

Run 2225 – Joint Run with the Gourmet Hash (aka Gold Coast Hash)

Who knew what to expect, the first joint run in years, somewhere in the middle of no mans land, weather a bit ordinary, would we even make it in to double figures?

The large crowd, gathered at the venue, which was growing by the minute, suggested good things to come. Would the run and food live up to the hype?

The run, hared by our beloved GM took us in to the cane fields, well there's really nothing else out here and the trail jinked backwards and forwards with several false trails. Despite being set predominantly in a field, the markings were good and the pack stayed together for most of the time.

The length had been broadcast as “in the forty five minute mark” yet the front-runners returned in a shade over thirty, a little professional rivalry on display then.

Without wasting any time the circle was convened and run (or overrun) by the Brisbane men's hash and their GM – Scruffy, every time I heard his name mentioned by BB I thought he was his dog.

Even before the crowd had begun to settle, two hashers were sat on the ice, ha, this boded well for an entertaining circle.



The hare was brought out for an icing also (home trail crossed out trail) but as the hare is a GM a proxy was required. Veteran must have thought he said poxy, so he volunteered. (plus it was mentioned that he felt he is picked on at the Gold Coast for bitching about false trails and those who hide nearby).

A chorus of “drink more beer” to the tune of Advance Australia Fair was conducted by Sperm Whale.

Circumference was brought out and iced for gassing Flasher several weeks ago and Flasher had a DD. Radar was then iced for serving cup cakes the previous week. Was anyone safe from the ice? No.

Brissy RA called for blasphemers dressed as an Armenian apostolic priest (good job he wasn't dressed as Mohammed or there would have been riots in Sydney)



Latrine had the Virgin Mary introduced to the least religious part of this body.

Even Optus was iced for Telstra's Queensland timing error at the weekend.

Testicles handed the POW to Latrine for a gangbang involving two lady boys, not surprisingly; Latrine did not spill a drop.

Iceman Iced for being a fornicator (an old English word meaning, poor teller of jokes)

Both Hashers unable to be forgiven so shot with one bullet by Baron von Layup



Thanks to all who attended from both hashes, BB for haring and arranging the food and Brissy for a great circle. The suggestion of making this an anal event should be considered strongly. (Though preferably somewhere that cooks good food)

OnOn
Rectum (writing on behalf of Royal Screw)