

19 December 2011  
No. 2183 “Bah Humbug Run”  
Hares = Ron the Bomb and Jack-Off

It was the pre-Xmas “Bah Humbug Run” aka “Santa Claus You C\*nt Where’s Me Farking Bike Run”. Venue was Richlands Tavern, after a successful run there earlier in the year, set by **XXXX** and **Ron the Bomb**. This time, **XXXX** had pissed off overseas, leaving **Ron the Bomb** hare.

**Tinkerbell** rocked up early, with Spanish inquisitor (err, ‘visitor’) **Enrique**, to be greeted by **Ron the Bomb**. **Jackoff** (RTB’s supposed co-hare) arrived late due to starting a new job, but in time to add some chalk to the BH3 symbol in the car park. **Virgin**, **Donkey**, **Fucknut**, **Popeye** and **Radar** were there, as were **Embryo** and **Fang**, and the Ferny Grove carload of **Kimbies**, **Leech** and **Optus**. **Twin Tub** arrived in his blue VW, **Boxa** with foxy Roxy, and the Clayfield push carload with **Barebum**, **Handjob**, **Shitbags**, **Snappy** and **Vaso**. There was some discussion over the absence of **Chips**, who worked out Richlands way - had chatting up Shake It and Chase It at the Red Dress gotten him in trouble? Numbers swelled until **Scruffy** called the circle and the run instructions were called out.

The pack set off around the tavern and across Government Road, and then headed west to the round-about at Garden Road. Following some hesitation (due to the previous run having a check towards the north), the run did actually continue north this time, to a regroup on the corner of Progress Road (after only running ~500 metres?!).

The trail led west to the new Richlands rail/bus/car/bicycle/aeroplane/shipping station, with a check-back over the Centenary Motorway, which caught out a couple of runners. Led by **Tinkerbell**, the true trail was located heading south along a path on the side of the motorway. The runners met up with **Mortein** and the walkers coming down Government Road, thereby ruining a two-way check, as the route clearly continued south along the pathway with the walkers, until it turned up a hill on Cardwell Street. There was a check-back at Lilydale Street, before the trail was found turning right at the next intersection, down across a creek, then right down Toolara Circuit. Here the runners headed off on a long sprint along a path through the bush, which gave **Bugs**, **Grewsome**, **Tinkerbell**, **JC**, **Optus**, **Catgut** and **Craft** the opportunity to test their legs until they reached a re-group in a park beside Toolara Circuit. Around a dozen runners waited for several minutes for the strugglers, until **Brengun** arrived – it was concluded that the remainder (**Irish Joke**, **Luftwaffe** and **Multiple Choice**) had probably shortcut home.

Then it was “On, on” to a check-back up Killarney Street, before continuing up Tewanin Way, across Forest Lake Boulevard, and right into Degas Street. Here a clever two way had the pack split until the trail was located around a pathway back out onto Forest Lake Boulevard, then up the footpath across Rudyard Street, before heading north between some houses and up Tyson Place & Clifford Place, across Atherton Circuit, to a 360° in a park. **Grewsome** charged off to the left, someone else headed straight, but it was **Bugs** who located the true trail and disappeared off into the night, to the right along a pathway

down through parkland, eventually curving around to Archerfield Road. Here the runners turned left beside a creek, before heading up Bimbah Street, Rudyard Street, and on home.

The circle was delayed, awaiting several hashmen to return (**Irish Joke**, **Luftwaffe** and **Multiple Choice**). New GM **Scruffy** introduced the Hares Fickled Finger of Fate, to rate the run. The finger went “up”, the run was adjudged a success, and **Ron the Bomb & Jackoff** received a ‘Down-Down’ for their efforts in setting a good run. **Chardarse** was looking for 2012 hash fees - still \$125 for the year, unless you whinge too much, in which case you can pay \$130. Austerity measures may be introduced if hash fees aren’t paid promptly, starting with two hashmen needing to share a beer, and **Fang/Embryo** only steeling one beer between them. **Brengun** announced that the new monk had a persona that would be revealed over the coming month, but for the time being, he would remain just “Brengun”. He then called out ex-monk **Luftwaffe**, and gave him a roasting with cries of “now you are nothing”. **Snappy Tom** called out **Irish Joke** for some heinous indiscretion. SOTW was Irish Joke.

On on was in the Richlands Tavern.

Run = 8

Circle = 8

Food = 6 (pub ran out of \$3.95 roasts!!)

On on

**Tinkerbelle**