

Run Report - #2265

Pushup's Ruby Jubilee (40 years of hashing)

JC Slaughter Falls, Mt Cootha

Hare: **Pushup**

Obviously hash rules were different 40 years ago, but if Pushup is left alone to set a run in bush territory what can you expect. A smallish pack gathered in the dark at the entrance to JC Slaughter Falls to celebrate Pushup's 40 years of hashing. Maybe some people knew what was coming. There was no pre run bullshit (the hare wasn't back) and Snappy Tom was warning anyone that would listen about Pushup runs.

The runners and walkers set off in the same direction with the early trail well marked on defined tracks. Then true to form the trail headed bush across a rough rocky ridge and the occasional snake, but what was surprising was that some of the walkers followed. One regroup, then with B&L and Bugs leading the way, more bush bashing before emerging onto a track where Radar directed us the wrong way to a 500m FT.

Then it was down, down into a wet, dark creek bed full of slippery rocks and 30 minutes of slipping, crawling, sliding on arses and multiple bruises. Pushup later described the creek as "interesting". I heard many comments and opinions expressed including shit, Pushup's a prick, FU Pushup, the can't word, Ho lee fuk and Bang ding ow, but I'm sure no one said "interesting". Little Arseplay kept uttering the same few non legal terms.

Scruffy was seeing stars after head butting an overhanging log that was wi tu lo, but recovered quickly enough to remind us that he had the hash piss in his car so we couldn't leave him behind. Craft particularly enjoyed it and was pleased just to not come apart.

FRTs Chips, JC, Bugs, Best & Less & Catgut buggered off and left Royal Screw to wait for the rest of the "runner" group to crawl out of the creek bed and continue the bash uphill through lantana and wait a while vines. Eventually we emerged onto the Mt Cootha Rd just up from the lookout and a 2km run home.

The FRTs got back at the ridiculously early time of 8:10. Handjob, XXXX, Anchovy, Scruffy, Optus & Royal Screw made it by 8:25, closely followed by Craft & Klinging courtesy of VD's taxi. Just before search parties were arranged, the walkers who had done the full trail (Mortein, Dr Who, Radar & Little Arseplay) emerged from the bush about 9:00.

There was no circle, the monk had departed long before the pack got home. SoW held over to next week (can anyone think of a nomination).

In his defence, Pushup said "~~blah-blah~~" – no bugger it, who cares what his defence was.

However,

The drinks & food were free – well everyone said I'm not paying the bastard after that run.

The trail was well marked - you mightn't get in until sunrise, but you wouldn't get lost.

Darcy & Snappy Tom enjoyed the run (ST just pleased he wasn't a co-hare).

The run will be remembered.

on on

Even Optus