bollocking and told us to shape up and bring all of our friends. **VD** mentioned the Nash-Hash and brought us up to date with the multiple committees' involved. In the Circle the Monk did not have the dirt on many hash men so resorted to Icing the FRB's – **Optus** – **Tinkerbelle**, **Best and lest** and **Mu** for making him late. **Miles O'Tool** received and icing for Talking and then a second one for another misdemeanor along with Irish's icing. Yet despite this **Multiple Choice**, in tradition also won shit of the week, being iced for wearing cheap shoes and sliding down Kokoda hill.



The Hares provided the food for free, which was Sherper Stew, I had two bowls and they must have been light on the Sherper as I couldn't find any pieces of Sherper in my bowel. This run was a good contender for the Run of the year – even though it was more of a standard run than a Hash run, (which may have ended up a disaster if there had been more Checks and loops). However the Hare **Waste-of-time** had called up the Head trail master plugging his run, for Run of the year. The problem here is that we will now have to give them minus 4 points. The reason

is simple - a plug and creeping up to the Head trail master is not good enough, a full blown Bribery is what is expected. For The Head TM and us lowly Trail masters.



Run: 5/10 (9/10 minus 4 for lack of Bribery and creeping to the Head Trail master)

On On: 7/10

Food: 10/10 hot free food on a cold night and as much as we wanted – cannot get much better that that

Shit of the Week: – Multiple Choice
On On Chips