

**Run 10 October 2173**  
**Oktoberfest run**

**Hares:** Divott

The scenery was interesting as the runners assembled at the top of Kangaroo cliffs, some of them taking up the challenge to dress in German national dress. A class of Fitness freaks, some looking firm yet easy on the eye were being beasted, by a nubile young lass, with long blond hair, whilst working on the latest fitness fad – the Kettle Drum weight. .... Bloody posers.

The Circle was called and **Divot** mounted the podium to explain the run..... Well it was to be simple – we were all to be issued with a sheet of paper that contained 6 addresses. We were to run to the address and at the location there was to be a reference to something German. There were a couple of conditions - the run was no longer than 8km (ha ha ha ha ha ha), and we would have to be at the beach at Southbank by 16h48, 6:40pm or 18h40.....(work that one out) Great Idea – something different..... however.....

The pack was set off, and immediately went the wrong way down main road. After a quick discussion and look at the list of addresses we estimated that this run would be a lot more than 8km – probably in the 16km-20km range. That large pack split up and groups went in several directions. My group, **Tinkerbelle, Bugs, Pussy galore** and **Gruesome** headed back the way we came to **1. 120 Main Street:** – there we found a disused building that may have in the past been related to a location where the German immigrants arrived in Brisbane.

Now time was running out, so we ran the 4Km to the South bank beach (6km already) for the drink stop where a large crowd had somehow came together. We missed the **2. 416 Vulture Street:** which is the Zum Kaiser German Place. It was 18h45, so after some port again the several groups headed in several different directions. My group headed down south bank and across the Victoria Bridge and through the Queen Street Mall. Whilst there we thought we would go passed **3. 14/278 Edward Street:** which was the German Australian Travel company, before heading to, **4. 10 Eagle Street:** the AMP building which was locked – so we do not know the German Connection. From there we decided it would take another hour to reach **5. 824 Ann Street:** the Mercedes Benz outlet **and 6. 147 Breakfast Creek Road:** the Jaguar Dealership (Owned by TATA and Indian company????? What Indian Germans), and therefore headed back along the north river walkway, across the story Bridge and on back to the Circle. On the last stretch, there were groups of hash men all over the city criss-crossing the various streets on their

own missions, **Gruesome** had his running legs back after his holiday and set a cracking pace back to the circle passing the younger hashers walking up the hill.

The runners who had actually done some running trickled in and it was well over the hour mark, but so many runners had given up at the Southbank beach and returned home early, this was not considered an infringement of the hour mark.

The Frankfurters and Sauerkraut went down a treat as did the German grog. **Whorator** was on the high ground displaying his privates to all the young running females who dared to run past, while the young hashmen looked on in amazement, discovering that you actually have to talk to girls to get them to notice. The circle was a disorganised affair with the Monk MIA yet again. However our guest monk, dressed as a fascist religious advisor, complete with execution pistol and command of the German language, organised the disciplinary hearings. There were 3 Hashman missing from last week who were charged for their absence. By popular demand, **Whoator** claimed the converted SOTW from **Beach ball**, who also stood accused.

**Run:** 4/10 Great idea, poor execution (Hares should really get out and run the course – I was able to complete the course in 40min by Googling the places on my computer)

**On/on:** 7/10

**Food:** 8/10

**SOTW:** Whorator

On-on Chips