

Oktoberfest Run. #2227. Kangaroo Pt.

Hares, Divot, son of Divot, Meatwhore? , Mad Dog and Hi Riser.

Thirty or so years ago when the Hash were a lot faster we would have looked as fit as the very motivated, very fit young girls and boys doing their group training as we milled about at the start. Trying to have a chat was impossible as we were constantly being distracted by these young girls doing their stretches and sprints up the hill looking a million dollars. Divot was dressed in full Oktoberfest gear, Tinkerbell in a Von Trapp looking dapper hat. Not a lot of interest was shown in Scruffys greeting, most just wanting to get the inevitable Divot/Meatwhore farcup over and done to get into the promised German beer. One saving grace was Divots son roped in to set some of the run due to Meatwhores non attendance, this had to be better? maybe.

We started the run of no stairs or hills, down the stairs to the bike path and a vague check towards Southbank dodging the many walkers, runners, climbers and bikes until some confusion near the Capt Cook Bridge of no trail. Backtracking found our missing arrow back up the stairs to run down the road to where we came from and under the bridge. A clever easement up the stairs [lots] to near the Mater brought the pack of 20 back together. From here on the pack split up due to vague arrows, busy roads with 3 minutes between walk signals and some dodgy use of C/Bs and F/Ts. A group of 5 were last due traffic, 3 Trailmasters with Wasta and Brengun running down Vulture St near the Cricket Ground looking for the trail/pack with no success. Some groups did catch the live hare [son of Divot], some got lost, some got separated and most came home in small groups from all points of the compass. It was probably a good example of what not do when run setting, arrows not on one side, busy roads and bending hash symbol meanings, a possible Farcup up the year?.

The catering was well organised however, with the smell of sausages cooking to greet us on return to the park up the top. Good German beer was for sale for those too early for the free stuff prior to the circle. Scruffy rewarded Irish Joke and Even Optus for some very big milestone runs with a down down only to be rewarded by Irish with a collector's edition Grange with a Scruffy photo on the label. The inevitable finger of fate pointed down for the Hares, and again Divot delegated the pain to his son to sit on the ice, just like a Murdock family business meeting. Our Monkness was unavailable so stand in Monk Lay Up nominated Royal Screw and JC for complaining about a few "undulations" during Sundays 65k bike ride and then Bren Gun was a standout SOTW due to beer wastage at the Wine/Oktoberfest Dinner. The toasted rolls with lashings of sauerkraut, mustard and kranski went down well, not sure if the big south/east wind change that came through after the run was caused by a low press trough or the excessive farting from the cabbage on the rolls.

Run 2

Circle 6, a bit public for shootings and too much fun.

Food 8, dogs are better than wives, they think farts are funny [good condiments].