

Brisbane Hash House Harriers Run No 2209

18th June 2012 Iron Bark Gully

Hares : Kimbies, Even Optus & Leech

Twice in the last week I was accosted in the street, early in the morning. You know those annoying bastards, charity workers, homeless people, lost tourists.....well it was none of them. These people are OK compared to fucking irritating, begging, crawling **HASHMEN**.

Yeah, 7.15am Friday morning, ambushed in Queen Street mall by **TINKERBELL**. "Hey Grewsome, I'm short of a few run reports. Could you help me out?" Fifteen minutes later at Southbank, another fucking ambush..... **SCRUFFY**...."Hey Grewsome, could you help me out with a little HASH stuff?" ... I'll need to get Campbell Newman to make a tunnel from my place to my office so that I don't have to be bothered with these blokes. I was only working half a day on Friday so I had no chance of getting that run report done....here I am doing it on my own time, when I should be at church.....fucksake, what a liberty.

It's at times like these, when I'm under pressure and stressed, that I revert back to my mother tongue, the Gaelic.

Tha an **6.15pm** t-sreath **GM SCRUFFY** a' mìneachadh **IRON BARK GULLY** nan siostaman **visitor PAT BURKE** aig ceithir **LEECH's mate** diofar **KIMBIES** sheòrsaichean de cheallan: **flour & chalk** craiceann, fèith, fuil agus cnàimh.

Tha gach **TINKERBELL, JC, CRAFT & GREWSOME** leabhar ag **varicose veins** amas air seòrsa cealla fa leth agus mar a tha e ag obair sa bhodhaig, ach tha na **fucking big hill** h-aon phrìomh bhun-bheachdan tarsainn nan **RG** leabhraichean gus aire nan **BRENGUN, XXXX & HANDJOB** oileanach a tharraing gu na beachdan mòra.

Tha an cuspair a' **another fucking big hill** rannsachadh mar a nì ceallan fallain obraichean sònraichte **not a race, JC** ann am bodhaig duine gus a chumail beò.

Cleachdaidh **VD** oileanaich an t-susbaint agus **TANK & CHIPS** am briathrachas sònraichte **BUGS** anns gach leabhar **69 year old FRT**, gus na beachdan mòra, no prìomh bhun-bheachdan seo a dheasbad agus a sgrùdadh.

Tha na leabhraichean freagarrach air dàrna ìre na bun-sgoile.

Tha an cuspair a' rannsachadh **BRENGUN** mar a nì **circle** ceallan fallain obraichean **SOTW** sònraichte ann am bodhaig duine **poor GREWSOME** gus a **good bloke** chumail **great bloke, actually** beò.

Cleachdaidh **ROYAL SCREW** oileanaich an **lazy bugger** t-susbaint agus am **sitting on his arse eating curry** briathrachas sònraichte anns gach leabhar **MONTY** gus na beachdan **slack bastard** mòra, no prìomh bhun-bheachdan **minor hip problem** seo a dheasbad **weak excuse** agus a sgrùdadh. Tha na **KIMBIES** eabhraichean **shit himself** freagarrach **fuckin Ultimate** air dàrna ìre na bun-sgoile. Briathrachas **so stressed out** sònraichte anns **can't remember** gach leabhar gus na beachdan mòra, no prìomh bhun-bheachdan seo a dheasbad agus a sgrùdadh. Tha na leabhraichean **really good run** freagarrach air dàrna ìre na bun-sgoile.

Now that I'm feeling a bit more relaxed I can get back to English. That stress is a terrible thing. After the circle I only heard good comments about the run, venue and OnOn. **The RUN OF THE YEAR** will need to be good to beat this one.

LEECH, celebrating his 60th, put on a great choice of grog and his curry was excellent. Food and grog all supplied by the man, himself.

Venue 10/10

Run 8/10

Food 10/10

OnOn

Grewsome