

Run report 2228

A reasonable pack size turned up for Jackoff's birthday run at the refurbished flooded park in Plumer St, Graceville—the Noosa tri guys were doing their final warmup run before the big weekend as Dr Who warmed up the Barbeque. GM, Scruffy called the pack to order and welcomed , Splatt, son of Jackoff to the run (athlete!!)—the hares explained that we were to follow paper, flour and chalk—surprise, surprise!!!! What else do we follow??

It was then on down to Oxley Creek as expected with Twintub leading the way! That was bullshit actually as he paid scribe \$5 to mention him in the trash. Fortunately, not much mud—all dried out and bits of grass kept us clean. Tinker and Catgut leapt to the front and led us along the creek ducking and weaving not realising that 5 metres away was an open grassy field we could have run along parallel to the track where Tinker led us.

Soon, we sprang out and headed behind a block of units to Sherwood Road—confusion reigned as Catgut disappeared off to the Rocklea Markets in search of the trail whilst Grewsome checked the opposite direction—nothing until Pushup called on across the road and down Jerrold St. Bugs stretched away here to no avail as a checkback had us going into a tunnel under the railway to Railway Terrace—the pack was pretty close together at the regroup which followed, song included.

Grewsome was the first to break rank and shot off down Railway Terrace and into the bush around the corner—another lost trail to be found by Catgut again—out of the bush again to civilisation and up a deadend to find, yep, Catgut hiding behind a car calling On On—shame! At this stage 19 runners were counted by Tinker, including Brengun wandering around another street. From there it was a home run, down Clara St and Martindale St to Oxley Road and back to the park. Good run home.

On arriving back, the walkers were well and truly into the piss and sossos courtesy of Jackoff, the birthday boy.

Scruffy eventually got the circle started—down downs for Handjob, 1150 runs, Jackoff 67 years on board, Monk, Brengun, then joined the circle and pointed to a light on the roof of the picnic rotunda stating it to be the light of departed hashman, Cockrobin—Brengun went to his carefully prepared sermon on Cockrobin but had a senior moment and had left his notes in the car—however, he adlibbed and gave an account of some of Cockrobin's achievements—this was added to by Layup in recounting a time of a FAHRT where Cockrobin was the unfortunate recipient of a Hollafora chunder in his tent one night. Anchovey added to the stories by mentioning his obsession with dividing numbers by zero—farqin fascinating! Scribes best memory of CR was his obsession with barking at every dog that he came across during hashruns—the dogs scattered like flies when ever he came.

As we were all taking these memories in, a voice echoed from the circle—“Who killed Cockrobin!!”—it was XXXX who was immediately iced for insensitivity. Further nominations were brought up but nothing could come near to XXXX's indiscretion and was duly made SOTW.

Great night Jackoff—thanks for the free sossos and booze

Run 7 (marks a bit light on) Food (9) Circle (9)