

# **Run No. 2162: Xmas in July Run**

**25 July 2011**

**Hares: VD and the Elves**

**Venue: Bowman Park, Bardon**

On a cold clear night the hoards of hashers from the Brisbane Hash House Harriers and the Brisbane Harrietts collected around a barbeque shelter in Bowman Park at Bardon. Most of the Harrietts dressed for the Christmas in July theme, while most of the Harriers failed to do so. As is usual for a joint run between these clubs, the men kept to themselves and the women did likewise. There were exceptions, like Monty who held a conversation with his daughter, Naughty but Nice from the Harrietts. Radar normally talks to all the Harrietts but this time he was restrained by Bed Pan and the rowdy Art2Dtoo. Anchovy and Archives, while no longer a couple, behaved cordially to each other. Babbling, a Canberra Harriett came along with a virgin runner. Bite & Suck left me unattended briefly and spoke with Jackoff about his recent trip to Hong Kong. This discussion was pointedly replayed to me by Bite & Suck as punishment for my not taking her on my recent trip to Hong Kong. I guess that if joint runs with the Harrietts were actually fun then we'd hold them every week. There wasn't even much Harriett flesh on display due to the cold weather. Hmmm! Maybe that was a good thing! It really was a large crowd and there was plenty of ammunition for our Religious Adviser, Luftwaffe.

As required by tradition at joint runs the start was set at 6.30 pm, and as usual it started late. That is just the female influence and distraction. GM Handj0b called the pack to order. He summonsed the Hares, VD et al, to explain the run. Disrupted by various Harriett conversations, the hashmen failed to pay attention until the pack was away!

The trail wandered around various footpaths, backstreets, and some shiggy. A few amusing comments on trail included, "I didn't realize that there would be so many hills!", "What are all these arrows on the road!", and "Are we there yet!" Hmmm! Harrietts! Most normal people were at home for the evening, enjoying a hot dinner in front of the television. A number of Harrietts were overheard plotting to invade a local house and take the dinner that smelt so inviting! Yeah! Talk is cheap! Eventually, all hashers returned to the park and started eating the nibbles and getting into the drinks. The walking dead were milling around looking for the hash beer.

Then GM Handj0b called the circle. We sang the Hash Anthem and then proceeded to ice various miscreants. The GM introduced the visitors. Just like a Canberra politician, Art2Dtoo tried to outtalk the GM and eventually moved out of the circle. The Harrietts sold raffle tickets. Harriett raffles always include good prizes. One of the hashman scored a bottle of bourbon

and quickly hid it in his backpack, just in case he won the same bottle next week. Then it was on to dinner with a chicken salad.



Score for the run. The trail catered for both walkers and runners with the runners taking various loops away from the walkers only to rejoin them. The trail was reasonable and kept both packs interested. The walkers wandered around the trail without much calling as they seemed totally focused on their conversations. - so 8 out of 10!

The circle was thankfully brief, but rowdy. The Harrietts must have been intimidated by the ice and kept reasonably quiet. It was one of those wonderful rare occasions where the women say very little! Well worth 7 out of 10!

The nosh was great value and a number enjoyed seconds of the chicken and salad. Definitely beats the usual sausage on bread, although one hasher complained that hot food would have been ideal on such a cold night. Score 9 out of 10 for the feed.

Score with the Harrietts? Not me!

On On  
Verbal Diarrhoea



Babbling and the virgin showing us how to drink



Fukcnut takes out SOTW