

Brisbane Hash House Harriers Run No 2218
20th August 2012 Hemmant Cemetery
Licker Memorial Run
Scruffy, Royal Screw, Craft & JC

As expected, there was a big turn out for **Licker's Memorial Run** and it was good that **Licker's** son, **Ben** and son-in-law **James** were able to attend.

GM **Scruffy** called the pack to order, **Craft** led us in the **Brisbane Hash** anthem, **Royal Screw** spoke a bit about **Licker** (All good) and **JC** proposed a **Bundy Rum** toast to **Licker** before the pack set off on what turned out to be a fairly long run. (10.6km)

Off through Hemmant Quarry Reserve, then right into Wynnum Road.

Always a bit scary when you have a hare running with the pack, **Craft** was that hare. Early on it was **Catgut**, **Even Optus** and **Tinkerbelle** out the front but they were caught by a series of dodgy check backs and had to retrace their steps for about half a kilometer.

Grumble, grumble.

Into Koorungal Street, Torquay Cresc. And Monterey Circuit and **Craft** was still hanging around, directing the pack and trying to ensure an ice free arse. **Bugs**, **Grewsome**, **Even Optus**, **Catgut** and **Tinkerbelle** all went off in different directions at a 360 check and I know that the pack didn't totally regroup after that point. **Grewsome**, lost at the back of the pack, just caught a glimpse of **Tinkerbelle**, in the distance, disappearing on to Bognor Street.

Grewsome stumbled around for ages trying to connect with the pack and eventually found **Brengun**, also wandering around like a lost soul and deserted by the whole pack of **FRT's**. At this stage it was **Brengun** running up one side of Wondall Road and **Grewsome** up the other side. Just when hope of finding the trail was fading **Grewsome** spotted an arrow pointing into the bush. **Brengun**, pissed off by this time, resorted to asking directions from a young female driver at the corner of Wondall and Tilley Roads. Surprisingly she took the chance of winding down her window but as expected, she was f*arkin' useless and didn't know where she was, herself. Either that or she had second thoughts about conversing with some old dero, on a deserted road, late at night, asking for directions to the cemetery. This report now turned into the **Brengun & Grewsome** story as the pack had well and truly bugged off and left these poor souls to fend for themselves. (Pack of arseholes)

Grewsome, after a lengthy debate, managed to convince **Brengun** to follow the arrows into the bush and eventually got into an industrial estate where the roads were wide and the arrows were all over the place...left side....right side....middle. **Brengun** was agitated, not quite frothing at the mouth but threatening all sorts of nasty revenge actions on the hares.

Grewsome, not being one to cause trouble kept the monk.....just simmering nicely.

After the industrial area it was on through the grounds of a school and a choice between going over a high fence, going over a lower fence and then through long snake infested grass or going back to the school gate.

Apparently, if we had been able to catch the pack, this is where **Tinkerbelle** forced his way to the front of the pack, passing **Catgut**, **Bugs** and **Even Optus**.

From here on home **Tinkerbelle** led all the way, by a mile, that's what he told me.

Brengun and **Grewsome** struggled in after about an hour and twenty minutes, just as the circle was breaking up and heading for Royal Mail pub.

Run 9/10

Circle Sorry didn't make it

Food Sorry, didn't go as it was past my bed time by the time I finished the run

OnOn

Grewsome