

Brisbane Hash House Harriers Run No 2226
25th October 2012 Hendra Bowls Club
Snappy's Birthday Run
Snappy, Anchovy, Handjob

There was a good turn out for **old Snappy's** birthday run, as expected. **Target** even dragged himself away from his hectic social life to honour the old fella.

Scruffy got things under way right on time and after the usual assurances from the hares, (No hills, well marked, short run, etc. etc) we were off and running.

Out on to Lethem Street, up Franz Road across Junction and the East West Arterial and then back across and on to Matong Street. All this time we had the usual **FRTs** , **JC**, **Royal Screw**, **Tinkerbelle**, **Chips**, **Bugs**, **Craft**, **Catgut** and **Even Optus** plus visitor **Target**, all racing off trying to set the record for the fastest old cunt in Hash. (Except for **Chips**, cos he's only young and **Tank**, of course...he's barely out of school)

Every now and again the **FRTs** got caught and became the back of the pack....great to see. This was when **Verbal** and **Multiple Choice** surged to the front with **Scruffy** right up their arses, well close behind. You know what I mean.

Obviously **old Snappy** had instructed his younger co-hares well, as the trail was well marked and traversed all types of terrain..... toe tripping tree roots, ankle breaking concrete drains...it was a delight to be out there.

In true **Snappy** tradition this was a short run which ended up coming through the horse racing suburbs, over the railway bridge and onto Kitchener road and home.

Visitor, **Target**, got a down down as did **Kimbies** (999 Runs) and apparently there was another visitor, **Bob** who should have got a down down but is possibly still out on the run. **Target** commented that it was good to come back and refresh his memory of the same old jokes. (we hear 'em every bloody week)

Armenian holy man, **Brengun**, with evidence from reliable witless, **Multiple Choice**, tore the usually impeccable reputation of **Luftwaffe** to shreds. Poor old **Luftie** went to lunch at 11.00am, got home at 1.00am next morning, tried three keys in back door of his house, climbed ladder to window, pulled half the timber off his roof and fell back onto the concrete. At the second attempt **Luftie** did get into the house and proceeded to open the front door, which he left open and didn't even notice his front door keys lying on the footpath. **Luftie** then went to bed and it wasn't until he got up, hours later, that he discovered multiple cuts and abrasions on his legs.

It looked as though **Luftwaffe** was going to get all the **Shit of the Week** glory until **Target** nominated **Radar** for a small indiscretion from the Gathering of the Clans, weekend away.

Radar was getting some assistance to lay out his brand new tent, prior to assembly.

The bloke helping **Radar** was heard to say, "**Radar, you didn't by any chance use a Stanley knife to open the package that this tent was in.**" Yep, big farkin' slash right down the tent wall. Always good for catching the ocean breezes, I suppose.

Luftwaffe just managed to clinch **Shit of the Week**

Sperm Whale did a good job on the Barbie, feeding the masses.

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| Run | 9/10 |
| Circle | Brilliant |
| Food | Good and cheap |

OnOn

Grewsome