

## Run 2286 Red Dress Run Caxton Hotel

Hares: Radar, Tinkerbelle, Harriettes

One head count was around 400 hashers and hangers-on who turned up at the Caxton. The still shots do not capture all the meet and greet that goes on at this annual fund raiser. A sea of red outfits washed out of the bar and into the street. St Vinnies did a roaring trade in the sale of red outfits and the Salvo's benefited by around \$4300. For those who remember simple maths, on the basis of \$15 per head that was about \$2000 short of the expected total. It did not go un-noticed that Radar had a new outfit for the show so we expect he and Tinkerbelle will be off to Bali shortly to spread around their 'aid' money.

Perhaps they earned the time off after the effort they put into the planning for the run with able assistance of the harriettes. The run was cleverly set. Enough twists and turns to keep the pack together considering the full range of fitness on show. Very visible was the amazon blonde with a pony tail and tight skirt that made no attempt to disguise her charms. Her appearance seemed to press the right buttons with Vaso and Snappy but her speed left them in her dust. A good enough excuse to short-cut back to the pub. As the run wound up to the Normanby Corner and then down to the Roma Street parkland poor old Luftwafer and Multiple were struggling to keep pace with three visiting spunks who could actually run and talk at the same time. They were later found to be 'virgin' runners so no use to those two hashmen well past their use by date.

A drink stop in the City Hall Square was most welcome in the city heat and plenty of photo opportunities for passing tourists. Scruffy busied himself chatting up some cute Chinese students and claimed he had cut the City Hall Xmas tree himself while Spermwhale disguised as St Nick led the cast through a couple of ole Xmas favourites. I don't know how many runners were caught out with the loop through hotel foyer (I was one) but the concierge already had a look of 'these f@ckers again' on his face. Tinkerbelle kept up with the front runners making sure they did not venture too far from his trail through the Mall and back along North Quay.

There was zero activity at the Caxton as we passed by but at the Lang Park square the anger was rising. Where was the beer? Who is the beer master? No one seemed to know. Radar reckoned Verbal could not find the carpark. Ron the Bomb and I discussed the possibility that Verbal had lost his car keys on the run. True to form though Verbal and Dole Bludger arrived with the esky just in time for the large circle. Greetings by the various GM and welcome to visitors, some from as far as Malaysia. Another guy/girl (not sure) got an acknowledgment for the best outfit.

Under the park lights there was a glow of red dresses heading back to the hotel for a night of sultry self-indulgence. My outfit was too hot so I opted to head home to safety rather than wait to try what was on offer at the Caxton.

Run 7/10

Beer 8/10 runners were thirsty

Food reportedly good

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