

Christmas Eve Joint Harrier-Harriettes Run No.2236

Ever vigilant, stand-in OnSec **Tinkerbelle** was waiting in the parking area of the Bulimba riverside park. All dressed up as Santa's helper but worried he would be all alone until I turned up, much to the suspicion of some diners under a sun shade by the river.

Slowly the meagre mob strolled in: **Verbal** and partner, **Layup** and partner, **Craft** and then **Gold Digger** and partner. Which it turned out were the actual hares. While it was listed as **Scruffy** and **Monty's** girl on the web page, those grandpas were well into Xmas relax mode and left the hard work to the youngsters. **Zit** turned up by city ferry with his trusty esky and we now had a quorum.

Scruffy had no trouble calling the group to order and sent us off in the direction of the taverna on the riverbank at Bulimba. Sounded ok to me and off we plodded. True to form, **Bugs** rolled up in the greying Commodore just in time to join the runners. Four of us in total. That was two more than **Ron the Bomb** and I got on Boxing Day a few years ago. No doubt the absent hash gentry were already miles away enjoying early Xmas with their respective mistresses.

I always measure the effectiveness of hash checks by the distance **Tinkerbelle** gets ahead of the pack. In this case before we got to the café latte part of Oxford Street, he was a good half kilometre ahead of me. Luckily for me the hare with the brains (Monty's daughter, **Naughty but Nice**) knew enough to put a long loop up one side of Oxford past the sidewalk diners and then back down the other side of the road. This allowed me to catch up with **Craft** and **Bugs**. It was a hot day and nothing was nicer than the first cold stubby in the parkland by the muddy river. The walkers turned on a spread of nibblies and thoughtfully **Tinkerbelle** brought the Aeroguard.

Everyone was on their best behaviour so no one was iced or nominated for SOTW (although a pair of soiled ladies knickers were found behind **Layup's** car, after he & **JoJo** disappeared behind the boot before the run).

As a scientific experiment this was proof that the hash trouble-makers are amongst the lot who were far away spending their ill-gotten gains with their concubines and not turning up for the run.

Merry Xmas
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