

Run 2265 Addendum

Please refer to the opening sentence of my run report 2261

“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”.

I should have added “or when Pushup is not back before 1815 hrs when setting a run.”

But really Pushup, what a piss easy run. I had come prepared with a ration pack, a 1000 lumens search-light like torch, a first aid kit, a GPS, compass, satellite phone, flares, and UHF radio expecting the usual “Hashmen, Push (it) Up your arse you feeble wankers” style run. What a letdown! I got home before midnight. I didn’t need to take a course of antibiotics to treat any wounds. I didn’t need have any morphine shots that night, just a couple of Celebrex. No Hashmen had to be stretchered out. The Vaso/Zit/Catgut axis of health got no work. My torch hadn’t run flat from hours of use. My shoes still had tread on their soles. My clothes only have a few minor tears easily able to be repaired by the sweat shop women of Bangladesh. During the run, I didn’t get to see any scenic views of the Enoggera Reservoir, Gap Creek Road, the 4 TV stations, Mt Nebo, or Mt Glorious.

Pushup my man, what has gone wrong? Are you tiring in your old age? The run was just not up to the old standard.

You had better get Vaso to refer you to Zit for a brain scan to see if the run setting hemisphere of your brain is atrophying.

A Non E Mus