

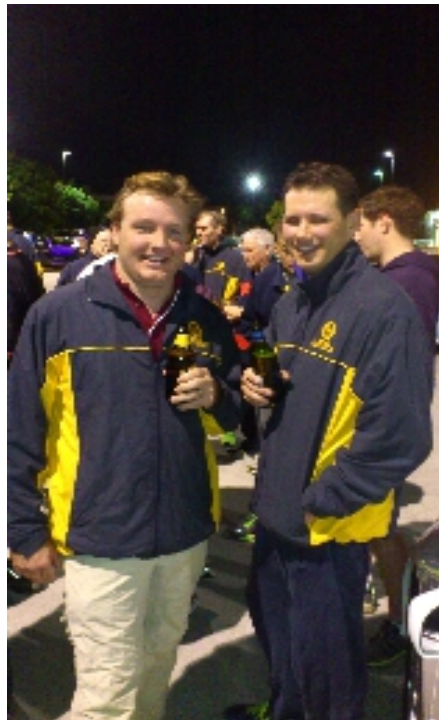
17th June 2013-06-13

Run Number 2261

Holland Park Hotel

Beanie Run

There are some things that bring the fear of a fuck up into a Hashman's heart when he assembles with his fellow Brisbane Hashmen for a Monday night hash run; i.e. Pushup returning from setting a run with lantana scratches all over him and compass in hand; Radar setting a run and stating "no hills"; the hares not back when the pack sets out; and as happened on Monday night, when in the middle of the run one suddenly finds the hares running with the pack, trying to compensate for potential fuck ups in their trail setting that might lead to them having to sit on the ice. i.e. having the trail pass several millimetres from a check back, such that that blind old Scotsman Growsome ran through the CB and onto the trail cutting 10km off the run. Like the Pied Piper, he sucked in a few other Hashmen as well. Trying to blend into the pack to keep the pack on trail didn't save hares Best & Lest or Pussy Galore on Monday, as they both got a dose of the ice. A pity they didn't have beanies large enough to put over their arses to save their nuts freezing.



Talking of nuts, Twin Tub was telling me of some old codger in hospital who asked a beautiful young nurse to check his testicles to see if they were black. She wasn't keen at first, but the old man insisted, and stated it was very important for him to know for the state of his health. So she drew the curtain, lifted the sheet, moved his donger to one side, and undertook the inspection. Gladly, she was able to inform the aged gentleman that his testicles were not black. He then said to her, "Dear, lean a little closer and I will repeat my request just one more time. **Can you please check my test results to see if they are back**".

From the Holland Park, the trail coursed south crossing Nursery and Klump roads, which involved several Ks of bitumen bashing and the aforementioned fuck up until we came to a regroup at the bus way adjacent to the freeway. Then the real Hashing began, with the trail paralleling Norman Creek, coursing through dirt trails, grassy verges, plus muddy and rutted fields. Great Hash territory! The ultimate challenge was a high block stone wall followed by a wet drain. The scene was akin to a WW1 movie with the troops leaving the trenches and "going over the top. Bugs and JC led the charge at this point, and I stuck with Bugs as he had a torch; essential. Craft et al were noted to short cut this particular section of the run.

From there, it was a straightforward slog up the hill to the pub car park. At the On On, visitor Euroslob was kitted out with an All Black jacket courtesy of Vasoline. I'll bet the pommy bastard is crowing since the Lions won the 1st test. Bring back Cooper I say. The ice was occupied by the Luftwaffe/Multiple Choice duo as they continue to dob each other in over their crazy antics. It is better than an episode of Sylvania Waters. Miles O'Toole won shit of the week for wearing new shoes on the run and then changing them for old shoes to attend the circle.



Hashmen might be half blind, but not totally blind Miles. (Sophie) Monk dispensed the usual punishment.

I'm told the pub food was just that, but expediently served.

Run 7/10

On On 7/10

Catgut

