

Run report 2128 "Red dress Run – Fox hotel, December 13, 2010

There's nothing like a city run to bring on a crowd, the Fox didn't let us down, then invite the cup hatted harriettes and the crowd really swelled! Several hashmen could feel the flutter in their loins as some of the new harriettes in their itty bitty shorts paraded around naturally MOT's siblings tried hard faking disinterest. CHARDARSE showed great for thought in setting up a cloakroom in his truck. Other hashes such as bayside and a new runners POSSUM and PATSEY from the prestigious Skinnychino hash arrived to run the gauntlet. Our illustrious and non run dressed leader HANDJOB addresses the pack, talk of no groping in dark alleys, drink stops and a WALKERS TRAIL! (has this become the geriatric hash?) and sent us off on our way. Up Balaclava st. the pack flew, with TINKERBELLE shooting to the lead, other more perverted hash-men preferred to stay back and check out the harriettes arse s! New virgin ground was discovered up the side of the freeway up to Hawthorne st. where , SNAPPY started to ponder if the Spanish style church with city views would be interested in selling. Then in Merton Rd. the dastardly Walkers track 2 way appeared, with many a disgraced hashman shading their identity as they sulked down this despicable path. Hearteningly, out of the pack true greatness and determination in the form of WASTE OF TIME and DOLEBLUDGER flew to the real runners trail and headed toward the prison. A few 2 ways led the trail up Boggo Road- the home of many a past hashman's family (the Gaol) and up to Dutton Park cemetery and on to Gladstone Rd where DIMPRICK sped off with ANCHOVIES at his side.

Here the trail got dark and poorly set, YT had to shepherd PITHHEAD and the lame SWEETTOOTH up to Highgate hill - the drink-stop will be there for sure! After a jaunt around the botanical gardens the pack stopped drinks at Parliament house. I was waiting for Judy Spence to bring out the cops and arrest some hashmen for lighting fires in Yeronga Park, but lo the speaker of the house came out in his suit gave a speech that couldn't be heard and was drowned out by SPERMWHALE binging the hash to chorus with Christmas carols! No time to dally- on up Highgate hill and down Gladstone rd. enlightened by the aromas of Thai on High to Vulture St. There we lost the trail by Sommerville house and sped home through Stanley st. stuffed if I know where the trail went. Heartened by the call of SHITBAGS who was also lost the pack galloped home.

On arrival at the Broadway, we were amazed at the number of non sweating runners milling around TINKERBELLES converted beer wagon, plenty of Tooheys Gold was handed out assisted by VASSO. A great combined circle ensued (only some one forgot to invite the Harriettes) a newcomer silly enough to bring along a new set of

shoes was suitably punished, DONKEY'S mate MULTIPLE CHOICE cap and all was suitably rewarded and with the combined Harriettes, BOXA was suitably prostrated and humiliated to appease the god Cupid. , SPINIFEX led the harriettes in a song and on on inside to a feast culminating in a horse race using harriettes as jockies, (some hashmen would have preferred to see riding doggie style) and the group partied on into the night. The GM started with the speeches but was soon drowned out by the Redlands hash GM, a great on on by all and back to the pub

On ON Irish. Rating Run: 4/10, Venue:- food 8/10, theme: 8/10



The Hares



The Drink stop wenches



A gaggle of Harriettes



Waste O'Time and friends



A rose between two thorns