

Run 2283

The Scottish Independence Day Run

The 13th Century Poms were only in Scotland to act as a referee in a Scottish political brawl, and ended up being forever villified for their neighbourly act. In any case the Scottish noses remain serious out of joint, even after the theft of England by the Scots in 1707. This more than compensated for the loss of William Wallace who met his maker back in 1298.

After James 6th of Scotland inherited the English throne in 1603, he kept the two thrones quite distinct. The last Stuart queen Anne actually created the union in 1707, so England was a southern appendage of the Scottish monarch until the last Stuart Anne decided to amalgamate England into Scotland and called it Great Britain. So, Scotland independent from what exactly? It's really a case of Scotland trying to give England back, but to whom? Greece would take it.

Anyway these issues were far from the narrow vision of the hash, and Hollywood, who turned out in Mel Gibson's pastiche Scottish nationalism style. There was significant carry on during the Scottish dress awards, where the certain usual suspects kept up the flavour of the night, and one of them winning the most Scottish award, but which one? The storm at 5.00 played havoc with the allegedly carefully marked trail, so the runners were accompanied by the hares, while the walkers, well, who cares about the walkers! Divot carefully sought out an innocent behind a car and awarded the pencil and paper to this scribe, but regretfully, despite an effort to secure these items, both were eventually lost with contained information, hence the less than precise description of the run.

The runners stopped for old times sake at the Sportmen's bar, and I noted Bugs recalling when it wasn't a gay bar, but he didn't go there then. Down Upper Edward and through the B Confidential arcade, through a car park, and then a circuit of the Novotel. Along the way the trail passed PRs!!! Paul Reveres', you know, peanut shells on the floor and the gents up the steps. Also Little Tokyo restaurant was on the itinerary, along with the house where Frosty and Far once lived. Then the Woolworths car park at the end of Turbot St, the mall in the Valley, then somewhere else, a RG at Gotha St and then Centenary Place and the Robbie Burns statue, where Grewsum recited some very earnest four line pieces that I took down in shorthand based on phonics, hence the following proximate of one.

Ashewi fur smarkel suret
Keray swarmy tu fierfg wuelkp
Tuirgeth qirtye lurgbet
Gweigr nair ent smorph

After a moments silence to recover from these fine sentiments the pack was on on, and ended up back at the Novotel. Haha, that's when those fine runners Multiple and Arseplay smelt a rat and convinced your scribe to follow them to Upper Edward St from where it was expected the pack would emerge having done an internal OH&S tour of the car park and the steps up from the railway station. But no, the pack was obviously distracted by the accompanying hare Grewsum's higher ideals so the remnants were forced to make their own way back to the International.

For the record the AGPU of 1974 was held at the International, the back room, or was it then called the ladies lounge? Anyway it was memorable, because the committee put on sandwiches and it was buy your own (3 pots for a dollar) , and those that were there will remember the only flesh was the amateur who flashed her boobs.

Ron the Bomb and XXXX were just back from the 75th anniversary of KL hash, now that would have been a worthwhile stunt if known about. So, the rear neighbour of the International is not so used to the baritones of the GM, rather the normal screechy variations without the gs, so it was quickly lights out and what the hell is this? It was all so bleeding obvious where the SOTW would go, but that excellent monk FNut kept trying to find some lowly act that would compete. Hashman after hashman were paraded for some mild infraction, Luftwaffe for a birthday, Bricks for the phantom camera, Chardarse on a cookery charge and Snap's shout of 3 glasses of wine last Friday night for \$42, but for the third week running even Captain Schettini, if a member, would not have displaced Arseplay from the ice.

Good pub the International, well set trail washed out, but saved by Grewsum's efforts staying with the pack. All in all, good turnout enjoyed a good run at a good venue with an amusing circle, and the referendum next year has no chance of getting up!

Pushup