

**Run 2135 – Run From Hell;
Monday 24 January 2011
Brunswick St. Fortitude Valley
Hares: MeatyWhore, Divot, & Hi-riser**

The Hares chose a convenient inner city location for the Run from Hell. A number of hashmen parked in the undercover carpark without regard to the signs warning that vehicle may be towed. I asked Layup, who replied that we are all customers as and we will eat at the restaurant after the run. Good enough for me. Especially when you count the hashmen's cars parked and realise that it would take hours, and a number of tow, trucks to move them all. Safety in numbers!

Divot practiced his motorcycle skills on a pizza delivery bike around the gathered hashmen. Yes, the Hares had arranged dinner at a restaurant called Hell's Pizza, hence 'The Run From Hell!' I suppose it could have been named 'The Run into Hell!' I saw two of the Hares, Meatwhore and Divot, but no sign of the third nominated Hare Hi-riser. Not to worry, explained my co-Trailmaster Chips, surely two experienced hashmen would provide a reasonable trail!!!! Hmmm! But neither of them actually run! Still, how can they stuff up a run from the Valley?

The attendance of hashmen was terrific and included the return of a few wayward souls. I'm not sure if it was F*ucknut or Tightnut. Could have been both! However, it was easy to note Slag, Lucky Dog, Bare Bum, Whorator, Irish Joke, Louis the Fly, Sir Kimbies, Push Up, Pussy Galore, Best & Less, Vaso, Bare Bum, XXXX, and Embryo. Lots of hashmen absent too! FuMu is in Indonesia. GM Handj0b is away overseas and Grewsome took control. "Aye! Listen-up you w*nkers!" Even the new Monk, Luftwaffe returned, along with his brother-in-law Multiple Choice. It was a sea of bright yellow shirts. Donkey sat quietly hoping that the RA wouldn't notice that he was not wearing a hash shirt. Tinkerbell made his list and Cellar Rat warmed his horn! Hmmm! Is that what he was doing? Grewsome welcomed visitor Foreskin from Halfway hash, and noted that recent arrival Short Hand Job had already paid his fees. This prompted Minder into his 'pay you fees, you b*stards', rant!

To calls of "Just get on with it", Meatywhore advised that he'd marked a wonderful run of 6.8 kilometres, and a split for the walkers, and then directed the walking dead to two pubs! He then sent the hash out onto Martin Street. Trail followed Martin Street upto the Story Bridge and diverted left down Bowen Terrace. The really nice thing about running near the Story Bridge is the number of attractive females running or walking nearby. Yes! The hashmen took the opportunity to observe some lovely figures. Unfortunately, this also distracted the FRB who lost trail a number of times. After a few strange Check Backs and Two Ways, the pack splintered and never really reformed. Foreskin let a few runners down Lower Bowen Terrace to Elystan Road, and to a Regroup at the main entrance to New Farm Park. He waited for the rest of the pack, but few arrived. After watching a number of attractive female runners pass, the reduced pack continued into New Farm Park. Then it was once around the park and back onto Brunswick Street to a 'clever Two Way'. Indeed, the Two Way was so clever that one leg was marked a Check Back, with a p*ss stop outside some toilets, and that was the last anyone saw of trail. Catgut, Foreskin, Best and Less simply ran home along Brunswick Street. The runners passed a pub with Tinkerbell and Licker enjoying a beer, but pressed on home!

Back at the restaurant carpark, the hashmen gathered. Divot seemed perplexed that no runners found his trail. The explanation was that Meatwhore set the first half of the run on Sunday and that Divot took a Hell's Pizza delivery bike out to set the second half of trail just after the runners set off. His excuse was that he couldn't find the end of Meatywhore's trail. Surely, for such a monumental FARKCUP they expected to endure frosty backsides!!!! Where was Chief Trailmaster, Dimprick, to remind the Hares of their responsibilities? I spoke with Fang who asked if I had the hash barbeque. What about Radar? Embryo and Monty seemed oblivious to the attractive young women wandering around the restaurant complex. The runners and walkers filtered into the carpark, only enlivened when Bugs returned and provided the hash beer. I'd never seen Dole Bludger move so quickly! There is nothing like that first ice cold can after a Monday night run! Advice from the walking dead is that it's 'better than s*x!' However, I'm sure that they had more beers than shags over the last 12 months. Doctor Who seemed very red in the face, but explained that he gets hot flushes lately! Radar gave him a yellow Mud Run singlet, which only accentuated his red face. However, some of those old bastards, like Leach and Brengun, just grinned. Maybe they only had a few beers in the previous year!

The crowd milled about, and stand-in GM Growsome called the circle. What no run report, and no ice for the Hares! Geez, they got off lightly for a real FARKCUP! Lucky b*stards! At least Growsome called upon Choirmaster CRFAT for the hash anthem! Unfortunately, it echoed in the concrete carpark and took a while for harmony! Visitor Foreskin was welcomed into the circle and invited us to attend the Halfway Hash Cocktail Party on Saturday 5 February at the Danish Club Newstead! He explained the benefits of attending, to a chorus of "Do we get a root?" Yeah! Carrots all round! At least a few hashmen seemed interested in socialising with Halfway. Donkey's eyes lit up! He always, he always, he always likes Harrietts!

Fortunately the Monk, Luftwaffe, finally returned and asserted his authority. The weather was perfect for the run! In his absence, we'd endured poor weather and flooding. However, he was grumpy!!! Immediately, Luftwaffe seated two hashmen on the ice for talking in the circle. I recall a favourite saying of previous Monk, Whorator, that "only one d*ck talks at a time, and that d*ckhead is me!" So Luftwaffe iced the other d*ckheads! Miles O'Tool was awarded the SOTW but the shirt was not available. Zit endured a cold bottom. Verbal Diarrhoea was caught out with new shoes and given a free drink from one of them. Pushup was called out for new shoes, but was unable to remove one for a drink. Somehow Radar escaped the Monk's attention. Then the boys got restless! Obviously, Boxer thought that the circle was dull and simply enlivened it with the fire hose! As is fair, he was washed down too! Vaso delighted in turning the hose on him.

Then it was on to dinner at Hell's Pizza. Meatwhore warned of good news and bad news. God news is that the pizzas are free, and bad news is that beers are \$5. There was a big line at the counter and the hashmen were just so fcukin slow!! Bastards! I saw why! The pretty petite girl behind the counter had wonderful little breasts. I admit that I too ogled her as I ordered my beer! Every time she bent over to get a beer her cleavage was on display. The pizzas were hot and tasty and disappeared in seconds to various calls of Fark! Fark! Fark! Fellow Trailmaster Chips stood beside the statue at the front door. Twins! Well, at least they must have the same barber! Then the

hashmen rearranged the magnet sign board in the restaurant to tell rude stories about Grewsome! The best offering was from Tinkerbell with a sordid story of Grewsome's brotherly love. Rule 1!

Scores for the evening:

Run: FARKCUP 2 out of 10

Circle: A pass only, but an extra point for the fire hose. So, 6 out of 10

Nosh: Good effort, and an extra two points, one for each of tits on the pretty petite girl behind the counter! 8 out of 10

On On

Verbal Diarrhoea