

Run No 2189 Paddo Tavern Ordinary Buller Run

Hares Waste of Time and Mortein

A roll up of 50 Hashmen turned up at the Paddo on this first dry night for over a week. Of the 50 who turned up we had 18 runners, 3 runner/walkers and 29 walkers. It was noticeable that there was a shortage of younger runners to keep these old FRTs in check.

There was the usual Paddo parking fiasco with **KREEPY KRAWLER** stealing the show with a magnificent display of precision driving. He'd even given the Toyota a new paint job. Finest piece of hand painting ever to be seen. Also he was a bit peeved when no one made a fuss over his **CADBURY's MARATHON** tee shirt....Good effort **KREEPY**.

As 6.15pm approached **LAYUP**, the stand in monk, was furiously canvassing for **SOTW** material. **GM, SCRUFFY** called on the hares, **WASTE OF TIME** and **MORTEIN** to give some details of the run. That was a waste of time but what do you expect?

The pack headed off up Given Terrace, down Guthrie Stree, along Isaac Street, up Hall Street over Given Terrace. This was where **ROYAL SCREW**, who looked like he was out for a leisurely stroll, decided to join the pack....right up the front, of course.

The usual **FRTs** were there, **TINKERBELL, EVEN OPTUS, CATGUT, CRAFT**...you know the crowd that I'm talking about, racing off up Moreton Street...pathetic pack o' poofter ponces. **TURBO, XXXX and VERBAL** were in the middle of the pack along with **SCRUFFY, KLINGING, LAYUP** and numerous other gas-bagging buggers.

Winding up through the back streets towards Petrie Terrace **TINKERBELL** thought that he entitled to a root from a Sheila just because she had the same colour of tee shirt as his....now is that desperation or what?

CATGUT led the pack over Countess Street on to College Road and then down some back streets past a group of noisy ex-patients, who are housed in a run down hostel that is annexed to the St Andrews Hospital. One particularly irate bloke, hopping about on one leg, went ballistic at the sight of **CATGUT**. "Where's me farkin' leg, ya carnt...you cut off the good one," or words to that effect. The pack, fearing a possible mass attack (and believe me, there were quite a number of these disgruntled types) held a brief re-group before scurrying off over the inner city by-pass. Needless to say **CATGUT** was setting a cracking pace, up the front. Backmarkers, **XXXX, KLINGING & GREWSOME** struggled up the series of hills leading to **ORDINARY's** place and a welcome drink stop. It was here that **GM SCRUFFY** off-loaded his rum. He reckons he gets violent on the rum. He'd better watch out or he'll end up hopping around with that other bunch of hooligans at the St Andrews annexe.

From the drink stop it was the usual race back to the pub with part time runner **RINGPIECE** breaking away from a group of walkers to sprint to the finish.

On the technical side, the run was approximately **7k long** with the totals of all the elevation gains at **101m** and the totals of all the elevation losses at **105m**. Looks like the **HARES** were just about right....**NO HILLS....101m -105m = -4m**

The circle was pretty lively with **GM SCRUFFY** struggling to keep control amidst departing cars and wheely bins being positioned plus the general cacophony that is **HASH** circle conversation. Visitor **BRICKS** received a down-down as did **ROYAL SCREW (450 Runs)** and **CATGUT (900 Runs)**

LAYUP, stand-in monk, subjected the Nancy Boys, **ROYAL SCREW**, **CATGUT**, **SCRUFFY** and **CRAFT** (all members of the **SKINNYCHINO EMBROIDERY** and **KNITTING HASH**) to some abuse for avoiding a bit of **SHIGGY** on a recent run.

MULTIPLE CHOICE was on the ice for creating some disgusting smell on a Qantas flight.

WASTE OF TIME was on the ice for not giving his son good instructions on how to avoid paying taxi fares. Poor **BEN** ended up getting his hand caught in a taxi door and being dragged along the street. (or something like that)

KIMBIES tried to put sh*t on the visitor, **BRICKS**, and proceeded to scatter Bunya nuts all over the joint and then collected them again so that he could sell them at Ferny Grove markets.

BRICKS retaliated by accusing **KIMBIES** of stealing his sailing book, which I know is true, as **KIMBIES** is always boasting about it. He still has it in his bookcase, at home.

Good Run 9/10 (Negative hills)

Good Circle 8/10 (No need for police rescues)

Food ???????

OnOn

Grewsome