

Brisbane hash House harriers

Run June 28 #2158

Location: Red brick Hotel

Theme: Sandshoe run

Hares: KREEPY KRAWLER

A large contingent assembled (obviously hoping for a **sniff of pussy**) at the red brick footpath, even ZIT turned up. It was somewhat unusual to see the number of hashmen with mismatched shoes whilst others had actually CLEANED their running shoes! Wonder why? After a brief introduction the pack headed off on the usual block circling exercise, crossing over Annerly road and up our first mongrel hill Lockhardt street FUCKNUT putting on a sweat, then down School street ending up in Abingdon street with EVEN OPTUS taking up the lead. From here ROYAL SCREW lead the pack on down to Fleurs street and on to the bike path, where pandemonium struck, we just plain lost the trail, worse MULTIPLE CHOICE nearly got hit by speeding cyclists!. It was here that the pack split, one to the south hoping to find the trail, the other heading north up to the hawthorne st Bridge- where of all all things we spied the home trail, undeterred we decided to run the trail sdrawkcab (backwards) – desperate times need desperate measures, - where at logan road we lost it completely. Undeterred, the pack sniffing pussy headed to the Broadway hotel for a quiet ale – only to find it still in ruins after a fire. However across the road at a house of ill repute an inner warmth lay, noted by the large assembled pack sniffing at the door. When the southern pack finally arrived KREEPY ushered us in to the parlor, to a changed interior decoration style, rats! the **porno movie screen** had been taken down! A line of shoes, appeared on the floor with CAMELTOE having a SECOND PAIR. With this two pair of **gorgeous tits** appeared with **titty bitty knickers** appears and started examining the shoe collection – a very pleasant **night indeed** awaited the cinderella with the lucky sandshoe. There can be only one winner and after the first shoe selected, lacked a claimant luck ****!*G*****?!!** (the name slips my mind- those tits were fabulous though!) picked up the lottery!

Leaving our lucky stud with the prizes the pack sped off, led by TURBO and of all things picked up the proper home trail down Stanley st. whereupon we spied a group of complete slacks at the Brewhouse hotel, these whimps (who don't want a purve)) VASO, HOOFF, VD, DONKEY et al are a disgrace, whilst the pack runneth, they drinketh!- remember boys this is a running club with a drinking problem (all drink and no run maketh an unfit hashmen!

The on on went well with the usual rabble on a narrow footpath,

AWARDS IRISH JOKE 900 runs

10 sec fame CAMELTOE, wanking off in public and wiping the proceeds on LUFTWAFFFE's head

Run 3/10

Entertainment 15/10

Food 8/10

On on Irish