

THE WALKERS RUN 18/3/13

Let us begin this review by observing that on St Paddy's day 2013 we were directed to congregate at the "Muddy Farmers Pub". What on earth is the bloody Muddy Farmers Pub? No such place exists. So thank you Irish bloody Joke for that. For the record the joint is called "The Junction" and very up market it is indeed.

Anyhow the walk finally began. It has become a fundamental rule of hashing of recent years (or at least within living memory bearing in mind that some hashmen eg kimbies are very old men) that the true hashmen, ie the walkers, should have nothing with that other lot ie 'the runners'-at least on the walk itself. The runners are just a bunch of bloody show offs pretending that those arthritic knees do not exist. But what happened on this run. Catastrophe itself occurred when the runners and the true hashmen found themselves on the same bloody trail and even went to the same drink stop. This must never occur again. Snappy Tom became so disorientated that he went to the local "adult" shop and never returned.

Miles O'Toole finished the run as a confirmed walker and will never run again. Bren Gun in a fit of religious fervour swore allegiance to the "Armenian Apostolic Church"-again no such place existed-at least in Annerley. Radar spent the whole night trying to find his dog upon whom we should confer a hash name and get Radar to pay his fees. Whilst on that topic have you noticed that Boxer has been running two dogs-pay their fees you bastard.

And bloody Divot just got lost blaming some sort of mapping error. Am still contemplating whether the true story of Dole Bludger and Twin Tub should be revealed.

Scribe—"Ranter" – otherwise the evening was uneventful- relatively speaking.

Walk score 3 out of 10. Run score dunno but who gives a fuck.