

## **SCRIBE**

Beachball

## **RUN NUMBER**

2264

## **HARES**

Barebum , HJ and Snappy

## **LOCATION**

Hamilton Bowls Club

## **REPORT**

As Scribe was driving his lime green chick magnet Hyundai Getz to the run he started to ponder. Will the promise of a free meal cause a flood of attendees usually only reserved for Committee runs? or will the hardened athletic club we are baulk at having to eat the type of food only a person of pensionable age can afford?

As Scribe alighted from a piece of Korean motoring excellence, Scribe was soon greeted with a warm welcome. Scribe had not been to Hash for a while and it was good to see that Scribe was still revered and that the Club had not fallen apart during his absence. After the normal GM duties were masterfully dispensed by Divot, our birthday boy enlightened the 35/40 strong crowd. Age shall not weary Mr Bare B and he moved forward as fast as Snappy does once he has written a cheque. The pack was advised that the run had been set by 3 hares, one of whom was of dubious fitness. This description could apply to anybody in the club but to remove any doubt Snappy was the 3<sup>rd</sup> wheel.

Scribe was handed the piece of paper and a quill with no feathers and instructed to go forth and report. Well, the run went up Windermere Road. Scribe was to busy trying to remember if he had engaged in the art of seduction with anyone living in one of the most exclusive streets in Brisbane to write much down. For the record Scribe couldn't recall anyone; but he does remember someone in a caravan park at Inala once. – but Scribe digresses.

After 45 mins all the walkers were home except for one, Mr LA Play. He looked puffed when he arrived but LAP is not a stranger to that phenomenon. "I ran it" he said, heaving as hard as Sandshoe Snappy was last week. Figure that one out, LAP runs the walker's trail yet still comes in last.

The pack gathered as it usually does waiting for the beer. In the meantime Scribe's attention was draw to a motley threesome annoying some well behaved pets in a 4 wheel drive. The taller of the 3 looked a lot like Boxa. Apparently he feels secure with the dogs in front of him when he greets the Missus after getting home late.

Beer was distributed and the Monk then strutted his stuff. He has always thought to have the memory of an encyclopaedia until S\*Bags alerted the pack to the use of an

electronic device. Low and behold he was seen using his palm for something other than what hashmen usually use it for.

### **Icings**

S\* Bags went on the ice for this observation and for forgetting to put his hands out when he fell over at a tunnel party.

Luftwaffe for greeting a male friend at the door wearing PJ's. One usually wouldn't worry about something like this but the pyjamas belonged to one of Lufty's ex girlfriends.

Snappy for saying he never has paid for s\*x. obvious lie as it's the only way ugly guys can get one these days. After the cruise debacle with LPlay, there has been a call for Snap to be renamed Sampan Snappy.

Mortein copped a time for being boring. So should have JC, they're both accountants.

A refusal to sit on the ice by Catgut didn't go unnoticed.



The charge was a late run report. His excuse was he was having difficulty with his prose. Knowing CG it was more likely he was having trouble with his Pros. That reminds Scribe how are Vaso and Snappy getting on.

### **SOTW**

Snappy unanimously. Although Multiple is well overdue.

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Food 10 perfectly cooked steak for Scribe. Thanks to B Bum for his generosity. It was no big deal to Snappy because he never pays anyway.



LESSONS FOR THE FUTURE

Free birthday sausages at Indooropilly runs just won't cut it anymore.

ON ON to next week



